HALELVIAH

OR,

BRITANS Second REMEMBRANCER, bringing to REMEMBRANCE (in praiſefull and Pœnitentiall *Hymns*, *Spirituall Songs*, and *Morall-Odes*)

Meditations, advancing the glory of GOD, in the practiſe of Pietie and Vertue; and applyed to eaſie Tunes, to be Sung in Families, &c.

Compoſed in a three-fold Volume, by GEORGE WITHER.

The firſt, contains *Hymns Occaſionall.*
The ſecond, *Hymns-Temporary.*
The third, *Hymns Perſonall.*

That all *Perſons*, according to their Degrees, and Qualities, may at all Times, and upon all eminent *Occaſions*, be remembered to praiſe GOD; and to be mindfull of their Duties.

One woe is paſt, the *ſecond*, paſſing on;
Beware the *third*, if this, in vain be gone.

LONDON,
Printed by *I. L.* for *Andrew Hebb*, at the Bell in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1641.

b. 70. a 13.

~~1076. b. 8~~

Wm. Herbert.
1772.

10th April 1795

Bought after Mr Herberts death
with the rest of Withers works
at & Mr Isaac Herberts sellers

Dalrymple

TO

The thrice Honorable, the high Courts of Parliament, now assembled, in the Triple-Empire of the BRITISH-ILES:

GEO. WITHER, humbly tenders, this his HALELVIAH OR Second REMEMBRANCER.

HIveteen yeers, now past, I was in some things of moment, a *Remembrancer* to these *Ilands*; which have in many Particulars so punctually, and so evidently succeeded,

ceeded, according to my *Predictions*; that, not a few, have acknowledged, they were not publiſhed ſo long before they came to paſſe, without the ſpeciall *Providence*, and *Mercie* of GOD, to theſe *Kingdomes*: And, ſome, who ſcornfully jeared, and maliciouſly perſecuted me for that *Book* (almoſt to my utter undoing) have lived, to ſee much of that fulfilled which they derided; and to *feel*, that, which they would not *beleeve*; to the verifying of a conditionall

Impre-

Imprecation, expreſſed at the later-end of my eighth *Canto*, in theſe words:

And, if by *thee*, I was appointed, LORD!
Thy *Judgements*, and thy *Mercies*, to record
(As here I do) ſet thou thy mark, on thoſe
Who ſhall, deſpightfully, the ſame oppoſe.
And, let it, publikely, be ſeen, of all,
Till, of their malice, they repent them ſhall.

Of which, I do not here make mention, that notice may be taken of it for mine own repute (becauſe I know the vanitie of ſuch Aymes, and how eaſily, they may be turned to my diſgrace) neither is it mentioned to add

to their diſhonour or affli-ction, who are now found guiltie, aſwell of publike as of private *Oppreſsions*: For, GOD ſo comfort me, as I have compaſsionated them, as they are men: But, I do, rather, thus offer thoſe E-vents to conſideration; that my *Former*, and theſe *Re-membrances*, may be the more effectually obſerved, to ſtir up thankfulneſſe, and heedfulneſſe of GODS dea-ling, both with my ſelf, and others.

For, though it were but a

Buſh,

Buſh, which burned; GOD, was the inflamer of that *Shrub*: and (as it now ſeemeth) it was a *Beacon* warrantably fired, to give true Alarums to prevent thoſe *Dangers*, and *Innovations*, which, then, to me, appeared neere at hand. Yea, though my *Firſt*, and theſe my *Second Remembrances*, may have ſome paſſages, and expreſsions in them, ſavouring ſo much of my naturall Infirmities, as may make them diſtaſtfull to a *proud-knowledge*; and perhaps exerciſe

the humilitie of a *Sanctified Wiſdome*: yet, I am confident, that, GOD hath been pleaſed to accompany my *Imperfect-Muſings*, with ſome *Notions* pertinent to theſe *Times*; and proceeding from *himſelf*: which I deſire may be conſidered of, as they ſhall deſerve, and no otherwiſe.

I Arrogate no more, then *Balaams-Aſſe* might have done. GOD, opened mine eyes to ſee Dangers, which neither my moſt Prudent *Maſters* (nor men as Cunning

ning as *Balaam*) ſeemed to behold. GOD, opened my my mouth, alſo; and compelled me (beyond my naturall Abilities) to ſpeak of that which I foreſaw would come to paſſe: And, mens eyes are now ſo cleard (excepting theirs who are wilfully blind) that moſt of us behold the *Angel* of the LORD which ſtood in our way, with a drawn *Sword*. And we have lately obtained alſo, (partly, in hope; and partly, in poſſeſsion) ſuch publike, and private Deliverances;

that both private *Oblations* of *Thankſgiving*; and generall *Sacrifices* of *Praiſe*, are, now, and everlaſtingly, due from theſe *Ilands*.

For the better performance, of which dutie, I do now execute the Office of a *Remembrancer* in another manner, then heretofore: and, have directed uuto *You, the moſt honourable Repreſentative Bodies of theſe Kingdomes*, the ſweet *Perfume* of *Pious-praiſes*, compounded according to the Art of the *Spirituall-Apothecarie*, to further

ther the performance of thankful *Devotions*: hoping, that, by your Authorities they ſhall (if they ſo merit) be recommended unto them, for whoſe uſe they are prepared. And, there will be need both of GODS extraordinary bleſsing, and of your grave aſsiſtance herein.

For, ſo innumerable are the fooliſh and prophane *Songs* now delighted in (to the diſhonour of our Language, and Religion) that HALELVIAHS, and pious Meditations are almoſt out of

of uſe and faſhion: yea, not in private only; but, at our *publike Feaſts*, and *civil meetings* alſo, Scurrilous and obſcæne *Songs* are impudently ſung, without reſpecting the reverend Preſence of *Matrons*, *Virgins*, *Magiſtrates* or *Divines*. Nay, ſometime, in their deſpight, they are *called for*, *Sung*, and *Acted*, with ſuch abominable geſticulations, as are very offenſive to all modeſt hearers, and beholders, and fitting only to be exhibited, at the Diabolicall Solemnities of *Bacchus*, *Venus*, or *Priapus*. For

For, Prevention whereof, I am an humble Petitioner, that ſome order may be provided, by the Wiſdome and Pietie, of your *Aſſemblies*; Seeing upon due examination of this Abuſe, it may ſoone be diſcovered, that, aſwell *Cenſores Canticorum*, as *Librorum* will be neceſſary in theſe Times; and I am confident your *Zeal* & *Prudence*, will provide as you ſee cauſe; and accept theſe endeavours of your humble Suppliant and Servant; who ſubmitting himſelf and his

Re-

Remembrances to your grave Cenſures, ſubmiſsively takes his leave; and beſeecheth GODS bleſsing upon your honourable Deſignes and Conſultations.

To

To the Reader.

I Was wont to faine my ſelf a *Shepherd:* but, now I have really a *Flock* and many other ſuch like Rurall negotiations to overſee; among which, I do now and then, intermingle employments of this nature, that I might not muddle, altogether, in dirt and dung; but leave behind me ſome teſtimonials, that, while I laboured for the maintenance of my *Body*, I was not without *Meditations* pertinent to the well being of my *Soul*: though the Affaires which neceſſitie compels me to follow, are no little hinderances to the *Muſes* which I affect.

I have obſerved three ſorts of *Poëſie*, now in faſhion: One, conſiſteth meerely of *Rhymes, Clinches; Anagrammicall Fancies*, or ſuch like verball, or literall Conceits

ceits as delight Schoolboyes and Pedanticall wits; having nothing in them either to better the understanding, or stirre up good Affections.

These *Rattles* of the *Brain*, are much admired by those, who (being men in yeers), continue children in understanding: and those *Chats of Wit*, may well be resembled to the fantasticall Suits, made of *Taffaties* and *Sarcenets*, cut out, in slashes; which are neither comely nor commodious, for sober men to weare; nor very usefull for any thing (being out of fashion) but to be cast on the dunghill.

Another sort of *Poesie*, is the Delivery of necessary Truths, and wholesome documents, couched in significant *Parables*; and illustrated by such flowres of Rhetorick, as are helpfull to work upon the Affections, and to insinuate into Apprehensive Readers, a liking of those Truths, and Instructions, which they expresse.

These *Inventions*, are most acceptable to those who have ascended the middle-Region of *Knowledge*; For, though the wisest

wiſeſt men make uſe of them in their writings; yet, they are not the wiſeſt men for whoſe ſake they are uſed. This *Poeſie* is frequently varyed, according to the ſeverall Growths, Ages, and Alterations of that *Language*, wherein it is worded: and, that, which this day is approved of as an elegancy, may ſeeme leſſe facetious in another Age. For which cauſe, ſuch *Compoſitions*, may be reſembled to *Garments* of whole Silke, adorned with gold lace: For while the Stuffe, ſhape and trimming, are in faſhion, they are a fit wearing for *Princes*; and (the *Materials* being unmangled) may continue uſefull to ſome purpoſes, for ſome other perſons.

A third *Poeſie* there is, which delivers commodious Truths, and things Really neceſſary, in as plain, and in as univerſall tearmes, as it can poſſibly deviſe; ſo contriving alſo, what is intended, that the *Wiſeſt* (having no cauſe to contemn it) may be profitably remembred of what they know; and the *Ignorant* become informed of what is convenient to be known.

This

This, is not so plausible among the *Wittie*, as acceptable to the *Wise*; because it regardeth not so much to seeme Elegant, as to be usefull for all persons, in all times: which it endeavoureth, by using a phrase and method, neither unpleasing to the time present, nor likely to grow altogether out of use, in future Ages; And if it make use of Ænigmaticall expressions, it is to prevent the prophanation of some Truths; or the oppressing of their professors. The commendation of this *Poësie* is not improperly set forth by a Mantle (or such like upper Garment) of the best *English-Cloth*: for, that, continueth indifferently serviceable for all seasons; and, may be usefully and commendably worn, by men of every degree.

To this plaine and profitable *Poësie* I have humbly aspired, (and especially in this Book) imitating therein (though coming infinitely behind them) no worse Patterns then the most holy *Prophets*: And by this means, I hope, the memoriall of GODS mercies, shall be the better pre-

preſerved in our hearts; and things pertinent to our happineſſe be the more frequently preſented to a due conſideration.

Songs, were adjudged (even by the wiſdome of the *holy Ghoſt*) the fitteſt means to convey to many perſons, and through many Generations, thoſe Caveats, Counſels; and Conſiderations, which ought ſeriouſly to be minded; as appeares by the *Song* of *Moſes*, and many other deſperſed in both *Teſtaments*; as alſo, by the *Pſalmes* of *David*. Yea, our own experience aſſures us, that, by *Song*, matters of moment may not only be committed to memory with more eaſe, but be more delightfully preſerved unforgotten, then by my other means.

Songs and *Hymns*, are the moſt ancient writings of the World, and the moſt eſteemed in pious Ages. In them, divine Myſteries were firſt recorded; and doubtleſſe, to celebrate the honour of GOD, and to ſtir up mens affections to the love and practiſe of Holineſſe and Vertue, was the prime Subject and Scope of ancient *Song*

and

and *Muſicke*; though at this time they are otherwayes, overmuch, employed. But, indeed, the abuſe of them is no new thing; for, the devill perceiving how Devotion, and honeſt affections were by theſe means, aſſiſted and ſtirred up, he, long ſince, taught his *Prophets* to magnifie alſo their falſe *Gods*, in *Hymns* dedicated to their honour; and to provoke uncleane Deſires by prophane and immodeſt *Songs* and *Ballads*, fitted to uncleane *paſſions*; of which later ſort we have now ſuch varietie, that there is hardly Roome (ſure I am) no encouragement for a devout *Muſe*.

Childhood and youth, are almoſt generally ſo ſeduced and bewitched, with vain (if not wicked) *Songs* and *Poems*, that, holy and Pious Meditations, are tedious and unwelcome to moſt men, all their life long. Nay *Poeſie* hath bin ſo prophaned by unhallowed *Suggeſtions*, (*Inſpirations* I will not call them) and by having been long time the *Baud* to Luſt; and abuſed to other improper ends; that ſome good men

men (though therein, not very wise men) have affirmed *Poësie*, to be the Language, and invention of the Devill.

To prevent these Errors and Offences, Mr. *Sandys*, Mr. *Harbert*, Mr. *Quarles*, and some others, have lately, to their great commendations, seriously endeavoured, by tuning their *Muses* to divine Strains, and by employing them in their proper work. For the like prevention, I have also laboured according to my Talent; and am desirous both to helpe restore the *Muses* to their ancient honour, and to become a means, by the pleasingnesse of *Song*, to season Childhood and young persons, with more Vertue and Pietie. To that end, I composed these *Hymns* and *Songs*; taking the advantage of *Times*, *Persons*, and *Occasions*, in hope that by using various means, I shall at some *Time*, upon some *Occasion*, in some *Persons*, prevent or dissolve the Devils *Inchantments*; by these lawfull *Charmes*; which may be read or Sung, to that purpose, as occasion is offred; and as my *Readers* are affected.

in

In my *Perſonall Hymns*, I arrogate not to inſtruct men of all Qualities or degrees, in each point of their duties; neither to dictate all meditations pertinent to them in the exerciſe of their devotion; bnt, I rather offer ſome principall duties, and occaſions of thankfulneſſe, to the Remembrance of thoſe who know them; an dthe knowledge of them, to ſuch as are altogether ignorant; in hope, the one or the other, (if not both) may be be benefited thereby.

The like I profeſſe in my *Hymns*, appropriated to *Times*, and *Occaſions*. And, perhaps, they who need Inſtruction, ſhall finde, here, and there, diſperſed, moſt of thoſe duties, which are pertinent to Chriſtian men and women, of every *degree*, and *condition*: peradventure alſo, the publiſhing of theſe *Helps*, and *Remembrances*, may by GOD S bleſſing, encreaſe neceſſary *knowledge*, in thoſe who moſt want it; and, that *Honeſty*, and *Pietie*, which is lately decayed.

As in the *Language*, ſo in the ſorts of verſe

verſe, I have affected plainneſſe, that I might the more profit them, who need ſuch *helps*: This I have done alſo, that they may be ſung to the common Tunes of the *Pſalmes*, and ſuch other, as are wel known; to which, I have directed my Reader, not to confine him to ſuch Tunes; but, that he may have thoſe, untill he be provided of ſuch as may be more proper: which, perchance, may by ſome devout *Muſician*, be hereafter prepared.

In all theſe *Compoſitions*, I have made uſe of no mans method or Meditations, but mine own. Not that I deſpiſed good helps: but, partly, becauſe my Fortunes & my employments, compelled me to ſpin them out of my own Bowels, as occaſions were preſented unto me; and chiefly, becauſe I thought, by ſearching mine own heart, I ſhould the better finde out, thoſe muſings, and expreſſions, which would flow with leaſt harſhneſſe; and be moſt ſutable to their capacities, whom I deſire to profit.

All theſe things conſidered, I hope, I ſhall

ſhall be judged excuſable though I attained not to perfection, in my pious Endeavours; and I am hopefull alſo, (conſidering, how many *Songs* I have now prepared to advance a *Chriſtian Rejoycing*) that it will not be thought altogether my fault, if there follow not a *merry-Time.*

Without more words; I commit theſe my humble *Devotions*, to their uſe who ſhall approve and accept of them; and the event of my Studies and deſires, to GODS gracious providence; whom I beſeech, to ſanctifie them, to his Glory.

June 1. 1641.

HALELVIAH

OR,

BRITAN'S ſecond REMEMBRANCER, bringing to *Remembrance* (in praiſefull and Pœnitentiall *Hymnes*, Spirituall *Songs*, and Morall *Odes*) Meditations advancing the glorie of GOD, and the Practiſe of *Pietie* and *Vertue.*

The firſt part conſiſting of *Hymns* Occaſionall

HYMNE. I.

A generall Invitation to praiſe GOD.

This Hymn *ſtirreth up to the praiſe of* God, *by a Poeticall Invitation of the* Creatures *to the performance of that Dutie according to their ſeverall Faculties and Dignities. And, it is a preamble to the following* Hymns.

COme, oh come in pious *Laies*,
Sound we *God-Almighti's* praiſe.
Hither bring in one Conſent,
Heart, and Voice, and Inſtrument.

Muſick adde of ev'ry kinde;
Sound the Trump, the Cornet winde.
Strike the Violl, touch the Lute.
Let nor Tongue, nor String be mute:
Nor a Creature dumb be found,
That hath either Voice or Sound.

2 Let thoſe Things which do not live
In *Still-Muſick*, praiſes give.
Lowly pipe, ye *Wormes* that creep,
On the *Earth*, or in the *Deep*.
Loud-aloft, your Voices ſtrain,
Beaſts, and *Monſters* of the *Main*.
Birds, your warbling *Treble* ſing.
Clouds, your *Peales of Thunders* ring.
Sun and *Moon*, exalted higher,
And bright *Stars*, augment this *Quire*.

3 Come ye *Sons* of *Humane-Race*,
In this *Chorus* take a place;
And, amid the mortall-Throng,
Be you *Maſters of the Song*.
Angels, and ſupernall Powr's,
Be the nobleſt *Tenor* yours.
Let in praiſe of *God*, the ſound
Run a *never-ending Round*;
That our *Song of praiſe* may be
Everlaſting as is *HE*.

4 From *Earths* vaſt and hollow wombe,
Muſicks deepeſt *Baſe* may come.
Seas and *Flouds*, from ſhore to ſhoare,
Shall their *Counter-Tenors* roare.

To

To this *Conſort*, (when we ſing)
Whiſtling *Winds* your *Deſcants* bring.
That our *Song* may over clime,
All the Bounds of *Place* and *Time*,
And aſcend from *Sphere* to *Sphere*,
To the great *All-mightie's* eare.
5 So, from Heaven, on Earth, he ſhall
Let his gracious Bleſſings fall:
And this huge wide *Orbe*, we ſee
Shall one *Quire*, one *Temple* be;
Where, in ſuch a *Praiſe*, full Tone
We will ſing, what he hath done,
That the curſed *Fiends* below,
Shall thereat impatient grow.
Then, oh Come, in pious *Laies*,
Sound we *God-Almighties* praiſe.

Hymne. II.

When we firſt awake.

It is Gods mercy that our Sleep is not to Death: and, therefore whenſoever we awake, it becometh us to lift up our hearts to God in this, or in the like Meditation.

Sing this as the 25. *or* 67. Pſalmes.

DEar *God*! that watch doſt keep
Round all that honour Thee.
Vouchſafing thy *Beloved* ſleep,
When Reſt ſhall needfull be:

My Soul returns thee praiſe,
That thus refreſh'd I am;
And that my tongue a voice can raiſe,
To praiſe thee for the ſame.
2 As now my Soul doth ſhake
Dull Sleep, out of her eies;
So let thy Spirit me awake,
That I from ſin may riſe.
The *Night*, is paſt away,
Which fill'd us full of fears;
And we enjoy the glorious *Day*,
Wherein thy Grace appears.
3 Oh! let me, therefore, ſhun
All Errors of the *Night*.
Thy *Righteouſneſſe* let me put on,
An walk as in the *Light*.
And guard me from his powre,
(Since I on thee relie)
Who walks in darkneſſe to devour
When our *Long-ſleep* draws nigh.
4 Yea, when the Trump ſhall ſound
Our Summons from the Grave,
Let this my Body from the ground,
A bleſſed Riſing have.
That (whatſoe're the *Dreames*,
Of my *Corruption* be)
The Viſion of thy *Glorie's* Beames,
May bring full Joyes to me.

Hymne III.

When Day-light appears.

When we first behold the renewed Light, our thoughts should be lifted up to the Father of Lights, *by whose mercy we escape the perils of* Darkneſſe: *And it would become us, otherwhile to praiſe him, and inſtruct our ſelves, in this, or the like Meditation.*

Sing this as the 51 *Pſal. or the Lamentation, &c.*

LOok forth mine eye; look up and view
How bright the Day-light ſhines on me.
And as the Morning doth renew,
Mark how renew'd Gods mercies be.
Behold, the Splendors of the *Day*,
Diſperſe the ſhadows of the *Night*;
And, they who late in Darkneſſe lay,
Have now the comforts of the Light.

2 Nor *Twilight-plagues*, nor *Midnight-Fears*,
Nor mortall, nor immortall Foes,
Had powre to take us in their ſnares;
But ſafe we ſlept, and ſafe aroſe.
And to thoſe Daies which we have had,
He that is *Lord* of Day and Night,
Another Day vouchſafes to add,
That our loſt houres redeeme we might.

3 It is too much to have made voide
So many daies already paſt:

Let this, therefore, be ſo employ'd,
As if we knew it were our laſt.
Moſt *Creatures*, now, themſelves advance,
Their *Morning-Sacrifice* to bring;
The *Heards* do skip, the *Flocks* do dance,
The windes do pipe, the Birds do ſing.
4 LORD, why ſhould theſe, who were decreed,
To ſerve thee in a lower-place,
In thankfull-Duties, us exceed,
Who have obtain'd the higheſt grace?
We are oblig'd much more then thoſe
Our voice in thankfull Sounds to raiſe:
Therefore oh *God*! our lips uncloſe;
And teach our Tongues to ſing thy praiſe.
5 Let heart, and hand, and voice accord,
This Day, to magnifie thy NAME:
And let us ev'ry Day, oh LORD!
Continue to performe the ſame.
So when that *Morning* doth appear,
In which thou ſhalt all Fleſh deſtroy;
We ſhall not be *awak'd* with fear,
But, riſe and meet thy *Son* with Joy.

HYMNE IIII.

When we put on our Apparell

The puting on of our Apparell, may occaſion many conſiderations, helpfull to keep us mindfull of our Frailties; *of our* Wants; *and of ſome* Caveats *preventing errors and ſnares, whereinto we may, els, fall ere the Day be paſt.* *Sing*

Sing this as the Magnificat, *or* Te Deum.

LOrd, had not man ſought out by ſin,
What ſhould have been unknown;
His nakedneſſe unfelt had bin,
And, wiſer he had grown.
But, in the ſtead, of what he thought
By lawleſſe means, to know,
The knowledge of that *want*, was taught,
Which brings the ſenſe of *woe*.

2 Had he as forward ſtriv'd to be,
The *Fruit of Life*, to taſte,
As on the *Death procuring-Tree*,
A luſtfull Eye to caſt;
The *Bleſſe* which was for him prepar'd,
In *Soul*, he had obtain'd:
And in his Body, alſo ſhar'd
The *Bleſſing*, preordain'd.

3 But, ſince the *Fleſh*, did preſſe to ſee
Her *wants* before the time;
Both *Soul* and *Fleſh* afflicted be
For that preſumptuous Crime:
And, cumbred ſo, with pains and care,
To purchaſe *Cloth* and *Food*;
That little their endeavours are,
To ſeek their *Chiefeſt-Good*.

4 *Lord*! with a Robe of Innocence,
Thy *Servant* ſo aray,
That, it may take the painfull ſenſe,
Of outward wants away.

Yea, let thy *Juſtice* cloth me ſo,
That I incurre no blame;
Nor through *my* ſin ſo naked grow,
As to augment my ſhame.
And let the *Garments* which I weare,
My tender Fleſh to hide,
Be neither made a *luſtfull-ſnare*,
Nor Enſignes of my pride.
But, rather be a means to ſhow
The folly of that Deed,
By which man fell; and fell ſo low,
As theſe poore Toyes to need.

Hymne V.

A morning *Hymne*.

Many dangers hang over us all the Day. Therefore, before we adventure forth to follow our Affaires we might be the more ſafe, if we were firſt charmed *by ſuch* Invocations *as theſe.*

Sing this as the Pater-noſter.

SInce thou haſt added, now, ô GOD!
Vnto my life, another Day;
And giv'ſt me leave to walk abroad,
And labour in my lawfull way:
My *walks* and *works*, with me begin;
Conduct me forth, and bring me, in.
In ev'ry powre my Soul injoyes
Internall Vertues to improve;

In

In ev'ry Senſe that ſhee employes,
In her externall Works to move,
Bleſſe her ô *God*! and keep me ſound,
From outward harme, and inward wound.

3 Let *Sin* nor *Sathans* fraud prevaile,
To make mine eye of *Reaſon* blind,
Or *Faith*, or *Hope*, or *Love* to faile,
Or any *Vertues* of the Minde;
But, more and more, let them encreaſe;
And bring me to mine end, in peace.

4 Lewd Courſes, let my *Feet* forbeare;
Keep thou my *Hands* from doing wrong:
Let nor Ill-Counſels pierce mine *Eare*,
Nor Wicked-words defile my *Tongue*.
And keep the windows of each *Eye*
That no ſtrange Luſt climbe in thereby.

5 But, guard thou ſafe my *Heart*, in chief,
That neither Hate, Revenge, nor Feare;
Nor vain-Deſire, vain-Joy, or Grief,
Obtain Command or Dwelling, there:
And LORD, with ev'ry ſaving-Grace,
Still, true to thee, maintain that *Place*.

6 From open-wrongs, from ſecret-hates,
Preſerve me, likewiſe LORD this Day:
From ſlandrous Tongues, from wicked Mates,
From ev'ry Danger in my Way:
My *Goods* to me, ſecure thou, too;
And proſper all the Works I do.

So, till the Evening of this Morn,
My Time ſhall then ſo well be ſpent,

That, when the Twi-light ſhall return,
I may enjoy it with content;
And to thy praiſe, and honour ſay,
That this hath prov'd a happy-Day.

HYMNE VI.

A *Hymne* whilſt we are waſhing.

Though Water *be a common Bleſſing; yet we receive many great Benefits thereby, and cannot live conveniently without it. If, therefore, we ſometimes remember to be thankfull in the uſe of it, and to ſanctifie it with ſuch like Meditations, as theſe, it will become* Holy-water *unto us.*

Sing this as the 1. 4. *or* 30. *Pſalmes.*

AS we by Water waſh away
Vncleanneſſe from our fleſh,
And, ſometimes, often in a day,
Our ſelves are faine to waſh:
So, ev'ry Day, *Thoughts*, *Words*, or *Deeds*,
The Soul do ſully, ſo,
That often, ev'ry day, ſhe needs
Vnto her *Cleanſer* go.

2 Our *Sins* purgation doth require,
Sometime, a *Flood of Teares*;
Sometime the painfull *purging-Fire*,
Of Torments, Griefs, or Fears:
And all this Cleanſing will be loſt,
(When we our beſt ſhall do)

Vnleſſe

Vnleſſe we by the *Holy-Ghoſt*,
May be baptized too.

3 LORD, by thy *Sanctifying-Spirit*,
And, through my Faith in thee,
(Made acceptable by thy Merit)
Purge, Waſh and Cleanſe thou mee.
And, as this *Water* purifies
My Bodies outward blots,
So, cleanſe thou, by thy Blood, likewiſe,
My Souls internall ſpots.

4 And, ſince this uſefull *Element*,
Thou freely doſt afford,
(In uſing it) let me preſent
Due thanks to thee ô LORD!
And, then, accept that Sacrifice,
(Though cheap, and mean it be.)
And, do not thoſe Requeſts deſpiſe,
Which I preferre to thee.

HYMNE VII.

When we enjoy the benefit of the Fire.

Fire *is a Creature, both beneficiall and harmfull, (according to our heedfulneſſe, and* Gods *bleſſing.) Therefore, this* Hymne *ſerves both to remember us to be thankfull for the good received; and to beſeech* Gods *protection from the dangers of it.*

Sing this as the 2. 6. *or* 7. *Pſalmes.*

BVt that, no *wonders*, Things appear,
Which ev'ry Day we ſee,

This

This *Fire*, whose warmth our flesh doth chear,
A wondrous-thing would be:
For, while by Fewell it is fed,
(Which we therefore provide)
Arayd in shining *White* and *Red*,
It will with us abide.

2 But, when the same we do neglect,
It quickly flies away;
And sometime (for our disrespect)
Vpon our *Goods*, doth prey.
If guided well, it is a Friend:
If not; it proves a Foe,
Which bringeth Cities to an end,
And Realmes may overthrow.

3 LORD, since this Creature, much we need,
And harm'd thereby may be,
(Vnlesse we take thereof good heed)
From harmes, preserve us free.
Yea, thankfull make, for that which warms,
And which we now enjoy:
And keep us ever from the harms,
Of that, which doth destroy.

HYMNE VIII.

Before we begin our Work.

When we are preparing towards our daily employments, their Beginnings, would finde the better successefull endings, if we did otherwhile, Sing, Say, *or* Think *somewhat to this purpose.*

Sing

Sing this as the 10. *Commandements.*

SInce thou haſt LORD, appointed ſo,
That Man by labour muſt be fed;
Loe, with a chearefull mind I go
To labour for my daily-bread.
I doe not at my Lot repine,
(Though others live much more at eaſe)
But, I ſubject my *Will* to thine;
And thy *Good-pleaſure* me ſhall pleaſe.

2 Let what I purpoſe now to doe,
Be fully pleaſing unto Thee;
And give a good ſucceſſe thereto,
That profit thence may ſpring to mee.
Be thou the Author of each Deed,
VVhich now by me ſhall be begun:
VVith me throughout my works proceed;
And perfect them, when I have done.

HYMNE IX.

VVhen we are at our Labour.

Many uſe to mitigate the tediouſneſſe of their Labours by ſinging. Therefore (to encourage labouring men at their Works) ſome Priviledges *of a laborious life; and ſome* Petitions, *befitting ſuch as live by Labour, are the ſubject of this* Hymn.

Sing this as the 14. *or* 15. *Pſalmes.*

VVHy ſhould I grieve that I was made
(VVhil'ſt others take no paine)

To

To labour at a toyleſome Trade,
My body to maintaine?
And, that to compaſſe Cloth and Meat,
My *Lot* no meanes doth grant,
Vntill my Browes or Braines do ſweat
To get me what I want?

2 Or, wherefore, by a murm'ring Tongue,
Should I augment my Care,
Becauſe I am not rang'd among
Thoſe *Drones* that Idlers are?
For, *Labour* yeelds me true content,
(Though few the ſame doe ſee)
And, when my toyling houres are ſpent,
My Sleeps the ſweeter be.

3 Though *Labour* was enjoin'd at firſt,
To be a Curſe for Sin,
Yet Man, by being ſo accurſt,
May skrew a *Bleſſing* in.
And, He that with a patient minde,
This pennance doth ſuſtaine,
Shall by his paines true pleaſures finde,
And many comforts gaine.

4 Whilſt honeſt Labours are applide,
We vexe our *Ghoſtly Foe*;
And in our hearts, he is denide,
His harmfull Tares, to ſowe.
A thouſand miſchiefes we avoyd,
When he would us intrap:
Which they, who are not ſo imployd,
But rarely do eſcape.

5 It

5 It makes our Bread more ſweet then theirs,
Who idly ſpend their wealth:
We ſeldome have ſo many Cares,
And live in better health.
If we, at Night, begin to tire,
Next Morning, freſh we grow;
And for our Meat, or for our hire,
To worke againe we go.

6 Men ſeldome heare us crying out
(As Idler Folk have done)
By reaſon of the *lazie Gout*,
The *Collick*, or the *Stone*:
But, when our ſtrength conſum'd we have,
That Ripenes doth increaſe,
Which makes us ready for the Grave,
And there, we reſt in peace.

7 LORD grant me health, and ſtrength to beare
The Labours laid on me;
And in thoſe Works to perſevere,
Whereto I call'd ſhall be.
And let me finde, by what thy *Grace*
Hath for my Soul prepar'd,
That, he who works in *meaneſt Place*,
May gaine the beſt *Reward*.

HYMNE. X.

After our Worke is done.

Leſt (when we have accompliſhed our intend'd Works) we loſe the benefit of our Labours, by Improvidence,

providence or Vnthankfulneſſe; We are hereby put in remembrance to beſeech of God that we forfeit not the comfort of them, by our ſins.

Sing this as the 100. *Pſalme.*

THat I unthankfull may not be,
Now this my worke is fully done,
VVith Praiſes LORD, I come to thee,
In whom it was at firſt begun:
For if my Pains hath compaſt ought,
From whence, a profit may redound;
Thy *Grace*, the ſame in me hath wrought:
Elſe, fruitleſſe, had my deeds been found.
Let not my Folly, nor my Foe,
Nor *paſt*, nor *future ſins*, deſtroy
The Labours, which I did beſtow
An honeſt profit to enjoy.
But, make my Paines, and their Effect,
To me, ſtill, proſp'rouſly ſucceed;
And let me never LORD, neglect
To praiſe thee, both in *Will* and *Deed*.

HYMNE. XI.

VVhen we depart from home.

When we depart from home, every ſtep is attended with ſome Hazzard, or Temptation, whereby we may be endangered, if GOD *prevent not. To him therefore, we ſhould lift up our hearts to this effect.*

Sing this as the 16. *or* 18. *Pſalmes, &c.*

VVho

VVHo knows, when he to go from home,
Departeth from his dore,
Or *when*, or *how*, he back ſhall come?
Or, whether never more?
For, ſome, who walk abroad in health,
In *ſickneſſe*, back are brought:
And, ſome, who forth have gone with *wealth*,
Have back-return'd with nought.

2 LORD, therefore now I goe abroad,
My Guard, I thee confeſſe;
And humbly beg of thee ô GOD!
My *going-forth* to bleſſe.
Go with me, whether I would go;
Stay with me, where I ſtay:
Do for me, what I ought to do;
Speake Thou, what I ſhould ſay.

3 From taking wrong, from doing harme,
From Thoughts and Speeches ill;
From Paſſions rage, from pleaſures charme,
Vouchſafe to keep me ſtill.
Let me abroad, ſome *Bleſſing* finde;
And let no curſe the while,
Befall to that I leave behinde,
My honeſt Hopes to ſpoile.

4 But let my *Going-out* and *In*,
My *Thoughts*, my *Words*, and *Waies*,
Be alway ſafe; Still, free from Sin,
And, ever to thy praiſe.
And, when my pains effect ſhall take;
Or, Times of ſtay are ſpent;

With

With Health, and Credit, bring me backe,
With Comfort and Content.

HYMNE. XII.

When we returne Home.

Though our Affaires may not permit us to ſing upon all ſuch occaſions, yet we ought at all times to be thankfull: and we have, at leaſt, leiſure enough to Meditate *to this purpoſe, when we returne home.*

Sing this as the former Hymne.

SInce, LORD thou haſt well pleaſed bin,
(As now it may appeare)
To beare me forth, to bring me in,
And ſet me ſafely here;
I, who deſerved not this Grace,
Should far leſſe worthy be,
If I repay not in this place,
The thanks I owe to thee.

2 My Tongue therfore, Oh LORD *(my King)*
Now ſoundeth out thy praiſe:
My *heart* the ſelf ſame ſtrain doth ſing;
And, thus to thee it ſayes:
Thou art my GOD; and never ſhall
Another God be mine;
And *Kingdomes*, *Powers*, and *Glories*, all
For ever ſhall be thine.

HYMNE

Hymne. XIII.

At Noone-tide.

We have usually some refreshings as well at Noone-tide, *as in the* Mornings *and* Evenings. *Therefore, the singing of a* Meridian-Hymne, *to this, or the like purpose is not impertinent.*

Sing this as the former Hymne.

NOw that the *Sun* is at his height,
And brightest Beames displaies;
We to the *Father* of this *Light*
Will sing a song of praise:
For since that Lampe can shine so cleare,
And guild so large a Skye,
VVhat Splendor doth in him appeare,
VVho made that glorious *Eye!*

2 How happy in the Light, we be
VVhich from this *Planet* flowes,
Inform'd we are (in some degree)
VVhen from our view he goes:
For, Blessings, at the full, receiv'd,
Appear not so, at best,
As when we are, awhile, depriv'd
Of that which was possest.

3 Both for this meanes of *outward sight*,
VVe praise thee LORD, therefore,
And, for those Beames of *Inward Light*,
VVhich make that Blessing, more.

Vouch-

Vouchsafe, that whilst this happy-Day
Of *double-grace* doth last,
My feet may travell in the way
Which thou commanded hast.
4 Those *works of Darknesse* make me shun,
Which my chiefe practise were:
Those *Armes of Light*, let me put on,
Which I am bound to beare.
That when the *Night of Death* shall close
The *Daylight* of mine Eies,
I may without affrights repose;
And with true Joyes arise.

Hymne. XIIII.

At Sun-setting.

The singing or meditating to such purposes as are intimated in this Hymne (*when we see the Sun declining*) *may perhaps expell unprofitable musings, and arme against the Terrors of approaching darknesse.*

Sing this as the former.

BEhold, the *Sun* that seem'd, but now,
Enthroned over-head,
Beginneth to decline below
This Globe, whereon we tread:
And, he whom, yet, we looke upon
VVith comfort and delight;
VVill quite depart from hence, anon,
And leave us to the Night.

2 Thus

2 Thus Time (unheeded) ſteales away
The life which Nature gave.
Thus, are our Bodies ev'ry Day
Declining to the Grave.
Thus, from us all thoſe Pleaſures flie,
VVhereon we ſet our hart:
And, when the *Night* of death draws nigh,
Thus will they all depart.

3 LORD! though the *Sun* forſake our ſight,
And mortall hopes are vain,
Let, ſtill, thine *Everlaſting Light*,
VVithin our Soules remain.
And in the Nights of our Diſtreſſe
Vouchſafe thoſe *Raies-divine*
VVhich from the *Sun* of *Righteouſneſſe*,
For ever brightly ſhine.

HYMNE XV.

In cleare Starry Night.

By contemplating the Beauty of the Stars *(which were created for the ſervice of* Man*) we are taught to conſider the ſpeciall and unſpeakable Mercies of* GOD, *vouchſafed in* CHRIST IESV.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

LORD! when thoſe glorious *Lights* I ſee
VVith which thou haſt adorn'd the Skies;
(Obſerving how they moved bee,
And how their Splendor fils mine Eies)

Me-

Me thinks it is too large a Grace,
(But that thy *Love* ordain'd it ſo)
That Creatures in ſo high a Place,
Should ſervants be to MAN below.

2 The meaneſt *Lampe*, now ſhining there,
In ſize, and luſter doth exceed
The nobleſt of thy Creatures, here;
And of our friendſhip hath no need.
Yet, Theſe, upon Mankinde attend,
For ſecret Ayde, or publike Light:
And, from the *Worlds* extreameſt end,
Repaire unto us, every Night.

3 Oh! had that *Stampe* been undefac'd
VVhich, firſt, on us thy hand had ſet,
How highly ſhould we have been grac'd!
Since, we are ſo much honour'd, yet?
Good GOD! for what, but for the ſake
Of thy Belov'd, and *Only-Sonne*,
(VVho did on him, our nature take)
VVere theſe exceeding Favours done?

4 As we by *Him*, have honour'd bin,
Let us to *Him*, due honours give:
Let *His* uprightneſſe hide our Sin;
And let us *Worth* from *Him* receive.
Yea, ſo let us by *Grace* improve
VVhat thou by *Nature*, doſt beſtow;
That, to thy Dwelling place above,
VVe may be raiſed from below.

HYMNE

Hymne XVI.

In a darke Night.

Darknes is uncomfortable to all, and very dreadfull to many: Therefore, we prepared this Hymne, *that ſuch as are fearefull, may have wherewith to comfort their hearts againſt the terrors of Darknes.*

Sing this as the 19, 20, *or* 21. *Pſalmes.*

VVHat though the comforts of the Light,
This gloomy Night denies?
Though me to trouble, and affright,
Vnwelcome Darknes tries.
VVhat ſhould I doubt? whom ſhould I feare?
Or why diſheartned be,
Since thou ô GOD! art ev'ry where,
And preſent, ſtill, with me?

2 VVhat miſchiefes hath a *Midnight howre*,
My Terror to procure?
VVhat warrant hath a *Noon-tide powre*
My ſafety to aſſure?
I finde no comforts in the Day,
If thou thy preſence hid'ſt;
Nor can the Darknes me diſmay
If near me, thou abid'ſt.

3 Indeed, the *Fiend* that hates the light,
Doth oft occaſion take,

Amid

Amid the darkneſſe of the Night,
This *Bugge, beare* ſhowes, to make:
Yet, ſure, the *Darkneſſe* of our *Minds*
Is that, whereby this *Foe*,
Moſt frequently, occaſions finds,
The greateſt harmes to doe.
Me, from that Darkneſſe to defend
Thy Grace, ô LORD afford.
To me th' *enlightening Spirit* lend,
And *Lanthorne* of thy *Word*.
For then, though *Egypts* Darkneſſe had
Inclos'd me round about;
(Yea, though I ſate in *Death's* blacke *Shade*)
That *Light* ſhould guide me out.

HYMNE XVII.

An Evening Hymne.

Leſt Bruit-creatures *riſe in judgement againſt us for neglect of thankfulneſſe. This Hymne of Praiſe is tendred to be a* Remembrancer, *and a Help for the better performance of that* Duty.

Sing this as the Prayer after the Commandements.

LORD, ſhould we oft forget to ſing
A thankfull *Evening-Song* of praiſe;
This Duty, they to mind might bring,
Who chirpe among the buſhy-ſpraies.
For, to their Pearches they retire,
When firſt the twilight waxeth dim;

And,

And, ev'ry night that ſweet-voic'd Quire,
Shuts up the Day-light with a Hymn.

2 Ten thouſand fold more cauſe have we,
To cloſe each Day with praiſefull voice;
To offer thankfull hearts to thee;
And in thy Mercies, to rejoice.

For, from thy *Ward-robe* cloth'd we are:
Our *Health* we do by thee retaine:
Our *Dayly-bread* thou do'ſt prepare;
And giveſt *Eaſe*, when we have paine.

3 Thou mak'ſt us *Glad*, when we are greev'd:
When we are tir'd, thou bringeſt *Reſt*:
In wants we are by the *Releev'd*;
And *Succour'd* when we are oppreſt.

Theſe favours, LORD, and many moe,
(Ev'n moe then here we can recite)
Thou ev'ry *Morning* do'ſt beſtowe;
And them reneweſt ev'ry *Night*.

4 Therefore, for all thy Mercies paſt;
For thoſe this Evening doth afford;
And which for times to come, thou haſt;
We give thee hearty thanks, ô LORD!

Continu'd let thy Bounties be;
And, from our Ghoſtly Foes deſpight,
(Though we deſerve it not from thee)
Defend us this enſuing-night.

5 When we ſhut up, in darkneſſe, lie,
Let not the guilt of any Sin,
Appeare, our Soules to terrifie
With Frights, which bring *Deſpairings* in.

But free from harmes and ſlaviſh Feare,
Let us a Peacefull Reſt obtaine;
That when the *Morning* ſhall appeare
We may renew thy Praiſe againe.

HYMNE XVIII.

Another Evening *Hymn.*

In this Hymne, GOD *is praiſed, and his protecting and preventing Grace implored, to ſecure us from the dangers and Temptations of the Night, and it is intended for an* Evening-Hymn.

NOw the cheerfull Day is paſt,
And the Beauties of the *Light*,
Are with ſhadowes, overcaſt,
By the Mantle of the *Night*.
Thanks to thee, ô LORD! I pay
For each Bleſſing of this Day;
Asking Grace for ev'ry Sin,
Whereby err'd I have therein.

2 Though the *Sun* hath left us now,
And withholds his Light from me;
LORD, From hence depart not thou,
Nor in Darkneſſe, let me be.
But the Raies of grace divine,
Cauſe thou round me ſtill to ſhine;
And, with *Mercy* overſpred
Both my Perſon, and my Bed.

3 Chaſe all wicked *Fiends*, from hence,
That they doe me no deſpight,
By deluding of the Senſe,
Through the Darkneſſe of the Night.

But, ô LORD, from all my Foes,
Let thine *Angels* me encloſe;
And protect me in my ſleep,
When my ſelfe I cannot keep.
4 Whil'ſt my Body taketh reſt,
Let my Soule attend on thee.
Let no dreame to me ſuggeſt
Fancies that unchaſte may be.
Whether I ſhall wake or ſleep,
Me in Mind and Body keep,
Not from Acts of Sin alone,
But, from dreaming they are done.
5 And ſince *Death* and *Sleep* are ſaid,
Some reſemblances to have;
In my *Bed* ere I am laid
So prepare me for my *Grave*;
That with comfort wake I may,
To enjoy the following day,
Or, (if *Death* cloſe up mine eies)
Reſt in *Hope*, till all ſhall riſe.

HYMNE XIX.

When we put off our Apparell.

Whileſt we are putting off our Apparell, the ſinging of this briefe Hymne, will be neither tedious nor unprofitable; ſeeing we may thereby prepare aſwell our Minds as our Bodies for the better enjoying of a comfortable Reſt.

Sing this as the 33, *or* 34. *Pſalme.*

AS e're I downe am couched there,
Where, now I hope to reſt;
I, firſt, from what I daily weare,
Begin to be undreſt.
So, in my Grave, e're I ſhall be
In bleſt repoſure layd,
Of many Rags, yet worne by me,
I muſt be diſarayd.

2 My fruitleſſe *Hopes*, my fooliſh *Feares*,
My *Luſt*, my lofty *Pride*,
My *fleſhly-Joyes*, my *needleſſe-Cares*,
Muſt quite be laid aſide.
Yea that *Selfe-Love*, which yet I weare
More neare me then my skin,
Muſt off be pluck'd, e're I ſhall dare
My *laſt-long-ſleep* begin.

3 Of *Theſe*, and all ſuch Rags as theſe,
When I am diſarayd
My Soule and Body ſhall have eaſe,
Where ever I am layd:
For Feares of Death, nor Cares of Life,
Shall then diſquiet me;
Nor dreaming-Joyes, nor waking Griefe
My Sleeps diſturbance be.

4 Therefore, inſtruct thou me ô GOD!
And give me grace, to heed
With what vaine things, our ſelves we lode;
And what we rather need.
Oh! help me teare thoſe Clouts away,
And let them ſo be loth'd,

That

That, I, on my *laſt-riſing-Day*,
With Glory may be cloth'd.
5 And, now, when I am naked layd,
Vouchſafe me ſo to arme;
That nothing make my heart afrayd,
Or doe my Body harme.
And guard me ſo when downe I lie,
And when I riſe againe;
That (ſleep, or wake, or live, or die)
I, ſtill, may ſafe remaine.

HYMNE XX.

When we cannot ſleep.

When we cannot ſleep at ſeaſonable times, vaine muzings, and want of right meditating on God is frequently chiefe cauſe of unreſt. Therefore this Meditation directeth to the remedy of ſuch untimely watchfulneſſe.

Sing this as the former Hymne.

WHat ayles my Heart, that in my breſt
It thus unquietlies?
And that it, now, of needfull Reſt
Deprives my tired eies?
Let not vaine Hopes, griefs, doubts, or feares
Diſtemper ſo my mind;
But, caſt on GOD, thy thoughtfull cares,
And comfort thou ſhalt find.
2 In vaine that Soule attempteth ought,
(And ſpends her thoughts in vaine)

Who *by*, or *in* her ſelfe, hath ſought
Deſired peace to gain.
In vain, as riſing in the morne,
Before the Day appeare:
In vain, to Bed we late returne,
And lye unquiet, there:

3 For, when of Reſt, our Sin deprives,
When Cares do waking keep,
Tis GOD (and he alone) that gives
To his *Beloved*, ſleep.
On thee, ô LORD, on thee, therefore,
My muſings, now I place:
Thy free remiſſion, I implore,
And thy refreſhing grace.

4 Forgive thou me, that when my mind
Oppreſt begun to be,
I ſought elſewhere, my peace to find,
Before I came to thee.
And, gracious GOD, vouchſafe to grant,
(Vnworthy though I am)
The needfull reſt which now I want,
That I may praiſe thy *Name*.

HYMNE XXI.

A generall thanksgiving.

Becauſe the particular Benefits which we receive of God, are ſo many, that we cannot ſing particular Hymns for every Mercy, this generall Thanksgiving *is provided for thoſe who need ſuch helps.*

Sing

Sing this as the 100. *Pſalme.*

O LORD I faine would ſing thy praiſe,
But, know not where I ſhould begin;
So often, and ſo many waies,
Thy Favours have conferred bin.
No bleſſing needfull to be had,
Are we, by thee debarred from
Whereby we happy may be made,
On earth; or, in the world to come.
2 I, for my *Being*, thanke thee firſt,
And, that when I the ſame poſſeſt,
I was no Creature of the worſt;
But, had Endowments of the beſt.
And thy eternall-Providence,
I praiſe, with all the pow'rs in mee,
For ev'ry grace vouchſaf'd me ſince
I firſt receiv'd my life from thee.
3 For ev'ry *Senſe*, for all my *Limbs*;
And, for each Gift, I praiſe returne,
Which outwardly my body trims;
Or, me doth inwardly adorne.
I praiſe thee, for my *Strength*, my *Health*,
My *Shape*; and alſo for that ſhare
Which I have had of *worldly-Wealth*,
And, of ſome *honeſt-Pleaſures* here.
4 I praiſe thee for my *Friends* and *Foes*;
(For, both have uſefull been to mee)
Yea, for thy juſt-correcting blowes,
I render hearty thanks to thee.

I likewiſe magnifie ô GOD!
Thy wiſedome, for that goodly *Frame*,
Which over us thou ſpread'ſt abroad;
And, for this *Globe* on which I am.
5 For all things in this *lower-World*;
For ev'ry Star, in ev'ry Sphere,
Which round about this *Orbe* is whirld,
I praiſe thee with a heart ſincere.
But, moſt of all, I praiſe thee, LORD,
For pardoning what is done amiſſe;
And, for the meanes thou doſt afford
To bring me to *Eternall Bliſſe*.
6 For *chuſing* me, e're time was made;
For thy *Creating* me, in Time;
For my *Redemption*, when I had
well-being loſt, by *Adams* crime.
For me inlightning, by thoſe Rayes,
Whereby the Paths of *Truth* I ſee;
For bringing me from Errors wayes;
For theſe things, LORD, I honour thee.
7 I bleſſe thy *Name*, that by thy Grace
I freely *juſtified* am;
And, that, when I *polluted* was,
I thereby *ſanctifide* became.
I praiſe thee too, that I abide
Preſerved in the *State of Bliſſe*;
And, that, of being *Glorifide*,
My wofull Soule, kept hopefull is.
8 Oh LORD, to ſum up *all*, in *One*,
(In *One*, which ev'ry Bliſſe containes)

I give thee thanks for CHRIST thy Son,
Who all theſe gracious Favours daignes.
To *Him*, for whatſoever HE
Hath *ſuffred*, *ſaid*, or *done*, be praiſe.
And, to that *Spirit*, who to mee,
The meanes of all this Grace convayes.

HYMNE XXII.

When we ride for Pleaſure.

We make uſe of GOD's *Creatures, aſwell for pleaſure, as for neceſſity. Therefore when we ride forth for pleaſure, it will become us to mix, now and then ſuch thankfull Meditations with our lawfull Pleaſures, as are in this* Hymne.

Sing this as the 10. *Commaudements.*

MY GOD, how kind? how good art thou?
Of Man, how great is thy regard?
Who do'ſt all needfull things allow,
And, ſome for Pleaſure, haſt prepar'd?
With what great Speed? with how much eaſe?
On this thy Creature, am I borne,
Which at my will, and when I pleaſe
Doth forward goe, and backe returne?
2 Why ſhould not I, ô gracious GOD!
More plyant be to thy command,
When I am guided by thy word,
And gently reined by thy hand.
Aſham'd I may become to ſee
The *Beaſt* (which knowes nor good, nor ill)

More faithfull in obeying me,
Then I have been, to do thy will.
3 From him therefore, LORD, let me learn
To serve thee, better then I do;
And minde how much it may concern
My welfare to endeavour so.
And, though I know, this Creature lent
As well for Pleasure, as for need;
That I the wrong thereof prevent,
Let me, still, carefully take heed.
4 For, he that, wilfully shall dare
That Creature, to oppresse or grieve,
Which GOD to serve him doth prepare,
Himselfe of mercy doth deprive.
And *He*, or *His* (unlesse in time
They doe repent of that abuse)
Shall one day suffer for his Crime;
And want such *Creatures*, for their use.

HYMNE XXIII.

For him that undertakes a *long-voyage*.

Many are the Casualties and Hazzards of long-voyages. *Therefore, this* Hymn *puts Travellers in minde of some things pertinent to their safety; and remembers them, whose Protection they ought to seek.*

Sing this as the 4 *Psalme, &c.*

HEe that a *Voyage* undertakes,
Had need be well prepar'd;

And,

And (when his Countrey he forsakes)
Procure an able Gard:
For, perils are so rife become,
That (e're we be aware)
They often ceaze on us at home,
When we most watchfull are.

2 My Journey, therefore, in thy *Name*,
I, now ô Lord, begin;
That thou maist guide me through the same,
And prosper me therein.
Be thou my *Pilot* and my *Guide*,
My *Guard*, my *Staffe*, my *Stay*;
Ard, ev'ry thing for me provide,
That's needfull in my way.

3 To *Pilgrims*, thou, in Ages past,
Approv'dst thy selfe a Friend;
And, to their *Pilgrimages*, hast
Vouchsaf'd a blessed end.
The *Father* of the *Faithfull Race*,
His *Son*, and *Grand childe* too,
Removed oft from place to place,
And, *Thou* didst with them goe.

4 The *Patriarchs* in Marchantwise,
For Food, to *Egypt* went;
Endev'ring their necessities,
By *Travell*, to prevent.
Thy blest *Apostles* (whom the *Spheres*,
Did, therefore figure out)
Were universall *Travellers*,
To preach thy Truth about.

5 Yea

5 Yea, when thy bleſſed *Son*, ô GOD!
Did in our fleſh appeare,
(And made amongſt us his abode)
His Travels, many were.
To Egypt, he a voyage made,
Ev'n in his tendreſt age;
And other painfull Journeyes had,
To ſcape the Peoples rage.

6 LORD, make a voyage now with me;
Conduct, and guide me, ſo,
As *Iſr'el* guided was, by thee,
In Ages long agoe.
Like *Iacobs* Voyage, make thou mine,
With me thine Angell ſend;
And let thy face upon me ſhine,
Vntill my Journies end.

7 Twixt me and ev'ry perill ſtand,
That ſhall my life aſſaile
Vpon the Water or the Land,
And let them not prevaile.
Protect from Poyſon, Fire, and Sword,
From theeves and beaſts of prey:
From unexpected Sickneſſe, LORD,
And Stormes upon the way.

8 From all extreames of Cold and Heat;
From all Infectious Aires;
From Wants or Torments overgreat;
From Bondage, and Deſpaires:
From their Deſpight that Goodneſſe hate,
And miſchiefes doe intend:

From

From Flattrers, and a Faithleſſe-mate,
Thy Servant, LORD, defend.
9 Preſerve me ſober, and Diſcreet,
Juſt, humble, meek and kind;
That, ſuch as would enſnare my feet,
No powre thereto may finde.
Make cleane my heart, and keep my Tongue,
That I nor think, nor ſay,
What may be to anothers wrong;
Or mine own life betray.
10 Throughout my *Travels* give me grace
Diſcreetly to avoyd,
The Sins, and Errors of the *Place*,
wherein, I am employ'd.
And, let me thoſe things only learn,
Which to thy praiſe may be,
My Countrys good, ſomeway, concern,
Or truly profit me.
11 To theſe intents, thine Ayd afford;
Thy daily bleſſing, daign,
And, bring me in due time, ô LORD,
In ſafetie back again.
That, I may joyfull praiſes give
Vnto thy holy *Name*;
And others, (who thy love perceive)
Aſſiſt me in the ſame.

HYMNE.

HYMNE XXIIII.

For ſafe return, from a Voyage.

Men that are in want and danger (farre from their homes) have many longings for a ſafe return; But, being arived where they would be, a vain Follitie, or negligence, puts (oftentimes) out of minde all remembrance of due thankfulneſſe; which we deſired to prevent by this Hymn.

Sing this as the 100. Pſalme.

HOw great! how gracious have I found
Thy Favours, LORD my *God*, to mee!
How, for thy mercies, am I bound,
With all my Powr's, to honour thee?
For, that whereto my wiſh aſpir'd,
To me thou, timely, granted haſt,
(As fully as my heart deſir'd)
And, all my Fears are gone and paſt.

2 Me, thou haſt hither, from a far,
Through many Streights and perils brought;
And, now, in preſence, thoſe things are,
Whoſe Abſence, overlong I thought.
How often! hath my heart been ſad,
Whilſt *Hope* did ſuffer by delay?
And, ô! how faine would I have had
A ſight of what I view this day.

3 The Place deſir'd, the Friends belov'd,
And, many wiſhed pleaſures more,

From

From which I lately was remov'd,
Thy Mercie doth to me restore.
Nor didst thou, only, thus preserve
And blesse me, LORD, beyond desart;
But, when disfavour I deserve,
My kinde, and constant Friend thou art.
4 Permit not, ô permit thou not
These overflowings of thy grace,
To be abused or forgot,
In any future Time, or Place.
But, let me all my life time-long,
My *Will*, my *wits*, and *Strength* bestow
As well in *Action*, as in *Song*,
Thy *Wisdome*, *Powre*, and *Love* to show.
5 And, when those *Travels* have an end,
Which for mine own advantage, here,
(Or for thy service) I attend,
Make my last *Voyage* without fear.
Yea, when my *Iourney* I shall take
Vnto my last, and longest-*Home*;
A Joyfull Passage, let me make,
And, blessed in thy Rest, become.

HYMNE XXV.

When we are upon the Seas.

Death is always within a few ynches of those who continue on Ship-bord: yet, most men, in their Sea-passages, *are vainly employed, & insensible of their perils. This* Hymn, *therefore, offers their* Condition, *and* Dutie, *to consideration.*

Sing

Sing this as the 48. *Pſalme &c.*

ON thoſe *Great Waters* now I am
Of which I have bin told,
That whoſoever thither came,
Should Wonders there behold.
In this unſteadie place of feare
Be preſent Lord with mee,
For, in theſe Depths of water here,
I depths of Danger ſee.

2 A *ſtirring-Courſer* now I ſit;
A *headſtrong-Steed* I ride,
That champs and fomes upon the Bit,
Which curbs his loftie pride.
The ſofteſt whiſtling of the winds,
Doth make him gallop faſt,
And, as their breath increas'd he finds
The more he maketh haſt.

3 Take thou O LORD, the Reines in hand;
Aſſume our *Maſters* roome:
Vouchſafe thou at our Healme to ſtand;
And *Pilot* to become.
Trim thou the *Sailes*, and let good-ſpeed
Accompany our haſt:
Sound thou the *Channells* at our need,
And *anchor* for us caſt.

4 A fit and favourable *wind*
To further us, provide;
And, let it waite on us behind,
Or lacky by our ſide.

From

From Sudden *Gusts*, from *Stormes*, from *Sands*;
And from the *raging-wave*,
From *Shallowes*, *Rockes*, and *Pirates* hands,
Men, Goods, and Vessell, save.
Preserve us from the wants, the feare,
And Sickneſſe of the *Seas*;
But, chiefly from our *Sins*, which are
A Danger worſe then theſe.
LORD, let us, alſo ſafe arive
Where we deſire to be;
And, for thy Mercies, let us give
Due thanks, and praiſe to thee.

HYMNE XXVI.

In a Storme at Sea.

Paſſionate expreſſions of Fear, intermixt with reaſonable conſiderations do help mitigate our paſſions in great Extreames; and Lamentations *are as properly expreſt in* Song, *as mirth: Therefore this* Hymne *may profitably, be ſaid or Sung, in a terrible Tempeſt to beget* Courage, *and ſtrengthen our* Faith.

LORD, how dreadfull is this howre?
And how ſad is ev'ry Eie?
Clouds diſſolve, the *Skies* do lowre,
Waves are fierce, and *windes* are high;
Wrath, above us frowning ſits,
Danger, hath enclos'd us round;

Fear,

Fear, of us, poſſeſſion gets,
And, beneath us, *Death* is found.
LORD, *awake! awake we pray;*
Chaſe this raging Storme away:
Els, we periſh all to Day.

2 LORD, we know that thou art nigh,
Though, as yet, thou ſeem not near;
And are ſure thou hear'ſt our cry,
Though aſleep, thou doſt appear.
Let, ô let not any Crime,
(Paſt or preſent) come in place,
To condemn us, in a time,
When, ſo much, we need thy grace:
But, ô ſend us, now, thine ayde;
Let not Mercy be delayd:
For, thy Servants are afraid.

3 If our *Veſſell* bear ô LORD!
Wicked *Fraught*, or *Crying Sin*;
Help to heave it over-boord,
That, *Salvation* may come in.
Bid the *Seas*, more calme become;
Bid the *Waves* more lowly grow;
Check the *Winds*, and call them home:
That, the *Deeps* they ſtir not ſo.
Hear, whilſt call on thee we may:
For, if Thou the Word but ſay,
Winds *and* Waves *will thee obay.*

4 More this *Tempeſt* doth not rage,
Then when *Ionah* ſhunn'd thy Face:
But, that Storme thou didſt aſſwage,

When

When the *Seamen* ſought thy grace.
When in Dangers, like to theſe,
Thy *Diſciples*, grew afraid;
Thou didſt Then the Winds appeaſe,
And, the Tempeſt was alayd.
They for help, invoked Thee.
LORD! *they Cryde; and ſo do we:*
Therefore, ſaved let us be.

5 Though our *Lives*, we value dear,
And our *Goods*, too highly rate:
Death is not our chiefeſt Fear,
Nor the loſſe of our eſtate.
More we fear to looſe thy Love;
More we fear thy wrathfull Frown:
For, our *Conſcience* doth reprove;
And, to us, our Guilt hath ſhown.
Senſe, and Conſcience, of our Sin,
Is more terrible, within;
Then the Storme, without, *hath bin.*

6 Theſe internall *Stormes* controul:
And, (how er'e our *Bodies* fare)
Speak thou kindly to the *Soul*,
Thy ſweet *Calmes*, vouchſafing there.
Then, the *Tempeſt* rais'd *without*,
Shall, to us, no Danger bring:
But, (repreev'd from *Fear*, and *Doubt*)
We thy praiſe, ô LORD! will ſing.
Yea, though Winds *and* Waters *roare*,
(*Rend the* Rocks, *and tear the Shore*)
We will ſing thy Praiſe *the more.*

HYMN

Hymne XXVII.

When a Storme is paſt, at Sea.

Fear compells moſt men, in times of Danger, to call upon God, *whom they ſeldome remember before they are troubled; and when the perills are paſt, few return thanks for their* Deliverances. *Therefore, this* Hymne *offers it ſelf, to remedy that Forgetfulneſſe.*

Sing this as the 100. Pſalme.

SEe, ſee, the *Skie* from ſtormes is clear;
More ſmoothly, now the *Waves* do flow:
The *Billows*, that above us were,
Contented ſeeme, to lie below.
The furious *Winds* are much alayd;
More ſober, now, the *Ship* appears:
And, we, who lately were afrayd,
To *Hopes*, have changed all our *Fears*.

2 Our *Vowes*, our *Prayers*, and our *Crie*,
With God, have good acceptance had.
He ſaw our danger, from on hie
And, ſpeed to ſave us, he hath made.
Come, let us therefore to his praiſe,
(With joyfull hearts, and hands upheav'd)
In thankfull *Songs*, our Voices raiſe;
And ſing of what we have receiv'd.

3 The *Fears of Death*, inclos'd us round;
The *Sins of Life*, increaſt that Fear:

No

No means of ſafetie could be found;
Nor did in us, much hope appear.
Above our heads, the *waves* did roul:
The *Winds* did make our Tacklings crack.
The *Deeps* had nigh o'rewhelm'd our Soul;
Both Skill and Courage we did lack.

4 Some did the loſſe of *Goods*, deplore,
(Of which depriv'd they thought to be)
Some griev'd, through fear, leſt they no more,
Should their lov'd Friends, or Country ſee.
Some ſeeming nigh Deſtructions brink,
(And ſeeing Danger gape ſo wide)
Oppreſt with fear, began to think,
In how ill-ſtate, they might have dide.

5 There was no Soul among us, here,
But, feared more then did befall:
For, GOD, in mercy, doth appeare;
And ſhows compaſſion to us all.
Therefore, let us (now Fear is paſt)
Conſider what ſmall Joy or eaſe,
Thoſe things, whereon our hearts were plaſt,
Afford, in dangers, like to theſe.

6 And, let us purchaſe, whilſt we may,
That *Grace*, whereby we may be fraught
With Courage, in a *Dreadfull-Day*,
To ſet the *Worldlings* Fears at naught.
And, as we joyntly do partake
The Mercy, which we now poſſeſſe;
So, let us joynt-Confeſſion make
And thus to thee, our God, confeſſe.

7 Oh

7 O LORD! our ſafetie is of Thee.
It was thy Powre and love, alone,
By which we now ſecured be;
And other *Helper*, we have none.
To Thee, from whom we did receive
This Grace (and thouſands heretofore)
Our Tongues, our Hands, and Hearts we give,
To ſerve and praiſe thee evermore.

HYMNE XXVIII.

When we come a Shore.

It is a Mercy worth acknowledging, when GOD *hath brought us to fixe our feet on firm land again; and that the* Winds *and* Tides *have been made ſerviceable unto us: Therefore, in this* Hymn GOD *is praiſed for that Benefit.*

Sing this as the former Hymn.

I Thank thee LORD, I thee adore,
With humbled heart, and bended knee,
That, thus upon the Stable Shore
My Feet in ſafetie fixed be.
I praiſe thee, that the fickle Seas,
For me a Pathway, have been made,
Through which unharmed, and at eaſe,
A Paſſage, hither, I have had.
2 I thank thee that thou didſt provide,
And ſerviceable make to mee,
The motions both of *Winde* and *Tide*;
Though I am ſlack in ſerving thee

I praise thee, that, no *Swall'wing-Sands*,
No *Splitting-Rock*, no *Gulph*, or *Bar*,
No *Storme*, or Bloody *Pyrats* hands,
To ruine me permitted were.
3 For This, and ev'ry other thing,
Which by thy Favour I possesse,
I thank thee LORD; Thy praise I sing;
And thy abounding love confesse.
O let thy *Grace* (which fixed hath
My Feet in-safetie on the Land)
Preserve me constant in thy Path
And, ever true, to thy Command.

HYMNE XXIX.

When we Journey by Boat or Barge.

Some who Travell in Boats *or* Barges, *are delighted to employ the time of their Passage in stirring up good Affections in themselves and other Passengers by* Hymns, *and* Spirituall Songs; *we have therefore prepared a proper* Hymn *for that Occasion.*

Sing this as the 4 Psalme.

HOw are ô GOD! we Sinners bound
To give thee thanks and praise?
Who to prevent our pains, hast found
And shown us, many waies.
By Horse and Coach we at our ease,
Ore Hils and Dales may ride;

Through

Through Lakes, through Rivers, and through Seas,
In Boates, and Ships, we glide.

2 The *Waters* which unruly are,
To ſerve us, may be won;
And forc'd our Burthens home to bear,
Which way ſo e're they run.
The *Windes*, to give our *Courſes* breath,
From ev'ry Quarter blow;
And, we, within a foot of Death,
In eaſe and ſafetie go.

3 Vpon the *Water*, now we paſſe,
And, ſafe we hope to be,
By thy Protection, and thy Grace,
Becauſe we truſt in Thee.
Continue with us, all the way:
(Though we are full of Sin)
Preſerve us, and our *Boat*, we pray,
With ev'ry thing therein.

4 Guide thou this *Veſſell*, trim our Sails;
In Danger hear our Cry:
And, when our skill, or Courage fails,
Thoſe failings LORD, ſupply.
No *Paſſengers*, Oreſights, or Crime,
LORD, (whether great or ſmall)
Within this Veſſell, at this Time,
To queſtion, do thou call.

5 The Fooliſh *Tales*, the *Lies*, and *Oathes*,
That paſſe among us, here;
(And, which the well affected loathes)
To mark, be not ſevere:

Nor

Nor let the *Civill-passenger*,
The more unsafely passe,
Because this *Boat*, perhaps, doth bear
Despisers of thy *Grace*.
6 And, when that *Key* or *Port*, we gain,
Whereat we would arive;
To Thee, (that safe we may remain)
Due Praises let us give.
And, while in progresse, thitherward,
We are in motion, here,
Let us, (if we expect Regard)
Continue in thy Fear.

Hymne XXX.

When we are Walking in a *Garden*.

The Garden *is a Place of Delight; and we may take Many Occasions, whilst we are there walking, to meditate things pertinent to* God's *glorie, and our own Instruction, both to the prevention of Sin, (which may els be committed) and to the sanctifying of our honest* pleasures, *there: which is intimated by this* Hymn.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

TO yeeld us profit with Delights,
The *Garden* was ordain'd:
To many Pleasures it invites,
Not ev'ry-where obtain'd.

And, if we be not well aware,
How we converſe therein,
The *Serpent*, ſtill, is lurking there,
To tempt us unto Sin.

2 Within a *Garden*, he began
His Engines firſt to lay.
There, firſt he brought a Curſe on man;
There, he did *Chriſt* betray.
And, in our *Gardens*, many times,
(Whilſt Pleaſure we purſue)
We are allured to thoſe Crimes,
Which afterward we rue.

3 LORD, therefore, ſanctifie to me,
The Pleaſures of this Place;
That they may raiſe my heart to thee,
And, minde me of thy Grace.
Whilſt, here I ſeek Delights to take,
Let me in thought retain,
What in a *Garden*, for my ſake,
My *Saviour* did ſuſtain.

4 His *Agony*, and *Bloody-ſweat*,
Shall, then, prevent my pain;
His *Grief*, my Pleaſure ſhall beget,
And, eaſe for me obtain:
Of thoſe *Requeſts* I ſhall partake,
By which he ſought thy grace.
And, thou ſhalt ſweet, and harmleſſe, make
The Pleaſures of this *Place*.

Hymn XXXI.

When we are walking in the *Fields*.

The Fields *are oft frequented both for Pleaſure and Profit; and, many times, Idle muſings make thoſe things dangerous, which might, elſ, bring a double Advantage. This* Hymn, *therefore, offers theſe profitable* Meditations, *which become the leiſure of that* Place.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

THe *Fields*, for prayer, *Iſa'ck* choſe:
And, they who trie, ſhall finde,
That for *Devotion*, they diſpoſe
A well-devoted minde.
The Bleſſings which we there eſpie,
Occaſions are of praiſe:
The loftie Proſpects of the Skie,
Are helps our Hearts to raiſe.

2 When I ô God! behold this *Frame*,
Which is above me plaſt;
How richly thou doſt deck the ſame,
How ordred it thou haſt:
And therewith call to mind, for whom,
This *Work*, by thee, was wrought;
Amaz'd it makes me to become,
And, thus it moves my thought.

3 Lord, can it be that thou ſhould rear
For ſuch poore Wormes as we,

A *Structure*, wherein do appear,
Such Glories, as I see?
And that there be, (as I have heard)
Above that *Spatious-Round*,
Things, far more excellent, prepar'd,
Then, here by Sight are found.

4 If so it be, as (without doubt)
I do beleeve it so;
Why are my Thoughts employ'd about,
My vain *Designes* below?
Why do I Fear? why do I love,
Or Covet, ought but Thee?
And hazard things, in heav'n above,
For those that earthly be?

5 O! from these Dung-hils, raise my minde,
And, teach it so to mount,
That I may best Contentments finde,
In things of best Account.
Yea, teach me so to raise my Thought,
That I may, by Degrees,
And, in due time, be thither brought,
Where *Faith* my Place foresees.

Hymn XXXII.

Before, or at a Feast.

Feasts are usefull to cheere our mindes, by a plentifull enjoying of the Creatures, in a neighbourly Societie, when Times, and good Occasions allow the same.

And

And, this Hymn *offers to Remembrance ſome Cautions, to ſanctifie, and keep harmes from ſuch Refreſhings.*

Sing this as the former Hymn.

WHat Plenties (ô thrice gracious LORD!)
Before us, now, appear?
How haſt thou furniſh'd out this *Board*,
For us, thy Servants here?
Thy *Fruits* are pull'd, Thy *Flocks* are kill'd,
Thy Foules diſplum'd we ſee:
And by thy bountie, over-fill'd;
Our Bowles and Diſhes be.

2 LORD, let this meeting now be bleſt,
And, what prepar'd thou haſt.
In ev'ry morſell of this Feaſt,
Let us thy ſweetneſſe taſt.
Grant alſo, leſt our health it marr,
That we exceſſe may ſhun:
And, let among us, neither Jarr,
Nor Diſcord be begun.

3 Chaſe all prophane Diſcourſe away;
Let honeſt Mirth appear:
Let none of us, an evill ſay,
Of thoſe that are not here.
But, let each Word, and ev'ry Deed,
That ſhall be ſaid, or done,
Be meant, true Mirth and love to breed;
And grieve, or injure none.

4 Yea, let us all, ſo heed thoſe ends,
For which good *Feaſts* are made;

That, they may keep us loving Friends,
And make us, wisely, glad.
And, (being filled) let us cheer,
The hungry, with supplies:
So, shall this *Feast*, be (as it were)
A holy *Sacrifice*.

Hymn XXXIII.

A Hymn after a *Feast*.

We are here remembred to be thankfull for our Refreshments; to acknowledge God's *Bountie in giving his Creatures as well for* Delight *as* Necessitie; *and to use his good blessings with Temperance.*

Sing this as the former Hymn.

WHen is it fitter to begin
The *Song* intended, now,
Then when our *Table* spread hath bin
And *Cups* did overflow?
For, lo; those things which God prepar'd
The hearts of men to chear;
Have those effects on us declar'd
For which, ordain'd they were.

2 Our Wants we now remember not;
No Cares oppresse the minde:
Our Sorrows, all are quite forgot,
No Feares in us we finde.
And, if we stay in this Degree
Of good and sober mirth,

We

We are ô *God!* allow'd by thee,
These Bleſſings of the Earth.
3 As well for Pleaſure, as for need,
Thy Creatures are beſtown;
As, heretofore, by his own Deed,
Thy bleſſed *Son* hath ſhown:
For, at a *Wedding*, where each Gueſt,
Of wine, had drunk, before;
It pleas'd him, to inlarge the Feaſt;
And, adde a great deal more.
4 The more thy Bounties we ſhall ſee,
The more we ſhould beware,
That, neither they abuſed be;
Nor we unthankfull are.
And, therefore, left our *Appetites*,
Our *Iudgements* may confound;
To that, in which our Fleſh delights,
We now impoſe a Bound.
5 For all *Refreſhments* of this Day,
We praiſe thy bleſſed *Name*;
We honour it, in all we may,
We Sanctifie the ſame:
And, that we may depart in peace,
Of thee we humbly crave
That, what was *done* or *ſaid* amiſſe,
This Day, may pardon have.

Hymn XXXIIII.

A *Hymn* before Meat.

God *is praiſed for furniſhing our Table: he is alſo pray'd that his good Creatures may be received of us to the enabling of us in performing our Chriſtian duties; and that when we are full, we may be mindfull of the Poore.*

Sing this as the Magnificat.

FOr ſpreading LORD, our Table, thus,
To thee we thankfull are:
O! let it not be unto us,
A miſchiefe, or a Snare.
But, theſe thy Creatures bleſſe thou ſo
(Whereon we hope to feed)
That we our Duties well may do
And gain the Strength we need.

2 Let not thy Plenties make us dull,
Or wantonly inclinde:
And, LORD, when we our ſelves are full,
The emptie, let us minde.
Preſerve thy *Church*, protect our King,
And, all his Kingdomes bleſſe:
That, at our *Tables*, we may ſing,
And, eat our Bread in Peace.

HYMN XXXV.

A *Hymn* after Meat.

God-Almightie having fed our Bodies; is here beſought to feed our Soules alſo; and deſired that whether we Feed or Faſt, he may be glorified thereby.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

WE praiſe ô GOD! we honour Thee,
By whom we now are fed!
And, we acknowledge, that from Thee,
We have our Daily-bread.
As with externall Food, ô LORD!
Thou fedd'ſt our *Bodies*, now;
Ev'n ſo, thy Bleſt *Incarnate-word*,
Vpon our *Souls* beſtow.

2 And, whilſt the *Fleſh* her nouriſhment,
From thy good Creatures takes;
Let not, into our Souls, be ſent,
What, there, a leanneſſe makes.
But, whether *want*, or *thrive* we ſhall,
Or *Faſt*, or take our *Food*;
Vnto thy praiſe, convert it all:
And all things to our Good.

3 With *Health* and *Plentie*, bleſſe this Place;
From *Error* keep us free:
And, let thy *Goſpel*, and thy *Grace*
Our *Portion* alwayes be.

Preſerve thy *Church*; protect our *King*;
And all his *Kingdomes* bleſſe:
That, we may at our Table ſing,
And eat our Bread in Peace.

Hymn XXXVI.

When we walke to the Church.

Such as dwell in the Country, a good diſtance from the Church, *may ſhorten the way, by ſinging, otherwhile, this* Hymn, *to praiſe* God *for the free libertie of coming to his* Houſe; *and to prepare their mindes for the* Place *and* Service, *toward which they walk.*

Sing this as the 117. *Pſalme.*

HOw bleſt are we! who may repaire
In peace, and ſafetie LORD,
Vnto thy bleſſed *Houſe of Prayre*,
And hear thy holy *Word?*
Such *Times*, thy SAINTS have lived in,
That, thus they could not do;
Vnleſſe, it had with hazard bin;
Of Goods, and Freedome too.

2 Continue, ſtill, through theſe our Dayes,
The Grace which, now, thou ſhow'ſt;
And make us mindfull, thee to praiſe,
For that, which thou beſtow'ſt.
Thy *Voice* ſo let us hear *to Day*,
And ſo meek hearted be

That

That thou mayſt hear us, when we pray,
And, give us Reſt in thee.

3 When we into thy *Houſe* do come,
LORD, minde us, evermore,
To leave our Worldly Thoughts, at home,
And, ſend our hearts before.
Vnto our Footing, let us all
Take heed, when we come there,
And; on the Pavement, humbly fall
Before thy Face, with Fear.

4 Our Sins, there, let us open lay,
And, there, our State condole;
Till thou ſhalt pleaſed be to ſay,
Your *Faith* hath made you whole.
In Peace, then ſend us back again,
And, give us powre to ſee,
That, in thy preſence we remain,
Where ere our Bodies be.

HYMN XXXVII.

When we walk from *Church*.

We are hereby put in Remembrance *that we endeavour to become profitable* Hearers, *by practiſing in our lives that which we are taught; and to beſeech God, to enable us thereto.*

Sing this as the former Hymn, *or as the* 4 *Pſ.*

LORD, let the *Words* we heard this day
The Heart ſo deeply peirce;

That,

That, in our lives we practiſe may
Their meanings to reherſe
Let not thy holy *Seed*, be found
Diſpers'd abroad in vain;
By falling on a *Stony-ground*,
That yeelds no laſting-gain.

2 Permit thou not thoſe *Aiery-hopes*,
Which Ill-ſuggeſtions breeds,
To rob us of celeſtiall crops,
By rav'ning up the ſeeds:
Nor, let the *Thornes* of *Worldly Cares*
So choke them up, we pray,
That, they produce unfruitfull eares,
Or wither, quite away.

3 But, teach us to receive thy *Word*,
Like ſuch a fruitfull mold,
As to the *Sower* doth afford,
Sometime, a hundred fold.
And, let us none of thoſe become,
Who formall Hearers are;
But ſeldome practiſe that, at home,
Which in the *Church* they hear.

Hymn XXXVIII.

When kindred meet together.

The love of kindred *is grown cold; and many unkindneſſes and neglects are among them. Therefore, when they viſite each other, this* Hymn *being ſung, ma-*

may remember them, to cherish that Amity which ought to be between them.

Sing this as the 133. Psalme.

HOw happy is it, and how sweet,
When *Kindred* kind appeare!
And, when in *Vnity* we meet,
As we obliged are?
Each Blessing, which on *One* doth fall,
Will multiplied be;
And prove a Blessing to us *All*,
As long as we agree.

2 As from high Hils, a show'r of Raine
Along the vallies trils;
And, as they vapour up againe
A moystning for those Hils:
So, *Kindred* (whether poore or rich)
If truly kind they prove;
Each other may advantage much,
By interchange of Love.

3 The slendrest Threds together wound,
Will make the strongest Band;
And, smallest Rods, if closely bound,
The *Benders* force withstand.
But, if we those asunder take,
Their strength departs away;
And, what a *Gyant* could not breake;
A little *Infant* may.
So, if in Concord, we abide,
(If true in heart we prove)

We

We may the more be fortifide,
By interchange of Love.
Let us, therefore, who now have met,
Obſerve this Leſſon, ſo,
That we do not the ſame forget,
When we apart ſhall go.

5 Let none of us delight to tell,
Or pleaſure take to heare,
Wherein his *kinſman* doth not well;
Or, faulty may appeare:
But, let each of us, our owne Crimes,
With others Errors weigh;
And, ſeek the fitteſt means, and Times,
To mend them what we may.

6 If Malice injure any One,
To whom allide we are,
Let us repute the wrong as done
To ev'ry Perſon here.
Yea, if a Grief, a Loſſe, a ſhame,
To one of us befall:
Let us be tender of the ſame,
As grievous to us all.

7 So, we that are, but linked, yet,
In *Bands* of common kind;
Shall, at the laſt, be nearer knit,
By Vertues of the Mind.
And, when the *Ties* of *carnall-kin*,
By death, ſhall be undone;
We, that have ſo allied bin,
Shall be, for ever, *One*.

Hymn XX XIX.

When Kindred depart from each other.

Kindred *having visited each other, and being to returne to their severall habitations, doe in this* Hymn *praise* God *for their Meeting; and pray him to blesse them in their separation.*

Sing this as the former Hymn.

To bid each other now adue
Time, warnes us to prepare;
And, that those Callings we pursue
To which oblig'd we are.
To thee therefore, by whom we came
Each others weal to know:
We render praise: And in thy *Name*,
Asunder Lord, we go.

2 Though us, ô Lord! to live apart,
Our Fortunes do compell;
Keep us united, still, in hart,
Where ever we shall dwell.
A Dweller, in our Dwellings be:
Vs, there, depart not from.
And let us meet againe, in Thee;
When we together come.

3 Alliances are seldome good;
And, rarely kind they are,
Who nothing have, but *Flesh* and *Blood*,
To make, and keep them Deare.

Therefore,

Therefore, let us endeavour ſo,
That we, by Grace, may be
More nearly knit, and thereby grow,
Vnited all to thee.

4 Preſerve among us honeſt Mirth:
At leaſt, when we ſhall mourne,
Make *Sorrow* midwife to the *Birth*,
At which, true *Joyes* are borne.
And, of our Meetings, here below,
If this the laſt ſhall prove;
Our Converſation, forme Thou ſo,
That we may meet above.

HYMNE XL.

A Hymn at Seed-time.

Husbandmen *when ſowing-time is ended, have (in ſome places) their* ſeed-Cake, *or ſome other extraordinary Allowance to refreſh them in their Labours, and it would not be without profit if they ſanctified thoſe* Refreſhings *with this or the like* Meditation.

Sing this as the 4 Pſalme, &c.

NO Time, to trifle forth, in waſt,
For us, allow'd hath bin;
But, alwaies, when one work is paſt,
Another doth begin.
Each day, a daily labour brings,
For us to work upon:

And

And ev'ry yeare, hath many things,
That must be yearly done.
2 Assoon as *Harvest* in is borne,
The *Seed-time* doth insue;
And, they, in order, still, returne,
Our Labour to renewe.
That, which the *Season* doth befit,
We, now (in hope) have sown:
And LORD! we unto thee commit,
What we abroad have thrown.
3 When *Isa'ck* tilled in that place,
Where, he a Stranger liv'd;
A hundred-fold, the profit was
Which he from thee receiv'd.
Then, since it is as easie, LORD,
As pleasing let it be,
A Benediction to afford
Vpon my Pains and me.
4 To us, a Pow'r thou dost allow
To water and to plant;
But, thou a Blessing must bestow,
Or, we our Hope shall want.
Vnto our Labour, therefore adde
The Supplement, it needs;
Lest (missing that) the Soile be made
A Stepdame, to our Seeds.
5 Command the Earth to wrap them close;
Let Moisture, Warmth and Aire,
Their vertues into them dispose;
That, nothing them impaire.

And,

And, when they forth to ſight are ſprung,
Them, likewiſe bleſſe thou ſo,
That no diſaſters do them wrong;
Till they to ripeneſſe grow.

6 Then grant that me (or they to whom
Our portion ſhall deſcend)
May fetch their Crops, with gladneſſe, home;
And, them with comfort ſpend.
Grant, alſo, that the ſeeds of Grace,
(Sown in our hearts, by Thee)
Prove not leſſe fruitfull in their place,
Then Earthly Fruits may be.

Hymn XLI.

When *Harveſt* is come home.

When we have houſed the fruits of the Earth, It becometh us (in ſtead of the rude jollities uſed in ſome places) to praiſe God's *mercy for vouchſafing to us the fruit of our Labours, to pray for continuance of his bleſſing both on them; and on us, in the uſe of them; In which duties this* Hymn *aſſiſteth.*

Sing this as the former.

SOme, have a *Cuſtome*, when they bring
The laſt of *Harveſt* home,
To make the fields with Ecchoes ring,
And, joyfull to become.

Which

Which was at firſt(though chang'd we have,
This Joy,to brutiſh mirth)
A Triumph to his praiſe,that gave
The Bleſſings of the Earth.

2 In ſtead of brutiſh Clamors,then,
That Cuſtome we renew;
And(as becometh Chriſtian men)
Our ſelves would thankfull ſhew.
For,that which we,in hope have ſown;
And,till'd with coſtly pain,
We,by *Gods* grace,have Reap'd and Mown;
With likelihood of gain.

3 The dangers of cold Winters blaſt,
Of Springs offenſive hours,
And,of that Summers drougth is paſt,
Which Corn and graſſe devours.
The *Fruits*,for which we delv'd and plough'd,
And,toyled long,with care;
In Barnes and Stacks,are hous'd and mow'd;
Of which right glad we are.

4 When Winds,& Froſts,& Rains,& Snows,
Make barren Grove and Field;
When naught on hill,or valley grows,
Which,food for man,doth yeeld:
We,to relieve our wants,have hope,
By thy free Bounty, LORD;
And,means to raiſe a future Crop,
By that we up have ſtor'd.

5 As,when thy *Manna* downe did fall,
So be it alſo now:

Let

Let them, whose gath'rings are but small,
Confesse they have enow:
Blesse thou our Basket, and our Store;
And, when refresh't we be;
Let us distribute to the poore,
The portion due to thee.
6 But, let us chiefly mind their need,
Whose Labours were employ'd,
To *Till*, what *them* and *us* must feed;
And what is now injoy'd.
And, let it more our hearts affect,
That we are in thy grace;
Then, great Abundance to collect,
By *Corne*, or Wine's increase.

Hymne XLII.

For a Sheep-shearing.

Sheep-shearing, *is a Time of rurall Merriment, in which good-cheare is afforded to neighbors and servants; among whose* Refreshings, *if this or the like* Meditation *were sometime sung; both* Knowledge *and* Piety, *might be increased thereby.*

Sing this as the 23. *Psalme.*

VNworthy, though, ô LORD, we are,
Of that which thou dost give:
Yet, we much more unworthy were,
Of what we do receive:

If

If any Bleſſing we let ſlip,
For which, we do not pay,
Such cheap *Oblations of the Lip*,
As we preſent this day.

2 We, through thy favour now have had
The Fleeces of our Sheep;
And, they are almoſt naked made,
Our Bodies warme to keep.
Before their ſhearers, dumb they lay,
Whil'ſt from their backs were ſhorne,
Their fineſt Wooll; and we now may
Poſſeſſe what they have worne.

3 Deare LAMBE of *God* to thee be praiſe,
Who doſt refreſhings give,
So freely, and ſo many waies,
Thy Servants to relieve.
O! let our thankfulneſſe appeare,
Not in bare *Words* alone;
But, in thoſe *works*, which reall are
And, needfull to be done:

4 When any of thy *Members* lacks
A Coat his fleſh to gard;
Let us beſtow, ev'n from our backs,
As much as may be ſpar'd.
And, as our Sheep do skip, as glad,
When they their Fleeces give;
So, let us joy that means we had
Our Brethren to relieve.

5 Vs, let their Meekneſſe mindfull make,
(By thinking thereupon)

How

How meekly, thou didſt all things take,
Which, were to Thee, miſdone.
That, all we *ſuffer*, *ſay*, or *do*,
May grow, in ſome Degree,
Reform'd, by thine Example, ſo,
That Blameleſſe we may be.

HYMN XLIII.

A Hymn for a *Houſe-warming*.

The antient and laudable uſe of Houſe-warmings *is here inſinuated: For, in this* Hymn, *the Friends aſſembled, are taught to beſeech* GOD *Almighty to make that habitation proſperous and comfortable to them, and theirs who are newly come thither to dwell.*

AMong thoſe points of neighbourhood,
Which our Forefathers did allow;
That Cuſtome in eſteeme hath ſtood,
Which we do put in practiſe now.
For, when their Friends *new-dwellings* had,
Them, thus they welcome thither made:
That, they the ſooner might be free,
From *Strangeneſſe*, where they *Strangers* be.
2 To this good End, we partly came;
And, partly, Friendſhip to augment.
But, if we faile not in the ſame,
This is the prime of our intent:

We

We come, with holy *Charmes*, to bleſſe
The Houſe, our Friends, do now poſſeſſe.
In Hope, that GOD, *Amen* will ſay,
To that, for which we now ſhall pray.
2 LORD, keep this place, we thee deſire,
To theſe *new-Commers* ever free
From raging *Winds*; from harmfull *Fire*;
From *Waters* that offenſive be.
From *graceleſſe-Childe*, from *Servants-ill*;
From *Neighbours, bearing no good-will*;
And, from the chiefeſt Plagues of Life,
A *Husband-falſe*, a *faithleſſe-Wife*.
3 Let neither *Theeves*, that Rove by Night,
Nor thoſe, that ſneake about by Day,
Have pow'r their perſons to affright;
Or to purloine their Goods away.
Let nothing here, be ſeen or heard,
To make by Day or Night afeard:
No ſudden Cryes, no fearfull Noiſe;
No Viſion grim, or dreadfull Voice.
5 Let on this *Houſe*, no Curſe remain,
If any on the ſame be laid.
Let no *Impoſture* pow'r obtain
To make the meaneſt wit afraid.
Let here nor *Zim*, nor *Fim* be ſeen;
The fabled *Fai'rie* King or Queen;
Nor ſuch Deluſions, as are ſaid,
To make the former Age afraid.
6 Keep, alſo, Lord, we pray, from hence,
(As much as frailty will allow)

The

The Guiltineſſe of each Offence,
Which to a *Crying-Sin* may grow.
Let, no more *Want*, *Wealth*, *Hope*, or *Feare*,
Nor greater Griefs or Joyes be here,
Then, may ſtill keep them in thy grace,
Who, ſhall be dwellers, in this place.
7 But, that juſt meaſure let them have
Of ev'ry means, which may acquire
The Bleſſedneſſe, which they moſt crave,
Who to the trueſt Bliſſe aſpire.
And if *Well-wiſhers* abſent be,
Who better wiſh them can, then we,
To make this *Bleſſing* up intire,
We thereto adde what they deſire.

Hymne XLIIII.

For a Contract.

This Hymn *is tendred to thoſe who purpoſe a* Contract *of* Marriage; *in hope it may ſo remember them, to conſider what they intend; that it ſhall keep them from proceeding farther then they lawfull may; and from profeſſing more then they mean.*

Sing this as Te Deum.

LORD, in thy *Name*, and in thy Feare,
Our Faith we plighted have;
And, that our meanings are ſincere,
Thy witneſſe, now, we crave.

We

We come not, only to repeat
Our *Vowes*, before thy face;
But, that we may likewise intreat
Thy Favour, and thy Grace.

2 For, mutuall helpers whil'st we live,
(According to our might)
Our selves, we to each other give,
So far, as we have right.
And, we professe that free we are,
(For ought that we do know)
To be each others wedded Peer,
If thou permit it so.

3 We see no contradicting Cause,
But, that we may be join'd,
Without infringment of the Laws,
Whereby we are confin'd.
Nor any such Infirmity
In us do we suspect,
As that our Marriage-Band, thereby,
Shall prove of no effect.

4 We have no guilefull Dealings us'd,
Our purpose to acquire:
Nor one anothers Trust abus'd,
To gaine what we desire.
But, our Affections are sincere,
And, as they have been true,
Vpright those Courses likewise are,
By which, we them pursue.

5 If both have, now, ô LORD! profest
What may not be denide;

Let our Affection ſo be bleſt,
That, nothing us divide.
Let nor by Beauty, Wit or Wealth,
By high, or low Degree,
By want of Riches, or of Health,
Our Hearts eſtranged be.

6 But if that either of us, now,
Hath trod a faithleſſe Way;
Or, ſhall infringe this holy Vow,
Before our Wedding day;
LORD, let the party Innocent,
From blame and guilt be free:
For, *Truth* a Contract, never ment,
Where, nought but Falſhoods be.

HYMN XLV.

For a Marriage.

GOD *is hereby beſought to bleſſe the* Marriage *ſolemnized to all there preſent; and ſo to proſper the* Bridegroome, *and* Bride, *in their Deſires and Affections, that the* Waters *of their Carnall Contentment, may be turned into the* Wine of *ſpirituall Delights.*

Sing this as the former Hymn.

TO grace (ô Lord) a marriage Feaſt,
(In *Cana*, long ago)
It pleaſed thee to be a Gueſt,
And there, thy pow'r to ſhow.

For,

For, by a Miracle divine,
(When they their Wine had ſpent)
Thou changedſt *Water* into *Wine*,
Which did their want prevent.

2 LORD, let the brightneſſe of thy Face
Among us now appeare:
So let the Bounties of thy Grace,
Be manifeſted here;
That neither *Bridegroome*, *Bride*, nor *Gueſt*,
In body, or in mind,
Of leſſe content may be poſſeſt,
Then they have hope to find.

3 All Joyes which in a married-life,
Well-matched Couples know.
On this new-wedded *Man* and *Wife*,
Vouchſafe thou to beſtow.
Fulfill their Hopes, prevent their Feares,
Grant them their juſt Deſires:
Increaſe that Love, which keeps off Cares,
And warmes with lawfull Fires.

4 To *Wine*, thoſe hartleſſe *Waters* turn,
Which in their Veſſels be;
To give them Comfort when they mourn;
And make them glad in thee.
And though the pleaſures of their Love,
Have yet a pleaſing taſt;
Yet, let them daily ſweeter prove,
And beſt of all, at laſt.

HYMN XLVI.

When a Woman hath conceived.

We are all conceived in ſinne : yet ſome have been ſanctified in the wombe. Therefore, we cannot begin too early, to pray for the ſanctification of the fruit of our Bodies ; and that it may be borne to Gods glory, to our comfort, and to a happy being in it ſelfe : which is deſired in this Hymn.

Sing this as the 10. *Commandements.*

LORD, if the Signes may truſted be,
That Symptomes of Conception are ;
A living-Soul deriv'd from thee,
Within my wombe, I now do bear.
Therefore (by her example, taught
Who was the *Mother* of thy *Son*
It well beſeeming me I thought,
To magnifie what thou haſt done.
2 If ſo it be, as I beleeve ;
LORD, ſanctify, I humbly pray,
That, which in Sin I did conceive :
And, grant that grace obtain it may.
Let not the *Part* which thou haſt made,
Subjected to pollution grow,
By what it from the Parents had :
But let it keep the fleſh below.

3 In ev'ry *Sense*, in ev'ry *Part*,
Perfection to this Creature give;
And, sow those graces in the heart,
By which the *Soul* doth truly live.
Whil'st I shall bear it in my wombe,
Let me likewise, my part fulfill:
And, when it forth to light shall come,
Instruct it how to do thy *Will*.
4 O! let me not a *Mother* be,
To fructifie for *Hell* and *Sin*;
But, let my *Fruit* be born to Thee,
In whom *Well-being* do begin.
So, whether it shall be design'd
Short time, or long, on Earth to stay;
A happy portion it shall finde,
And give thee all the praise, it may.

Hymn XLVII.

When a Woman is safe delivered.

God is hereby praised for that Miracle in our Nature, which is wrought when a Woman is delivered safely of her Childe; and the Continuance of his Mercy is desired in vouchsafing the New-birth *of* Grace, *to perfect and felicitate the life of* Nature.

Sing this as the former Hymn.

AMong thoſe wonders here on Earth,
Which brought to paſſe, by Nature be,
(If rightly, we obſerve our Birth)
In this, her greateſt marvels be.

Yea, they who fully can conceive,
What paſſe into this World we have,
May find it eaſie to beleeve
The Bodies, riſing from the Grave.

2 A breathleſſe Life, a *Living-Tombe*,
Within our Mothers wombe we had.
Through Gates of *Death*, to *Life* we come,
And, *Strength*, is out of Weakneſſe made.

She who in bitter Pangs remains,
Diſheartned is when they do ceaſe;
And they who moſt bewayle her pains,
Deſirous are they ſhould increaſe.

3 Of this thy great Myſterious worke,
Experienced, this Day, are we:
And, will confeſſe, that therein lurke
More ſecrets, then our eies can ſee.

But this, ô LORD! we ſee and know:
It was thy Mercy, and thy Pow'r,
Which did the timely Ayd beſtow,
That holp us, in the hoped hou'r.

4 To thee be praiſe, that now are paſt
The pangs which made us lately ſad:
To thee be praiſe, that ſent thou haſt,
Theſe Comforts, which now make us glad.

LORD, perfect thou the Grace begun.
Give *Strength*, where *Weakneſſe* yet is found:

And,

And, let the Race this *Babe* ſhall run,
With Everlaſting Life, be crown'd.
5 The Life of *Nature* he hath had:
But, let it be *new-borne* again;
The *Life of Grace*, to *Nature* adde,
And, make him, in that ſtate remain.
So (whether, here, an Age he ſtay,
Or, whether Thou tranſlate him, from
This Life, within a ſhorter day)
In CHRIST, he perfect ſhall become.

HYMN XLVIII.

When a Childe is baptized.

GOD, *is here praiſed for the great Priviledges vouchſafed by* Baptiſme: *He is prayed alſo, to enable the Childe Baptized to* Do *and* Beleeve, *according to the Conditions of the Covenant made; And he is likewiſe acknowledged the* Author *and* Finiſher *of every Holy-Deſire, and laudable Performance.*

Dear GOD! how great, how large a Grace,
Vnto that Soul, this Day, is done,
Who, in thy *Church*, admitted was,
To be a *Member* of thy Son?
For, he which was the Childe of wrath,
And borne to nothing, but Deſpaire;
The Comforts of thy Favour hath,
And of thy *Kingdome*, is an Heire.

2 Of that great *City*, where no Sum,
A Freedome for him, could have bought,
To be admitted, he is come;
And, by meer favour thereto brought.
Of CHRIST's most holy Order, now,
The faire, and famous Badge he beares;
Which will right happy make him grow,
If to the Grave, the same he weares.

3 LORD, blessed be thy *holy-Name*,
That thou this Mercy hast bestown:
We praise, and love thee for the same,
As if the good were all our own.
In this estate, preserve him fast,
Vntill he fully understands
The *Covenant*, betwixt you past,
Thy *Promises*, and thy *Commands*.

4 Then, also, leave him not, ô LORD!
But grant him thy *Assisting-might*
Thy loving-presence, and thy *Word*,
With every means to keep him right.
To make his *Happinesse* intire,
Be pleased to vouchsafe him too,
A Renovation in Desire;
And, chearfulnesse thy will, to do.

HYMN

Hymn XLIX.

When publike Thanks hath been given for ſafe deliverance in Child-birth.

Though Thanksgivings are publikely exhibited for ſuch Deliverances; yet, the ſame ought to be privately acknowledged alſo: and, perhaps, there may be ſome private Deliverances accompanying the former, which ought to be conſidered, as this Hymn *implyes.*

Sing this as the 101 *Pſalme.*

1 ALthough, my GOD! that Sacrifice,
I tendred have to Thee,
Which to be made in publike wiſe,
This *Church* enjoins to me.
Yet, if in ſecret, I forget
My private Thanks to Day,
A Duty (doubtleſſe) I omit,
Which I am bound to pay.

2 Beſides, the Mercies lately ſhown,
(And which confeſt have been)
Thou, Favours haſt on me beſtown,
Which others have not ſeen.
From *Sins* within my heart conceiv'd,
May greater miſchiefs come,
Then can be, otherwiſe, deriv'd,
From any Childing-wombe.

3 LORD, therefore, by my Selfe alone,
To thee I now repaire,

Thy holy-Name, to call upon,
In *Praiſes*, and in *Pray'r*.
I praiſe thee, that eſcap'd I have
The Danger, lately paſt;
And, that my Body from the Grave,
Thou, yet, preſerved haſt.
4 I praiſe thee, that my Tongue I find
Now ſounding of thy praiſe:
And pray thee, that my heart may mind
This Duty, all my Daies.
I pray thee too, that from all Sin,
I may be purifide;
A ſtricter Courſe of Life begin;
And, in thy Fear abide.

Hymn L.

A Rocking Hymn.

Nurſes uſually ſing their Children aſleep; and through want of pertinent matter, they oft make uſe of unprofitable (if not worſe) Songs. *This was therefore prepared, that it might help acquaint them, and their* Nurſe-Children, *with the loving Care and Kindneſſe of their heavenly Father.*

Sweet Baby ſleep: what ailes my Dear?
What ailes my *Darling* thus to cry?
Be ſtill, my Childe, and lend thine ear,
To heare me ſing thy *Lullaby*.

My

My pretty Lambe forbear to weep:
Be ſtill my Dear; ſweet Babie ſleep.

2 Thou bleſſed *Soul*, what canſt thou fear?
What thing, to thee, can miſchief do?
Thy GOD, is now thy *Father* dear;
His holy *Spouſe*, thy *Mother* too.
Sweet Babie then, forbear to weep;
Be ſtill my Babe; ſweet Babie ſleep.

3 Though thy Conception was in Sin,
A ſacred Bathing thou haſt had.
And, though thy Birth, unclean hath bin,
A blameleſſe Babe, thou now art made.
Sweet Babie then, forbear to weep;
Be ſtill my Dear; ſweet Babie ſleep.

4 Whil'ſt thus, thy *Lullabie*, I ſing,
For thee, great Bleſſings ripening be:
Thine Eldeſt Brother is a King;
And hath a Kingdome bought for thee.
Sweet Babie then, forbear to weep;
Be ſtill my Babe; ſweet Babie ſleep.

5 Sweet *Babie* ſleep; and nothing fear;
For, whoſoever thee offends,
By thy *Protector* threatned are,
And GOD, and *Angels* are thy Friends.
Sweet Babie then, forbear to weep;
Be ſtill my Babe; ſweet Babie ſleep.

6 When *God-with-us*, was dwelling here,
In little *Babes*, he took delight.
Such *Innocents*, as Thou, my Dear!
Are ever precious in his ſight.

Sweet

Sweet Babie, then forbeare to weep;
Be ſtill my Babe, ſweet Babie ſleep.

7 A little Infant, once was *Hee:*
And *Strength*, in *Weakneſſe*, then was laid
Vpon his *Virgin-Mothers* knee;
That, Pow'r to thee, might be convai'd.
Sweet Babie, then, forbeare to weep;
Be ſtill my Babe; ſweet Babie ſleep.

8 In this thy frailty, and thy need,
He friends and helpers doth prepare,
Which thee ſhall cheriſh, clothe, and feed:
For, of thy weal, they tender are.
Sweet Babie, then, forbeare to weep:
Be ſtill my Babe; ſweet Babie ſleep.

9 The King of Kings when he was born,
Had not ſo much for outward eaſe:
By *Him*, ſuch Dreſſings were not worn;
Nor ſuch like ſwadling-clothes as theſe.
Sweet Babie, then, forbeare to weep;
Be ſtill my Babe; ſweet Babie ſleep.

10 Within a Manger lodg'd thy LORD,
Where Oxen lay, and Aſſes fed.
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
An eaſie Cradle, or a Bed.
Sweet Babie, then forbeare to weep;
Be ſtill my Babe; ſweet Babie ſleep.

11 The wants that he did then ſuſtain,
Have purchas'd Wealth, my Babe, for thee:
And, by his Torments, and his pain,
Thy Reſt and Eaſe, ſecured be.

My

My Babie, then, forbeare to weep;
Be ſtill my Babe; ſweet Babie ſleep.

12 Thou haſt (yet more) to perfect this,
A promiſe and an earneſt got,
Of gaining everlaſting Bliſſe,
Though thou my Babe perceiv'ſt it not.
Sweet Babie, then, forbeare to weep;
Be ſtill my Babe; ſweet Babie ſleep.

Hymn LI.

Another Rocking Hymn.

The Nurſe *is here taught a forme of* Bleſſing, *whereby ſhe may by faithfully ſinging, or ſaying the ſame) call downe* Gods *Benediction, both upon her ſelfe, and her Infant, to the prevention of temporall and ſpirituall miſchiefs.*

Sing this as Te Deum, *or the* 1 Pſalme.

SInce now, my Babe, of ſleep poſſeſt,
His lovely eies hath clos'd;
To praiſe the Author of his reſt,
My heart is well-diſpos'd:
And, to implore, that God, who makes
My Darling, thus to ſleep;
Would preſent be, when he awakes,
And, him in ſleeping keep.

2 Thou, praiſes from an Infants tongue,
Diſdaineſt not to hear:

Reject

Reject not then, my *Blessing-Song*;
But, LORD, decline thine ear.
For, though a single voice I raise,
My *Offrings*, triple be.
My *Self*, my *Babie*, and my *praise*,
I offer up to Thee.

3 Dear *Son* of GOD! who thoughtst no scorn,
(To leave thy Throne on high)
Of lowly parents to be born,
And, in a Crib to lie:
On this my *Babe*, thy Grace reflect;
Infold him in thine Armes.
From outward perils, him protect,
And from internall Harmes.

4 Let not that Feind which ev'ry howre,
Doth watch and hover here,
To mischiefe us, obtain the Powre;
Or cause my Childe to fear.
But, let an *Angell-guard* be nigh,
To put that Foe to flight:
And, round about his cradle flye,
To keep him from despight.

5 As *Time*, his Body shall increase,
Increase his knowledge too;
And cause him, ev'ry day in grace
With GOD, and Man, to grow.
Preserve him streight in ev'ry Limbe,
And sound in ev'ry Sense:
Yea, all his life time, keep thou him,
From ev'ry grosse offence.

6 To thee, let him be alwayes true,
And, ever kinde to thoſe,
Who kindneſſes to him do ſhew
Er'e Good, or Ill, he knows.
And, let not, (for thy paſſion ſake)
This Babie (now, ſo dear)
Thoſe vaine, or evill Courſes take,
Whoſe end, we juſtly fear.
7 Oh let not him, whoſe meaneſt pain,
We can with tears deplore,
Be one of thoſe, who ſhall remain
In torments, evermore.
But, ſo to live, and ſo to die,
Vouchſafe him grace, ô GOD!
That, he may riſe to live on high,
Where thou haſt thine abode.

HYMN LII.

When we receive the *Lords Supper.*

God, *is hereby magnified for the great honour, and favour vouchſafed, by the bleſſed Sacrament of his* Body *and* Blood; *and humbly deſired thereby to conferre and continue to us his eſpeciall Grace.*

Sing this as the 148. Pſalme.

OVr Voice how ſhould we raiſe!
How ſhould our *Songs* excell!
If *God-Almighties* praiſe
Our Tongues could fully tell?

Sure,

Sure, whilſt we ſing,
The Starry-Round, of that glad ſound,
Would loudly ring.

2 That, at thy princely *Board*,
This Day we feaſted be,
How great a favour, LORD?
Have we obtain'd from thee?
And who is able
Himſelf to make fit to partake
Of this thy Table?

3 We, whom thy Bountie Feaſts,
(And, who now ſing thy praiſe)
Were called to be Gueſts,
From hedges and high-wayes:
And, till we came
To taſte this chear, we wretched were,
Poore, blind, and Lame.

4 But, from our low eſtates,
Now, ſo advanc'd are we,
That, *Princes* are our *Mates*,
And, *Kings* our *Fellows* be,
One *Cup* we have,
And, *Angels* eat no better meat,
Then we receive.

5 Perfection of Delights,
Is by this Feaſt beſtown.
With *Him*, that us invites
The *Food*, and *Gueſts* are *One*!
Faith works it thus,
That, thereby, we are found in Thee;
And thou in us.

6 And,

6 And, though our Natures are
Vnequall and Diſtinct;
By true beleeving, here,
They really are linkt.
And, while we bide
In Faith, and Love, nought can remove,
Or, us divide.

7 Yea, ſuch our *Vnion* is
That, all our *Sins* are thine;
And, ours, thy *Righteouſneſſe*
Is made by grace divine.
Yet, from all ſtaines
(Through our Offence) thine *Excellence*
Still, free remaines.

8 LORD, for this love to Man,
Pow'r, glory, praiſe, and Fame,
(As fully, as we can)
Aſcribe we to thy Name.
And, we emplore,
That, this rich Grace, we may embrace
For evermore.

HYMN LIII.

Another *Hymn* for the *Lords Supper.*

GODS *unſpeakable Favour vouchſafed in the Sacrament of the* Body *and* Blood *of* CHRIST, *is acknowledged: The unexpreſſibleneſſe of that Myſterious* Communion *is Confeſſed; and thoſe bleſſed*

blessed effects are hereby desired also which ought to be endeavoured for, by every worthy partaker of the same.

Sing this as the Magnificat, *or* Te Deum.

THe Favour LORD, which by thy grace,
We have this day possest,
Doth our best merits, far surpasse;
And, cannot be expreſt.
Because, we not alone obtain
A *common-grace* from thee;
But, thou thy *Self* dost, also, daign
Our food of Life, to be.

2 For which, we nothing have to give,
Whereof, thou dost approve
So much, as when we do receive
Thy kindnesses with love.
Therefore, ô LORD! we, now do make
This Offring for the same:
The Cup of Saving health we take;
And, Magnifie thy NAME.

3 O! teach us to receive aright,
What thou dost here, bestow.
And, give us an *Informing-light*
Of what we ought to know.
And, when we cannot wade the Deep
Of thy unfathom'd *Word*;
Let us a Course, with safetie keep,
Along the shallow *Foord*.

4 This *Mysterie* we must confesse,
Our Compasse to exceed;

Our

Our little *Faith*, is alſo leſſe
Then grains of Muſtard-ſeed
Therefore, ô LORD! improve it ſo,
That, growth it may receive:
And, that we modeſtly may *know*;
And knowingly Beleeve.
5 Forgive to us our many crimes,
Offenſive unto thee.
Vouchſafe we may in future times
More juſt, more pious be.
Vs, render gracious in thy Sight;
And, that, which now we do;
That, thou maiſt therein take Delight,
And, we have love thereto.
6 No new *Oblation*, we deviſe
For Sin, preferr'd to be.
Propitiatorie-Sacrifice
Was made, at full, by thee.
The Sacrifice of *Thanks*, is that
(And all) which thou doſt crave:
And, we our ſelves, are part, of what
We Sacrificed have.
7 In this, no groſſe *Realities*,
We carnally conceive;
Or, that their proper Qualities,
The *Bread*, or *Wine* do leave.
But, in this holy Euchariſt,
(By Faith and Grace Divine)
We know, we feed on thee, ô *Chriſt!*
Receiving *Bread* and *Wine*.

8 Thy *Reall-presence*, we avow:
But, so; that, we confesse
Meere carnall-Reason knows not how
That *Presence* to expresse:
Because, thy *Flesh* we feed on, thus;
(Though strange it may appear)
That, we in *Thee*; and thou in *Vs*;
At *once*, and *truly*, are.

9 No marvell few can well agree,
How this, they should unfold:
For, *Mysteries*, *Faiths* objects be;
Not things at Pleasure told.
And, he that would, by Reason, sound
The Depths, which *Faith* perceives,
May both himself, and those, confound;
To whom, his Rules he Gives.

10 Let us, therefore, our *Faith* erect,
On what thy *Word* doth say;
And, hold their knowledge in suspect,
Who new Foundations lay.
For, thereby some a cursed Rent
Within thy Church have left;
And, by thy Peacefull Sacrament,
The world of peace bereft,

11 Yea that, which thou to cherish Love,
Didst graciously ordain;
Contention wrests, debates to move;
And Quarrels to maintain.
Oh! let us not hereafter so,
About meere words contend;

The

The while our craftie Common Foe,
Procures his curſed end.
12 But, if in Eſſence, we agree,
Let us, in Love aſſay
To erring Souls, true *Guids* to be,
And to the weake, a *Stay*.
For, Love is that ſtrong Cyment, LORD,
Which us muſt reunite.
In bitter Speeches, Fire, and Sword;
It never takes delight.
13 Meere carnall Inſtruments, theſe are;
And, they are much beguild;
Who dreame that theſe ordained were,
Our Breaches to rebuild.
Therefore, we pray thee, by that *love*
Which us together brought,
That thou all Chriſtian-men wouldſt move
To love, as *Chriſtians* ought.
14 Let not *Self-will* our hearts bewitch
With pride, or private hate;
Or cheriſh thoſe Contentions, which
Diſturbe a quiet State.
Nor ſuffer Avaritious ends,
Or ignorant deſpight,
To hinder thoſe from being Friends,
Whom *Love* ſhould faſt unite.
15 Let thoſe, who (heedleſſe of thy word)
Suppoſe, that *Fleſhly-powre*,
Or, that the *temporary Sword*,
Can ghoſtly Foes devoure:

Let

Let them perceive, thy weapons are,
No ſuch as they do fain;
Or, that it is a carnall warre,
Which muſt thy *Truth* maintain.
16 *Confeſſors*, *Martyrs*, Preachers, LORD,
Thy *Battailes* fight for thee.
Thy *Holy-Spirit*, and thy *Word*,
Their proper weapons be.
Faith, *Hope*, *Long-ſuffering*, *Praire*, and *Love*,
For Bulworks are prepar'd;
And, will their fitteſt *Engines* prove,
To *Conquer*, and to *Guard*.
17 For, *Babel*, doubtleſſe, may as well
Thereby, be overthrown,
As thoſe accurſed walls, which fell
When *Rams-horne-Trumps* were blown.
This, if we credit; we ſhall ceaſe
The worldlings parts to play,
Or, to beleeve GODS bleſſed peace,
Shall come the *Devils* way.
18 LORD, let thy *Fleſh and Blood* divine
(Which now receiv'd hath bin)
Our hearts, to Charitie incline:
Our Souls refine from Sin.
And by this holy *Sacrament*
Make us in minde retain,
What thou didſt ſuffer, to prevent
Our everlaſting-pain.
19 Moreover, let us for thy ſake,
With one another bear,

(When

(When we offences give or take)
That, thine we may appear.
And, that, when hence we called be,
We thither, may aſcend;
(To live, and be belov'd, of thee)
Where *Love*, nor *Life*, have end.

Hymn LIIII.

For Deliverance from Sickneſſe.

God is hereby praiſed for delivering us from thoſe Diſtempers which deprived us of health; he is beſought alſo, to give us grace to employ our future health to his glory, and to the health of our Souls.

Sing this as the 4 Pſalme.

WHilſt we endeavour to obay
Our bleſſed *Makers* will;
All Creatures do the beſt they may,
Our Pleaſures to fulfill:
But, when we negligent become,
In doing what we ought,
All things to us are troubleſome,
And, bring our hopes, to nought.
2 Ev'n that, which is a part of man,
(Or, in his Bowels bred)
Makes inſurrections, now and than,
Which wound, or ſtrike him dead.
Within my Self, experiment
Of this, I lately found;

For,

For, *inbred-humours*, had nigh ſent
My Body, to the ground.
3 But *Drought*, and *Moiſture*, *Heat* and *Cold*,
Now reconciled be;
And, ſuch an equall Temper hold,
As, health reſtores, to me.
My fainting *Spirits* be releev'd;
My Taſt regain'd I have:
My weakned Body is repreev'd,
And, ranſom'd from the grave.
4 For which, a Sacrifice of praiſe
To thee, ô GOD! I bring;
And unto thee, my voice I raiſe,
A thankfull *Hymn*, to ſing:
Confeſſing, that by thee, ô LORD!
And by thy grace, alone,
The health and vigour is reſtor'd,
Which I have now put on.
5 So long as here, I do enjoy
The *Being*, I have got,
Let me, my Health and Strength employ,
Thine honour, to promote:
And, when my *Life* hath reach'd that houre,
Paſt which, I muſt not ſtay,
Through *weakneſſe*, bring me to that *powre*,
Which, never will decay.

HYMN

Hymn LV.

A thanksgiving, for *setled Health.*

It is a great temporall Benefit, to be delivered from Sickneſſe, *but, it is a greater (if we be not unthankfull) to have a* continued Health, *yet few men remember to praiſe God, particularly, for the ſame. Therefore, to put us in minde of that Dutie this* Hymn *is tendred.*

Sing this as the 22. *Pſalme.*

IN times of *want*, we feele what bliſſe,
Our yeers of *Plentie* be.
When *War* doth rage; the ſweets of *Peace*,
The meaneſt wit can ſee.
And, when with *Sickneſſe* we are pain'd
We know it juſt, O LORD!
To render Praiſe and Thanks unfain'd;
When *Health* ſhall be reſtor'd.

2 Sure then, the many healthfull Daies,
And yeers, which I have had,
Deſerve, that heartie *Songs of Praiſe*,
Should for the ſame be made:
And, that whilſt health and Strength do laſt,
I ſhould the ſame employ
To memorize the Mercies paſt,
And thoſe which I injoy.

3 Whilſt others grone with *aking bones*
With *wounds*, or *inward pains*;

VVith *Gouts*, or thoſe Tormenting *Stones*
VVhich fret and rend the *Reines*:
Yea, while ten thouſands feele the ſmart,
VVhich on the Sick doth ceaſe:
In *Head*, in *Body*, and in *Heart*,
I am at perfect eaſe.

4 LORD! ever bleſſed be thy *name*
For this externall-Grace.
Preſerve me thankfull for the ſame,
Whilſt thou prolongſt my Race.
And, if to my immortall Bliſſe,
It ſhall not hindrance be;
(Nor Thou thereby, due Glory miſſe)
Thus healthfull, keep thou me.

5 But, if my Patience muſt be tride,
By Sickneſſe, and by Pain;
Let *Sin*, thereby be mortifide;
And, *Vertue* ſtrength obtain.
Be pleas'd, likewiſe, that whatſoere
Thy Wiſdome ſhall impoſe,
It be no more then I can bear;
Though ſtrong, and ſharp it grows.

HYMN LVI.

A Hymn putting us in remembrance of *Death*.

The Remembrance of Death, *is judged a good means to make us heedfull ſo to live in this world, that*

that we may live happily in the world to come; and to that purpose this Memento mori, *is provided.*

REmember *Death:* For, now my Tongue
To sing of Death, shall tuned be.
Remember Death, which els, ere long,
Will to thy pain remember Thee.
Remember Death, whose voice doth say,
This night a man, to morrow clay.

2 If *Lucre* shall thy heart intise,
Thy needy neighbour to oppresse:
If *Pride* shall tempt thee to despise,
Or sleight thy Brother in distresse.
Remember Death: And, then, I know
More Just, more humble thou wilt grow.

3 When *Lust* shall woo thee to commit,
What, Soul and Body may defile:
VVhen *Sloth* shall make thee lazie sit,
(And let thy Talent rust the while)
Remember Death, of old hath bin
And is, the wages due to Sin.

4 VVhen *Envie* shall thy heart possesse;
VVhen thou shalt *Cheat*, *curse*, *sweare*, or *lye*,
VVhen thou shalt wallow in *Excesse*;
Thy *faith* abuse, or *God* deny:
Remember Death, and what attends,
On wilfull Sinners latter-ends.

5 Remember, *Death* no truce hath made,
A yeer, a moneth, or weeke to stay.

Remember, how thy Fleſh doth fade,
And, how thy Time doth ſteal away.
Remember, Death, will neither ſpare
Wit, *Wealth*, nor thoſe that lovely are.
6 Remember, *Death* foregoes the *Doomes*
Which due to thy Deſervings be.
Remember *this*, before it comes.
And, (that, *Deſpaire* oppreſſe not thee.)
Remembring *Death*, remember *Him*;
Who doth from *Death*, and *Hell*, redeeme.

Hymn LVII.

A Hymn of *Life eternall.*

That we may not be deluded by the vain pleaſures, or diſcouraged by the afflictions of this life; The excellencies of Life-eternall *are here illuſtrated, and the Deſireableneſſe thereof is in ſome degree expreſſed by this* Hymn.

Sing this as In Sad and Aſhy weeds.

WHy live I muſling here,
In baſe and fruitleſſe works employ'd?
As if I knew not where
A better *Life* might be injoy'd?
Since I have ſought
And have been taught,
The nobleſt things to know;
Why ſhould I ſtill,
Retain a Will,
To ſpend more time below?

2 My

2 My Soul, that was not made,
Of flitting Aire, or mouldring clay;
Intelligence hath had,
Of more, then words can well diſplay.
The things we ſee,
But ſhaddows be,
Of thoſe, which will appear:
Are nothing els
But *Tipes* and *Shells*,
Which *Time* away will weare.
3 There is a bleſſed *Place*,
(If *Place*, eternall things contain)
Whereto, I hope to paſſe,
When here I muſt no more remain.
There is a *Life*,
In which no griefe,
No pain, no Fear, is found;
And (more then this)
It yeelds that *Bliſſe*,
Which doth admit no Bound.
4 My Hope, and my Belief
That of this *Life* I ſhall partake,
Cures all my preſent Grief,
And, of my Pains, doth Pleaſures make.
The thought of it,
Makes me remit
The Spights of thoſe *poore things*,
Who Dominere
On mole-hils, here
Like fooliſh *Pettie-kings*.

5 VVhen, thither I am gone,
The Love of *Worldlings*, or their Hate,
VVill not be thought upon;
Nor marr, nor better my eſtate.
To miſſe, or have,
What moſt men crave,
(Who love this lothed Place,)
Will, there, to me
No Pleaſure be;
No Honour, or Diſgrace.
6 That *Life*, who ever lives,
Not only, bleſſed therein, is.
But, thereby, alſo, gives
Perfection to the *Common-bliſſe*.
It, open ſets
The Cabanets,
VVherein contained be
Thoſe Rarities,
Which mortall eies,
Shall never come to ſee.
7 In *One*, to ſum up all,
Which of that life, we may declare;
Him, there, behold we ſhall,
In, and *By* whom, all Creatures are:
And, not alone,
Then, look upon
That, moſt-beloved Sight:
But, gain by Grace,
His free embrace;
With fulneſſe, of Delight.

8 Oh!

3 O! thither; thither, LORD!
And to this *Life*, my Soul convay;
From this, which is abhord,
And, unto *Death*, a tedious way.
I have gone wrong,
From thee, too long;
For which I grieved am:
And, I shall mourn,
Till I return,
To thee from whom I came.

HYMN LVIII.

A *Thanksgiving* after a dangerous Sickneſſe; by one, who was unprepared for *Death*.

This Hymn *serves to bring to minde, how terrible* Death *will be to those who are not ready for it; and personates, by exemplary expressions of* Fear *and* Thankfulneſſe, *what may be the condition of others, who live unprepared; and how thankfull they ought to be for mercy obtained.*

LORD! from *Death's* forgetfull shade,
Since I had
By thy pow'r, my preservation;
I will both with Heart and Tongue,
Tune a Song,
To thy mercies, exaltation.
For, to Thankfulneſſe inclinde,
So I minde

From what Sorrows, I was raiſed;
That, thy Favour, ſhall of me,
Ever be
With my chiefeſt cunning, praiſed.
2 And, my *Fellow-Creatures, all*,
When you ſhall
Heare what grace, to me, he ſhoweth;
Daign, your Thankfulneſſe, to joyn,
Vnto mine,
To diſcharge the dues it oweth.
And, ô LORD! enable mee
Vnto Thee,
So to render *praiſe-giving*;
That, all may, who heare the ſame
Bleſſe thy name,
That I breath'd among the living.
3 For, (as yet) me thinks, I ſee
Life in mee,
In Her powrs and Senſes failing:
And my ſhortned-panting Breath,
Yeelding *Death*,
All the Symptoms of prevailing.
But, for Death, not well prepared,
So I fared,
That, much terrour I ſuſtained:
And, *Vain-longings* having, ſtill,
Thrall'd my *Will*;
Thus, I fearefully complained.
4 VVhere is now? where is, alas?
Time, that was?

VVhere

VVhere are all thoſe hopes beſtowed;
And thoſe pleaſing Dayes, wherein,
I have bin
Youths beguiling Pleaſure ſhowed?
Muſt I! muſt I, now (thought I)
Helpleſſe Die?
And, be careleſſe left, to morrow;
In a dark, and lonely grave?
VVhere none have
Senſe of Comfort, Joy, or Sorrow?
5 VVill no mortall *Wit*, or *Powre*,
From this Howre,
My Deſpairing Soul, releaſe?
But muſt ev'ry earthly Thought,
Come to nought,
And my Hopes for ever ceaſe?
Shall I never! never-more,
(As before)
View the *Daies* approching Glory?
But, muſt this black *Night*, nigh paſt,
Be my laſt?
And conclude my mortall-Story?
6 Such, my fooliſh fancies were,
As you hear;
And, thus fruitleſly I mourned.
But, at laſt (by Terrors taught)
Him I ſought,
Whoſe *free Grace* my Death adjourned.
LORD! ſaid I, obſerve the grones,
Hear the moanes,

Of a Soul in depth of anguiſh:
And, my humble ſuit allow,
Leſt I, now,
In an endleſſe terror languiſh.
7 Sins, I have, which numberleſſe,
Me oppreſſe.
And, ſo ſtrongly overlay me:
That, if yet I ſhould appear,
Much I fear
Down to Hell, their weight might weigh me.
And, Alas! can trembling Duſt,
So unjuſt,
Stand before the Lord of Thunder?
Whilſt that Guiltineſſe abides,
Which divides,
Me, and Comforts, far aſunder?
8 LORD! I dare not to appear,
Till I hear
That I am to favour taken.
Therefore, thy ſad Servant, now,
Comfort Thou,
Whom all Comfort hath forſaken.
Let not thy Compaſſion, be
Leſſe to me,
Then my Foes deſpight hath proved.
But, oh! let my Fear, and Pain,
Once again,
Be abated, and removed.
9 *Iesu*, for thy paſſion-ſake,
Daigne to take,

From

From my heart all vain Affections;
That, my naturall eſtate
I may hate
And delight in thy perfections.
Spare; ô bleſt *Redeemer*, ſpare!
Let my *Fear*
To ſo firm a *Faith* be turned,
That it may true Joyes beget;
And, oh! let
Death be, till that houre, adjourned.
10 LORD! if this, for which I pray,
Gain I may;
(If to health I may be raiſed)
Of thy Love, my Song ſhall be:
Thou, of me,
Shalt, for evermore, be praiſed.
In deep ſighs (that ſpake aloud)
Thus I vow'd;
With a heart, at large diſtreſſed;
And, the *Spirit*, help'd my mones,
With ſuch Grones,
As may never be expreſſed.
11 Thoſe Complaints my *Saviour* heard
With regard:
As I pray'd, right ſo befell it:
From thoſe Fears, which on me ceas'd,
I was eas'd.
And, alive I am to tell it.
For which Mercy, let no day
Paſſe away,

Wherein I forget thy pitty;
But till I in earth embra'ſt,
Sleep my laſt,
Let thy Goodneſſe be my Ditty.
12 And, although a Slave to Sin,
I have bin,
Make me truly now abhor it.
And, when *Death* next ſummons me,
Let me be
Ev'ry way prepared for it.
So, no falſe, no vain delight,
No Affright,
From her bliſſe, my Soul ſhall ſever:
But, ſo love, ſo live ſhall I,
(Live or die)
That, I bleſt ſhall be for ever.

Hymn LIX.

A *Hymn* encouraging ſicke perſons to be willing to dye.

Sicke-perſons *are not uſually diſpoſed to ſing; yet ſome are ſomtime deſirous to chear up their hearts, and ſtrengthen themſelves againſt the feares of Death, by conſidering the Priviledges of Life-eternall: And, perhaps they who want ſtrength to ſing this* Hymn, *ſhall receive comfort to heare theſe* Meditations *ſung by others in their preſence.*

Sing this as the Pater-noſter.

If

IF by the Signes foreſee we may,
When our ſhort Leaſe of Life is done;
Now neer unto me ſeems the day,
In which my Glaſſe will quite be run:
And, I that here, yet lie, and grone,
Shall to my reſting place be gone.

2 My moiſture, and my vitall heat,
In me, do now begin to ceaſe.
My pulſes out of Order beat;
Strength failes, and Weakneſſe doth increaſe.
Therefore, ere Death all ſenſe bereave,
Thus, of the World, I take my leave.

3 Firſt, my Deare Friends, farewell to you,
Live bleſſed in a true belief.
Diſturbe you not my laſt adieu,
By fruitleſſe Teares, or needleſſe grief:
For, from a priſon full of woe,
To Bowres of Joy, and Reſt I goe.

4 For aye, adue my hopes of health;
Farewell to all my vain Deſires.
I have no pleaſure now in wealth:
My Soul to better things, aſpires.
All earthly pleaſures are untrue:
I, therefore bid them all adue.

5 My *fleſh*, oh! be not thou afraid,
To let my Soul depart from thee.
Or, when thou all alone art laid,
Where thou muſt quite corrupted be,
For ſince my Saviour lodged there,
He from the Grave hath baniſh'd fear.

6 VVhat

6 What though within that lonely place,
In darkneſſe, and in ſtench thou lie,
Where wormes thy feature ſhall deface,
And make thee lothſome to the eie?
Thou ſhalt to life again ariſe;
Renewed in a glorious wiſe.

7 Thy *Soul* (of which thou art ſo fain)
Although from thee it ſhall depart;
Will come and find thee out again,
However hid, or chang'd thou art.
You ſhall be joined, as before;
And, never be divided more.

8 What pleaſure in thy life appears,
As thou art now deform'd and pain'd?
What get'ſt thou but renewed cares,
If Life with Health might be regain'd?
This Life is nought but pain and grief:
Yea, pain, ſomtime, without relief.

9 My *Fleſh* then goe; yea, gladly go
Of thy laſt Bed, to be poſſeſt.
O! wherefore doſt thou linger ſo,
In Torments, when thou may'ſt have reſt?
Know'ſt thou, what followes after Death,
Thou could'ſt not love this aïerie Breath.

10 Thou ſhalt in Beauty paſſe the Stars;
And no defect on thee ſhall reſt.
Thou ſhalt be ſwifter then the Sphears;
And wear perfections of the beſt.
Death is a Gate (though ſomwhat low)
Through which to higheſt Bliſſe we go.

11 In

11 In Thee, now, Sins and Sicknes dwels,
Vncertain hopes, and certain pain:
And thou art fit for nothing els,
But, thy Corruptions to retain.
Thy *Mates* by *Death*, shall Angels be,
And *God* himself, shall dwell in Thee:
12 Since nothing more thou canst desire,
Now give thy Soul, a free release.
To thy *Great-Grandames* wombe, retire;
There, take thy rest, in *Hope* and *Peace*:
And, GOD (who formed thee of Clay)
Grant thee a Ioyfull rising-Day.

HYMN LX.

Another *Hymn* encouraging against the feare of *Death*.

The Sick, *are here taught to encourage their Soules to be willing to leave this Life, and enjoy the perfections of the next world. And, to that end, some Inconveniences of this* Life; *and some of the Benefits, which the* Faithfull *enjoy by* Immortality, *are mentioned in this* Hymn.

Sing this, as I loved once.

MY Soul, why dost thou linger so,
And in thy prison, seeke to stay?

Since

Since thou art ſummon'd hence to go,
By *Sickneſſe*, which prepares thy way?
VVhy would'ſt thou loyter longer here
Perplext with pains, and vext with Fear?
GOD cals us hence, Come, come along,
And, let us meet him with a *Song*.

2 VVhy, on this Carkaſſe doſt thou dote,
VVherewith, too long thou haſt been cloth'd?
VVhat have you by your Friendſhips got,
But *Sin* and *Sorrows* to be loth'd?
Since, thou haſt Licence to be free,
No longer now, inthralled be;
But, come away; come, come along,
And meet thy *Maker* with a *Song*.

3 Thy wanton fleſh (to thee ſo Dear)
By ſearching where thy ſtrength was laid;
Hath oft (though friendly ſhe appear)
Vnto thy *Paſſions*, thee betraid.
This *Troup*, with her, ſtill watching lies,
To put out *Faith's* and *Reaſons* eies.
Theſe Foes, then ſtay thou not among;
But, fly thou from them with a *Song*.

4 Conſider this unhappie place,
How full it is of diſcontent.
Remember well thy noble Race,
And from whoſe Boſome, thou waſt ſent.
There is a place reſerv'd for Thee,
Where endleſſe Joyes and Pleaſures be:
From thence thou tarrieſt over-long,
Fly, fly thou thither with a *Song*:

5 Thine

5 Thine *Essence*, here, becomes impure:
But, there, it shall refined grow.
Thy knowledge, here, is but obscure:
There, ev'ry Secret thou shalt know.
Though poore thou art, and sleighted here;
Thou shalt be rich, and honor'd there.
Therefore, thy Blisse no more prolong:
But, fly thou thither with a *Song*.
6 Here, spightfull men, and wicked *Fiends*,
To marre thy Quiet are inclin'd.
There, for thy *Fellowes*, and thy Friends,
Both *Saints* and *Angels* thou shalt find.
There, thou shalt both behold and know,
Thy pious Friends dead long agoe;
And *Hallelujah*, those among,
Shall be, thine *Everlasting-Song*.
7 Moreover, there, thou shalt behold,
Those *Worthies*, whose deserved praise,
For vertuous Deeds, in times of old,
Hath made them famous in those daies.
And, more then this; thou there shalt see
The *Son* of GOD, who dide for thee.
Then, do not here thy stay prolong;
But, goe, and praise him in a *Song*.
8 Go, view the glorie of his face;
Go, kisse his wounds for thee receiv'd;
Go, and his blessed feet embrace:
Go, and possesse what was beleev'd.
Go, and confesse with *Saba's* Queen,
That lesse is told, then may be seen:

And

And since Report his Fame doth wrong,
Enlarge his Glory in thy *Song*.
9 Go, and in *God*, those Ioyes possesse,
And, that *well-being* (without end)
Which language never could expresse,
Nor Heart of mortall apprehend.
There, praise the *Founder* of that Blisse.
And, when thy Body raised is;
(Which, GOD will bring to passe ere long)
Praise *Him*, together in one *Song*.

HYMN LXI.

A Lamentation in times of excessive Rain.

In this Hymn *we lament the miseries like to befall us by excessive Rains and Waters, confessing that plague justly inflicted for our sins; beseeching it may beget in us true penetency; that upon Repentance the plague may be removed; and, that the same being removed, we may be thankfull.*

Sing this as the Lamentation.

ALthough Transgressors, LORD, we be,
(And, thy Displeasure justly fear)
To sing a *mournfull-Song* to thee,
Before thy Presence, we appear.
Oh! mind thou not our follies past;
But, our Submission, daigne to heed.

And

And(ſince our hope on thee is plac't)
Both hear, and help us at our need.

2 For, now ô GOD! that *Aiery-Sphear*
(Which is to bound the upper *Deeps*
From thoſe that underneath us are')
Continuall vapours, on us, weeps.

The *Floods-beneath* do ſwell more high
Then their accuſtom'd Limits goe;
And they which are above the Skie,
Do preſſe, to meet the *Deeps* below.

3 Thy Servants, therefore, are afraid,
That, if thou ſend not thy Command,
Whereby their daring may be ſtaid,
Our whole undoing is at hand.

For, LORD, by theſe exceſſive rains,
We loſe, not only Time and Coſt,
But, therewith our laborious pains,
And, means of Life, is, likewiſe loſt.

4 Thou wilt we know, permit no more,
An univerſall *Over-flowing*;
Nor fruſtrate make, as heretofore,
The Times of *Harveſt*, or of *Sowing*.

But, LORD! to us what profits it,
That, ſo it promis'd was by Thee;
If now the *Waters* thou permit,
The preſent Spoile of us to be?

5 Or, what to live will it availe,
If Raine and Moiſture in exceſſe,
Shall make the means of Life to faile,
And keep us lingring in diſtreſſe?

Except

Except in bearing of that Crosse,
Which this Affliction may procure,
We gain Repentance by the losse,
And make some Future *Blessing* sure.
6 For these great *Rains*, perhaps are sent
To make us heedfull of our Sin,
And, with compunction to lament
The waies which we have erred in.
O! teach us LORD, if it be so,
Our grosse offences to bemone:
And, let a pleasant *Season* show
That, thy Displeasure quite is gone.
7 Let not thine *Universall-Grace*
To us, in speciall be denide:
For *speciall-Favour*, here is place:
O let that also be applide.
Dry up, or chase the Clouds away,
Whose vapours breed corrupted Aire.
Disperse those Fogs, which dim the day,
Make thou the Weather clear and faire.
8 To us, vouchsafe, likewise, ô GOD!
The *Drought-desired*, to prolong;
That, we may change this *mournfull-Ode*,
Into a praisefull, *Joyfull-Song*.
And, when the Soile, so dry shall grow,
That show'rs will needful be again;
In season, LORD! on us bestow
The *Former*, and the latter-Rain.

HYMN

Hymn LXII.

A thanksgiving after exceſſive Raines.

When we are delivered from the plague of exceſſive Rains and Waters; they who deſire to ſing a Song of Thanksgiving for the ſame, may muſically expreſſe their gratitude in this briefe Hymn.

Sing this as the 4. Pſalme.

THe ſhow'rs which waſh'd away almoſt,
The Comfort of our pains;
(And fruitleſſe made our hopes and Coſt)
Thy mercy, LORD! reſtrains.
Thy Breath hath purg'd the foggie Aire:
The Sun, doth bright appear.
The Fields waxe dry, The wayes grow faire;
The Skie, from Clouds is clear.

2 We, therefore, turn our mournfull Songs,
Into a thankfull *Ode*,
And, we confeſſe, the praiſe belongs,
To none, but thee, ô GOD!
Accept the ſervice we profeſſe,
And, give us grace, ô LORD!
To manifeſt our Thankfulneſſe,
As well in *Deed*, as *Word*.

Hymn LXIII.

For times of extreame *Drought.*

Many afflictions accompany exceſſive Droughts, *as may appear by this Lamentation, whereby they who are unſenſible of ſuch a Judgement, may be made more ſenſible of Gods* Viſitation *in that kinde; and ſuch as have a true feeling thereof, may have words whereby to expreſſe the ſame to the ſtirring up of penitence in their hearts.*

HEar! oh great Almighty King!
Who from Earth's extreameſt part,
Lightnings, Winds, and Rains do'ſt bring:
And, commander of them, art.
Thou art he, who ſends the *Rils*,
To refreſh the fruitfull plains;
And bedewes the thirſty Hils,
With ſweet *Show'rs*, and wholſome *Rains*.
Hear, and heed thou from on high,
This, our loud and wofull cry:
For, from thee, we ſeek relief;
Who, haſt Cures, for ev'ry Grief.
2 By a waſtfull ſcorching *Drought*,
We, now LORD, afflicted be;
And, the Earth with gaping mouth,
Makes a ſad Complaint to Thee.

Hils,

Hils, and *Dales*, and *Fields*, and *Downs*,
Robes of Sorrow have put on;
And in mourning-Ruſſet Gowns,
Our Diſtreſſes do bemone.
For (unleſſe thou gracious be)
Bird, and *Beaſt*, and *Herb*, and *Tree*,
And what e're doth *Breathe* or *Spring*,
To decay; this *Drought* will bring.
3 Lo, the *Branch* that leaved was,
Is become a withered *Spray*.
Medowes, lately cloth'd with graſſe,
Now, are ſhort *unmowed-hay*.
Where much *Corne* did freſhly ſprout,
All is now conſum'd with Heat.
And, the *Flocks* that skipt about,
Now do pine, for want of meat.
Pain'd by *Thirſt*, the *Heards* do rore;
Hunger makes our cattell poore:
And, unleſſe thou Mercy ſhow,
They that owne them, poore will grow.
4 *Earth* (whoſe ever-teeming wombe,
Many Births, at once could bear)
Now, unfertile is become;
And, her Fruits abortive are.
At her *Breſt*, the late green plant,
Starv'd, by lack of Sap, doth lie.
Moiſture, now her *Furrowes* want;
And her *Clods* are ſtark and drie.
Clouds of *Duſt*, in ſtead of *Rain*,
Overſpread both Hill and Plain:

From

From his Banks, the River ſhrinks;
And the ſtanding-water ſtinks.
5 LORD! with pitty now behold,
How diſtreſt thy Creatures be.
At ſuch needs, in times of old,
Help hath bin vouchſaf'd by Thee
When the People thirſty was,
Thou from Rocks didſt water bring.
In the Jaw-bone of an Aſſe,
Thou for *Sampſon* mad'ſt a Spring.
When *Elias* thee beſought,
Needfull Rain, was timely brought:
And, thou mad'ſt the water ſweet,
Which for uſage was unmeet.
6 In the Floods, thy Chambers are;
They with Clouds be roof'd and wall'd.
To attend thy pleaſure, there,
Dewes and ſhow'rs are ſtill exhal'd.
When we ſerve thee, they are ſent.
To refreſh us in our needs.
When we merit to be ſhent,
Thence Correction then proceeds.
When thou frown'ſt, the weather low'rs;
And, by *Stormes* or *Drought* devours:
When thou ſmileſt, we obtain,
Kindly Warmth, and timely Rain:
7 LORD, forgive us that offence
Which hath ſtir'd thine Anger thus:
Take this waſting Drought from hence;
With calme ſhow'rs recomfort us.

Let

Let it plentifully Rain,
That it may refreſh the Aire.
Drop thy fatneſſe on the plain;
And the parched Hils repaire.
Mark what mone the Fowles do make;
On the beaſts, compaſſion take:
Think upon the Widowes need;
And, the wants of Orphanes heed.
8 By the moiſture of thy Dew,
To the Plants new vigour give.
The decayed Herbs renew;
And the ſcorched ſeeds revive.
That the graſſe anew may grow,
Wherewithall our Beaſts are fed:
That, there may be Corn enow,
To ſupply our daily bread.
That, to make us alſo glad,
Wine, and oyle may ſtill be had:
And, that theſe Lamenting *Laies*
May be chang'd to *Songs* of praiſe.

Hymn LXIIII.

A Thanksgiving after a *Drought.*

God is hereby praiſed for vouchſafing to refreſh the ſcorched Fields with needfull dewes, and ſhowers upon the humble petition of his Servants who had been afflicted by an exceſſive Drought.

Sing this as the 23. *Pſalme.*

SO pow'rfull are the faithfull Cries,
Which men afflicted raiſe;
That, to aſcend the ſtarry Skies,
They find out ſecret waies.
And, thou haſt LORD, an open ear
To ev'ry Soul diſtreſt,
Which with a due regard will hear
The meaneſt mans requeſt.

2 The *Clouds*, oh GOD! at thy Commands,
Did needfull ſhow'rs diſtill;
Whereby the dry and thirſty lands,
Have ſweetly drunk their fill.
That ſcorching *Drougth* is now alayd,
Which Graſſe and Corne deſtroyes;
And, that for which we humbly pray'd,
Thine heritage injoyes.

3 Aſwell as to the Juſt, oh LORD!
To us, that wicked be.
Thou *Raine* and *Sun-ſhine* doſt afford
When ſuit is made to thee.
To thee, *Love*, *Wiſdome*, *Pow'r* and *Fame*,
Aſcribed be therefore.
And bleſſed be thy *holy-Name*,
Both, now, and evermore.

HYMN

Hymn LXV.

A Thanksgiving for seasonable Weather in generall.

This is a Hymn of Praise for that seasonable Weather whereby we are inabled to receive the fruits of the earth, or continued hopefull of that blessing.

Sing this as Te Deum.

LORD! should the *Sun*, the *Clouds*, the *Wind*,
The *Aire* and *Seasons* be
To us as froward, and unkind,
As we are false to thee;
Our Labours would, by Winds or Storms,
By Drougth or else by Rain;
By Heat, or Cold, by Weeds, or Wormes,
Prove Labours all in vain.

2 But, from our Duties, though we swerve,
Thou, still, do'st Mercy show;
And, us and ours from spoile preserve,
That we might thankfull grow.
Yea, though from day to day we sin,
And thy disfavour gain;
Assoon as we to cry begin,
Forgiveneſſe, we obtain.

3 The *Weather* now, thou changed hast,
Which lately made us fear:
And, when our hopes were almost past,
Sweet comforts did appear.

The *Heavens*, the *Earth's* complaints have heard:
They reconciled be:
And, thou such weather hast prepar'd,
As we desir'd of thee.
4 For which, with up rais'd hands and eies,
(As purely as we may)
The due, and easie *Sacrifice*
Of Thanks, we now repay.
And since the Aire thou changest thus,
That we thereby are eas'd:
We pray thee work that change in us,
Whereby thou maist be pleas'd.

Hymn LXVI.

A Thanksgiving after Thunder and Lightning.

Thunder *and* Lightning *are terrible in their owne nature; and have oft-times very dreadfull effects: Therefore, we ought to praise* God, *when we have heard and seene* him, *in those works of his without the destruction of our* Goods *&* Persons.

Sing this as the former.

NO earthly Terror, Lord, can make
A Sinner more to fear
Then when in Thunder thou do'st speak,
Loud threatnings in his ear.
Thee, therefore, we did humbly pray,
Thy *Stormes* aside to blow;

And,

And, down thy *Thunder-bolts* to lay
As is vouchſafed now.
2 The dreadfull Sounds, and fiery darts,
Which lately us appal'd;
And greatly terrifide our hearts,
Thy Mercy hath recall'd.
Yea, from the ſcorching ſulphurie Blaſt,
Which from thoſe Engines came;
Thou us, oh LORD! preſerved haſt,
For which we praiſe thy *Name*.
3 In *Language*, filling us with awe,
Thou neededſt not to ſpeak,
If of thy *Prophets*, and thy *Law*,
More notice we would take.
Oh! give us grace, the loving voice
Of *Mercy*, ſo to hear;
That *Juſtice* make not ſuch a noiſe
As fils with ſervile Fear.

HYMN LXVII.

After a great Winde.

The Winde *is a ſerviceable* Spirit, *which being ſet at liberty to puniſh us for our Sins, produceth many terrible effects; Therefore, when the tempeſtuous fury is alayed, whereby it ſometimes threateneth us, we ſhall doe well to acknowledge Gods mercy for the ſame.*

Sing this, as the former.

WHen hearty thanks we render not,
For what we do obtain;
We merit well to be forgot,
When we shall next complain.
The blust'ring *Winds* that fiercely rag'd,
And Bowres, and Buildings tore;
Are by thy Mercy, LORD, asswag'd,
And ruffle now no more.

2 Calm gales they breath; and make it plain,
(By these effects we see)
That, He who in the Aire doth raign,
Subjected is to thee.
We magnifie thy *Name*, therefore,
And, will in thee repose
Our Trust, and Hope, for evermore,
What *Winde* soever blowes.

HYMN LXVIII.

After a great Frost or Snow.

Great Frosts *and* Snowes *are sometime made the executioners of Gods Justice upon a sinfull Land, that frozen Charity may be unhawed by Repentance: And this* Hymn *remembers us to be thankfull when God shall remove such a Judgement from us.*

Sing this as the former.

From

FRom *Colds*, late nipping Herbs and Trees,
(Afflicting Man and Beast)
And making Lakes and Rivers freeze,
Thou, LORD! hast us releast.
The Clods are thaw'd; The Ice doth melt;
The Creatures, lately griev'd
Are eased of the pains they felt;
And, from their Fears repriev'd.
2 We praise thee, for this blessed change;
And thankfull are to thee,
That thou thy help do'st not estrange,
When we afflicted be.
Let thy Compassion us dispose,
(Where we shall need behold)
To melt in pitty, towards those
To whom our Love is cold.

HYMN LXIX.

In a Time of Famine.

Famine *is one of the three great Plagues whereby God usually corrects a sinfull Nation; and by this Hymn we are taught how to addresse our complaints to God, in this Visitation, &c.*

Sing this as the 22. *Psalme.*

BY Mercies and by Iudgements, LORD!
We have bin often tride,

In disobeying of thy Word,
How constant we abide:
For, when we gently are chastis'd,
We stubborn-hearted be;
And, when our longings are suffic'd,
We kick, and spurn at Thee.

2 For, which thou quite might'st us refuse,
And, say, as heretofore
Thou say'st unto the stubborn *Jewes*:
I will correct no more.
But, still, thy Love to us is true;
And, ev'ry means doth find
By which thou maist compassion shew,
And, be both *Iust* and *Kind*.

3 The *Plenties* which we lately had,
By us, abused were.
And, Thou a *Scarcenesse* now hast made,
By which we pinched are.
If thou hadst left us to our Sin,
By feeding our *Excesse*;
That *Vengeance* had the greater bin,
Though it had seemed lesse.

4 Thou, still, proceed'st with *Chastisement*
In such a loving wise;
That we may be the Punishment,
Find where our Error lies.
And, if we be not hardned quite,
We by the Stripes may see
That, thou in *Mercy* hast delight;
Though strokes inflicted be.

5 Yea

5 Yea, though this *Famine* pincheth ſore,
Good Symptomes we may find,
That, thou in Anger evermore
Remembreſt to be kind,
And, ſtill, ſome bleſſings are injoy'd,
By which we hope retain,
That, quite we ſhall not be deſtroid,
Though we in want, remain.

6 Where Milk and Hony over flow'd
Lean Famine breaketh in,
When *Plenty*, late her Bounty ſhew'd,
A *Dearth* doth now begin.
And, they who had the fineſt bread,
The fatteſt of thy Meat;
And were with many dainties fed,
Have little now to eat.

7 But LORD, once more to us return,
Though we unworthy are:
Conſider how the poore do mourn,
And what the Rich may fear.
Forgive the Sins which have bereft,
The Plenties which we had;
And, let the portion which is left,
By thee, be larger made.

8 Oh! hear us, though we ſtill offend,
Augment our waſted ſtore:
Into this Land, that Plenty ſend,
Which fil'd it heretofore.
Then, give us grace, to uſe it ſo,
That thou may'ſt pleaſed be;

And, that when fuller we shall grow,
We think not lesse on Thee.

Hymn. LXX.

A Thanksgiving for Plenty.

Plenty *is the cure of* Famine ; *and a Blessing, for which we much labour; yet when it is obtained, we many times become so wanton thereby, that we not only abuse that Benefit, but many other Mercies accompanying the same; to prevent which unthankfulnesse, this Hymn was composed.*

Sing this as the 4. *Psalme.*

HOw oft, and by how many Crimes,
Thee Jealous have we made ?
And, blessed GOD ! how many times,
Have we forgivenes had ?
If we with teares, to bed, at night,
For our Transgressions go ;
To us, before the Morning light,
Thou Comforts dost bestow.

2 This pleasant Land, which for our Sin
Was, lately, barren made,
Her fruitfulnesse doth new begin,
And we our Hopes have had.
For which in praisefull Songs, to thee,
We raise our voices LORD !

And,

And, thankfull, we desire to be
For what, thou dost afford.
3 Vouchsafe we wast not by excesse,
Thy Blessings like the swine;
Or into graceless wantonnes,
Convert this Grace of thine.
But, so let us thy Gifts imploy;
And, so refresh the poore:
That, in this Land, we may enjoy
These Plenties, evermore.

Hymn LXXI.

In times of Pestilence, or other infectious Sickness.

This Hymn *putteth us in mind (by professing our dependance upon* God*) that we make him our sole Refuge in times of danger. Confession, is here made also, that our Sins are the Cause of Sickness or infectious diseases: and God is humbly besought to be our protector in this danger.*

Sing this as the 51. *Psalme.*

BY trusting unto thee, oh God!
And, by reposing in thy shade;
A Shelter, and a safe-Abode,
In many Dangers, we have had.
And, good Assurances we have,
That, while on thee we do depend,

Thou

Thou wilt from publike Danger ſave;
And from all private harmes defend.
2 In Thee, this truſt we have repos'd:
Thy Succour, therefore, we expect,
Now perill hath our Souls inclos'd;
And, our Deſtruction, ſeems to threat.
For, *Sins* Infections have bin ſpred,
By lewd *Examples*, now, ſo far,
That thoſe Contagions they have bred,
Whereby our lives endanger'd are.
3 LORD! let thy *Spirit*, from on high,
On us, thoſe healthfull Breathings blow,
Which may our *Climate* purifie;
And, wholſome Aire on us beſtow.
And, let our Fleſh and Blood, become
So purged, by thy ſacred *Word*;
That, we may be ſecured from
The ſtrokes of this devouring *Sword*.
4 Oh! call thy ſlaughtring *Angell* home.
And (though we merit not ſuch grace)
Compaſſionate, and kind become
To us, in this diſtreſſed Caſe.
Vouchſafe us hearts that may repent,
Thoſe Courſes, which do thee diſpleaſe:
And, give us wiſdome to prevent
The violence of this Diſeaſe.
5 Let not the ſhaft which flies by day,
Nor that, which terrifies by night,
To ſlaughter, wound, or to diſmay
Within our Dwellings, LORD, alight.

But

But, let thy *saving-Angell* bide
About our Persons, ev'ry how'r,
A shelter, for us, to provide,
Against this plagues malignant pow'r.
6 Or, if this *Harbinger* of Death,
Must in our Flesh, prepare him Room;
Let not the losse of Health, or Breath,
A mischief, or a plague become.
And, let both Death and Sicknes prove
A means of everlasting Blisse;
And, from these Dangers, us remove
To live where no Corruption is.

Hymn LXXII.

For Deliverance from publike Sicknes.

When an infectious Pestilence *breaketh in upon us, it is an extraordinary Mercy that we are not all rooted out. Therefore, when God removes the same, we are hereby remembred to acknowledge it to his praise.*

Sing this as the Pater-noster.

LORD, when a Nation thee offends,
And when thou would'st correct their lãds;
An Army, still, on Thee attends,
To execute thy just Commands.
Yea, *Famine*, *Sickness*, *Fire*, and *Sword*;
Stand ready to fulfill thy word.

2 And,

2 And, here, among us for our Sin,
A ſtrong Infection lately raign'd
Whoſe Rage hath ſo malignant bin,
As that it could not be reſtrain'd
By any care, or Art of our,
Or by a leſſe, then heav'nly pow'r.
3 To thee, therefore, our Cries we ſent,
Thy wonted Clemency to prove:
And, our misdoings did lament
That Viſitation to remove.
And, thou thine *Angell* didſt command,
To ſtay his Death-inflicting hand.
4 For which to thee, in humble wiſe,
Both heart, and hand, oh LORD! we raiſe;
And, have exchang'd our former Cries,
To Joyfull Songs of thankfull praiſe:
Confeſſing, that, by Thee, we have
Eſcap'd the Dungeon of the *Grave*.

Hymn LXXIII.

A Lamentation in time of *War*.

War, *is the laſt and woſt of thoſe* Temporall-Plagues, *whereby* God *ſcourgeth a wicked* Nation, *and it includeth all other miſeries. Therefore, when that Iudgement is ſent forth againſt us, we are warned hereby, ſo to conſider what is fallen upon us; and to become ſo penitent, that God may be intreated to withdraw that* Plague.

Sing this as the 51. *Pſalme.*

Of

OF all those Judgements which thy *Word*,
For Sin, oh LORD! denounced hath,
None are more dreadfull then the *Sword*;
Or, more inform us of thy wrath.
Except it be, when men are, quite,
To Sin, without Correction left;
Expos'd to *Sathans* worst despight;
Or, of a quiet minde bereft.

2 For, when by other plagues we smart,
By thine own hand, chastiz'd we be:
And, LORD! so pitifull thou art,
That, Mercy, still abounds in thee.
But, when our Faults thou dost correct,
By tyranous and cruell men,
A sad event, we may expect;
And, hope for little Mercy, then.

3 Oh GOD! this dreadfull Plague of *War*,
All other earthly Plagues includes:
For *Dearths*, and all *Diseases* are
Attending where this *Feind* intrudes.
Oppressions, and continuall Fears,
Wounds, Watchings, Dangers, and unrest,
Incessant Griefs, and endlesse cares,
By warfare, Kingdomes do molest.

4 *War*, from the Childe, his Parents takes;
And robs the Father of his Childe:
Of old, and young, it havoke makes;
And, thereby Matrons are defilde.
War turns, the Freeman to a Slave:
It bringeth Nobles to distresse:

And maketh Cutthroat villains brave,
With what great Princes did posſeſſe.
5 It goodly Temples overturns;
And Acteth Ill, where Good was taught.
The faireſt Buildings, down it burns;
And, ſets both *God*, and *Man* at naught.
Yea, quite it ruins in one day,
What many Ages could not rear;
And bringeth Cities to decay,
Which through the World, renowned were.
6 Chaſe thou oh LORD! this Tyrant hence:
Permit thou not, his hand of Blood,
To beare the Scourge of our offence;
But, take it to thy Self, oh GOD!
Though many wayes, we have miſdone,
We none have wrong'd, ſo much as Thee:
Therefore, oh LORD! by Thee alone,
Corrected for it, let us be.
7 When but the ſounds of *War*, they hear,
The hearts of many, ſo are ſtrook,
That they are overcome with Fear.
How, then, *Wars* preſence can they brook?
Lord, let thy mercy ſo provide
That, from our Coaſts he may be chas'd:
That, *Peace* may in our Borders bide;
And, keep our Dwellings undefac'd.
8 And, LORD! ſince *War*, ſuch Terrors brings;
Such miſchieves, and ſo much diſtreſſe;
And ſince perpetually there Springs,
Joy, wealth, and eaſe, from bleſſed *Peace*:

Let

Let us endeavour to regain
This Peace, by what good means we may,
And if the same we reobtain
Take heed, we fool it not away.

Hymn LXXIV.

A thanksgiving for *Peace.*

Peace is the nurse of Plentie, and the means of so many other blessings that God cannot be sufficiently praised for it. This therefore is composed, that we who have enjoyed this blessing more then most other Nations might be more thankfull for it hereafter.

Sing this as the 4. Psalme.

SO cause us, LORD! to think upon
The Blessing we possesse,
That we may praise what thou hast done,
And thy great love confesse.
For, we whose Fields in Ages past,
With bloodshed were distain'd,
Whilst Fire and Sword layd others waste,
In safetie, have remain'd.
2 No armed Bands, the *Plough-man* fears,
No Towr's are overturn'd;
No Temple shakes about our ears;
No Townships now are burn'd.
No Father hears his little Childe,
In vain, for succour cry:

No

No Husband sees his Wife defilde,
Whilst he doth wounded lye.
3 Dear GOD! vouchsafe to pittie those
Who thus distressed be:
That, to defend them from their Foes
They may have help from thee.
For, by thy Mercy we obtain'd
These calme and peacefull Dayes;
And for this *Peace*, with hearts unfain'd
We, now, do Sing thy Praise.
4 Aswell for our internall *Peace*,
As for that outward Rest,
Which by thy Favour we possesse
Thy goodnesse, is confest,
Oh take not, LORD! this grace away,
But, let it still endure
And, grant thy mercies make us may,
More thankfull, not secure.

HYMN LXXV.

For Victorie.

All Victorie is of God, who is the LORD *of Hoasts: therefore to him only belongs the glory of those victories which we shall obtain; and this* Hymn *remembers us to ascribe all our prevailings to his power and mercy.*

Sing this as the X. Commandements.

Oh

OH LORD! we magnifie thy Might,
By whose prevailing grace and pow'r,
We are preserv'd from their despight
Who sought, that they might us devour.
Thou art our Joyfull *Triumph-song*;
Thou art the Comfort of our heart:
To thee all Victories belong;
And, thou the GOD of *Armies* art.

2 It was, alone, thy Providence
Which made us *Masters of the Field*:
Thou art our Castle of defence;
Our Fort, our Bulwark, and our Shield.
Thou taughtst our Hands & Arms to fight;
By thee, undaunted we were made:
By thee, our Foes were put to flight;
By Thee the conquest we have had.

3 For, on what hand soere we went,
Great perils, us did round enclose:
Our little strength, was almost spent,
And fierce and bloody, were our Foes.
That, hadst not thou our Captain been,
To lead us on, and off again;
This happie day we had not seen,
But in the Bed of Death had lain.

4 This *Hymn*, we therefore Sing to Thee:
And pray thee, that, as heretofore,
Thou wouldst our gracious Refuge be,
And our *Protector* evermore.
Yea, to our Foes let it be shown,
How to our Cause thou dost incline;

And make it unto them be known,
That, ſuch as are our Foes are thine.

Hymn LXXVI.

For Publike Deliverances.

God hath vouchſafed unto theſe kingdomes, many publike Deliverances, *which ought never to be forgotten, eſpecially thoſe on the fift of November, and* 1588. *And this* Hymn *was intended, to bring thoſe, and ſuch like, oftner to remembrance.*

Sing this as the Pater-noſter.

1 VVIth *Iſr'el*, we may truly ſay
If on our ſide, GOD had not been;
Of us, our Foes had made a prey,
And, we this Light, had never ſeen
The Pit was dig'd, The Snare was laid;
And, we with eaſe, had been betray'd.

2 But, our Oppoſers, undertook
What they did faile to bring to paſſe.
For, he that all things doth or'e look,
Prevented what conſpired was.
We found the *Pit*; we ſcap'd the Gin,
And ſaw their *Makers* caught therein.

3 By Favour undeſerved ſhown
From GOD, this means of ſafetie came;
And, by no wiſdome of our own:
Oh! let us therefore, praiſe his *name*.
Oh! praiſe his *Name*: for, it was *He*,
That broke the Net, and ſet us free.

4 With

4 With praiſes let our *Temples* ring;
Let on our Lips, thankſgivings dwell.
Let us, unto his honour ſing,
And, Stories of his Mercies tell.
While *Sun*, and *Moon*, do riſe, or ſet;
His kindneſſe, let us not forget.
5 Oh! let us now redeeme the Time:
Let us begin to live anew.
Let us repent of ev'ry crime,
Whereby, diſpleaſure may enſue:
Leſt he that plagues from us hath took;
Return them, with a doubled ſtrook.
6 A true *Repentance* takes delight
To memorize what GOD hath done:
When paſſed Favours, we recite,
It adds more Grace, to grace begun.
And, when ſuch vertues do encreaſe;
They promiſe everlaſting peace.
7 But, where Ingratitude we ſee;
And, when ſo wicked we are grown,
That ſleighted thoſe protections be,
Which *God* hath formerly beſtown,
It ſhall betoken, to this Land
That her Deſtruction is at hand.
8 LORD! let us not be hardned ſo:
Nor let thine Anger ſo return:
But, grant we may our duties do;
And for our ſinfull Follies mourn:
That from our Sorrows, joy may Spring;
And we thy *praiſes*, gladly Sing.

Hymn LXXVII.

When we are merry-hearted.

Sometimes we are more then ordinarily inclined to cheerfulneſſe, and what we ſhould then doe, we are adviſed by the Apoſtle Iames. *And leſt our mirth corrupt into vanity, rather then invite us to ſing* Psalmes, *this* Hymn *offereth ſomewhat to conſideration, which may preſerve, and ſanctifie our cheerfulneſſe.*

METhinks I feele more perfect Reſt,
Refreſhing now, my mind;
And more contentment in my breaſt,
Then ev'ry day I find.
Such Notions there,
Begotten are,
And forth ſuch thoughts they bring;
That though I would
My voice withhold,
I cannot chuſe but ſing.

2 Too oft vain muſings do diſpoſe
My heart, to fruitleſſe Mirth.
And fill it with ſuch fumes as thoſe
Which vapour from the earth.
On ſuch a Fit,
Sometime, I hit,
I know nor how, nor why:
And, as the ſame
Vnlook'd for came,

Ev'n

Ev'n ſo away t'will fly.
3 Oh LORD! if this be ſuch a Toy,
Let ſome well-guided thought,
Tranſlate it to a better Joy;
Or, bring the ſame to nought.
For, ſuch Delights,
Are like ſome *Sights*,
Which in the *dark* appear:
At their firſt view,
They comfort ſhew,
At laſt, they make us fear.
4 Let thoſe Delights which *Fancie* faine,
To pleaſe a craſed mind;
And, that which *Folly* entertains
With me, no liking find.
But, let in me,
Increaſed be,
Thoſe Comforts, and thoſe Joyes,
Which do not flow
From things below:
And, which no time deſtroyes.

Hymn LXXVIII.

A Lamentation and Petition of the Soule, for and againſt her fleſh.

By this Hymn, *we are put in mind to be ſo watchfull over the Infirmities and Corruptions of our* Fleſh,

Flesh; *that we take heed, lest our Sensuality bring Soul and Body to destruction; and that we beseech* Gods *assisting Grace, to help the Soule govern as she ought, and to subdue the Flesh, to the Law of* Grace, *and* Reason.

Sing this as the 43. *Psalme.*

AH me! where may I seek a Friend?
Or, where have hopes to finde
One that is Faithfull to the end;
And never proves unkinde?
Since mine own *Flesh*, (and for whose sake,
My Self I oft forget)
Doth with my cruelst Foe partake;
And, is against me set?

2 *She*, in whose Bosome, I have laid,
And, who hath slept in mine;
She, with whom, I have often plaid,
And, lov'd with *Love-divine*:
She that made show, as if my Grief,
Her greatest Grief would be;
(And called me, her *Joy*, her *Life*)
Is careless, now, of me.

3 The more I trust, the more I love,
The more my love I show;
The more unfaithfull *She* doth prove:
The more she works my woe.
Yet, still, my heart upon her dotes;
And (through her wanton wiles)
My *Reason*, still, she so besots,
That, still, She me beguiles.

4 Some-

4 Sometime, theſe wrongs I ſo revolve,
That, her I much condemn:
And, in my Iudgement, can reſolve,
Her Fawnings to contemn.
I take her *Pleaſant-things* away,
Her *Longings* I reſtrain;
I make her watch, and faſt and pray,
Vntill ſhe Teares doth fain.

5 To ſee her grieve, then grieve I too,
And loving words apply;
Leſt to her ſelf, ſhe wrongs may do,
Or of the *Sullens*, dye.
And, *She* no ſooner feels my heart
Her Freedome to reſtore;
But, ſhe begins to play her part,
As falſly, as before.

6 Teach me, my GOD! teach me the way
To make her more ſincere;
Leſt, She, her Selfe, and Me, betray
To *Him*, whoſe Hate I fear.
For, ſo I love (though plain I ſee
Of me, ſhe careleſſe is)
That Heav'n would ſeem a Hell to me,
If *Her*, I there ſhould miſſe.

7 To be my *Darling*, ſhe was born:
And *Nature* did provide
That, t'wixt us, Friendſhip ſhould be ſworn,
Which, nothing ſhall divide;
And, therefore, one each other, ſo
Our welfare doth depend;

That, if the *One* to ruine go,
Such is the *Others* end.
8 Therefore, oh LORD! unleſſe thy love
Prevent what much I fear,
We, to each other, Foes may prove,
The worſt that ever were.
Becauſe, if they who love as we,
Their *Paſſions* guid not well:
On *Earth* each others plagues they be,
And greater plagues in *Hell*.
9 My GOD! therefore, thy help again,
Thy help, I do implore,
That I my *Fleſhly part*, to rein,
May be inabled more.
My *Soul*, inſtruct thou ſo to guid;
So make my fleſh obey;
That, we true-Lovers may abide,
In *Vertues* harmles Way.
10 And, though all *Vertues* we had got
(Where of the beſt may boaſt)
Vnto our ſelves, LORD, leave us not:
Leſt all, again, be loſt.
For, till the *Fleſh* be mortifi'd,
Her nature, will return;
Though ſhe was partly *ſanctifi'd*,
When ſhe, anew, was born.

HYMN

Hymn LXXIX.

Of the vanity and insufficiency of temporall things.

That we may not be evermuch delighted with such Things as perish, to the losse of our portion in things of most Excellency. We are hereby remembred to consider the Vanitie and Insufficiency of Temporall Things.

Sing this as a Hermit-poore.

WHat is there LORD
Within this Lower Orbe,
Which doth afford,
A pleasure or content?
But may disease,
Discomfort or disturbe,
Vnlesse thou please
Their mischiefs to prevent?
No marvell, tho
The worst do sorrows bring;
Since there is woe,
In ev'ry pleasant thing.
2 *Wealth* bringeth Care
Sometimes, as much as *Want*.
Our *Honours* are
Attended with disgrace.
When *Hopes* are best,
Our *Hearts* with *Fears* do pant.

Our daint'eſt Feaſt,
Is marr'd with bitter ſawce.
Diſtruſt, to loſe
The Pleaſure, we poſſeſſe,
Them overthrowes,
Or makes their ſweetnes leſſe.

3 Our Beauties fade,
Aſſoon as they are blown.
We *weak* are made,
E're we are fully ſtrong.
We often dote,
When wiſeſt we are grown.
Youth, frees us not
From Griefs, whil'ſt we are yong.
No Age, or State,
Condition, or Degree,
Can promiſe that,
In which no Changes be.

4 That, which we ſought,
With all our pow'rs, to win
As if we thought,
Our chiefeſt Bliſſe it were:
That, which eſteem'd
Above our lives, hath hin;
And, which hath ſeem'd
Beyond Salvation, dear.
That is at laſt,
A thing unpleaſing made;
And leaves no taſt,
Of thoſe Contents, it had.

5 They,

5 They, who in me
Their chief Delights did place;
Now, senſleſſe be
That e're ſo fond they were.
They, in whoſe love,
I, no leſſe pleaſed was;
No liking, move;
And Strangers now they are.
Yea, what with pain,
I ſought; I now do lothe,
Oh GOD! how vain
Was *that*, or *I*, or *both*.
6 What we deſpiſe,
Anon, is precious thought.
What, we now prize,
E're long, we much disdain.
This Day we love,
Whom, next we ſet at nought.
And fickle prove,
Yet ſhameleſly complain.
Their *Vanitie*,
Things mortall publiſh thus;
And certaintie,
Ther's none, in *them*, or *Vs*.
7 Oh LORD! ſince we,
And, all that here we love,
Things changing be;
Let us on Thee depend.
From Things below,
(To reach the things above)

Thy Servant ſhow,
Which way he ſhould aſcend.
And, let me there,
Live, Love, and *loved be* ;
Where Pleaſures are,
Whoſe end I ſhall not ſee.

Hymn LXXX.

When a deare Freind is deceaſed.

Some, are ſo ſenſible of loſing their dear'y beloved Friends, *that, they are almoſt ſwallowed up with grief. Therefore this* Hymn *was prepared to mitigate their ſorrow, by directing them for conſolation to Him, in whom they may find againe their deceaſed friends, and better comforts then they loſt.*

Sing this as, In ſad and Aſhie weeds.

NOw my Dear Friend is gon,
Ah me! how faint my heart appears!
How ſad! and how alone!
How ſwoln with ſighs, how drown'd with tears!
Fain would I tell,
What Griefs, what Hell,
Is now within my breaſt.
But who doth live,
That eaſe can give?
Or bring me wiſhed Reſt?

2 Thoſe eares which I would fain,
Should once more hear what I would ſay,
Shall never, now again,
Vnto their Heart, my Thoughts convay.
Nor ſhall that Tongue,
Whoſe Tones, were *Song*,
And, muſick, ſtill to me;
To pleaſe, or chear,
My drouping ear;
Hereafter tuned be.

3 Oh Dear! oh gracious *God!*
If in our ſelves, we bliſſe had ſought;
Of Paſſions, what a lode,
Vpon my Soul, had now been brought!
How had I found,
Within that *Round*,
Wherein, I ſhould have run?
The joyfull end,
Which doth befriend,
Affections well, begun.

4 Had we our Love confin'd
To that, which mortall proves to be:
Or, had we been ſo blind,
That we death's pow'r could not foreſee.
Where had been found,
When under ground,
My Dear-companion lay,
A fit Relief,
To cure that Grief,
Which wounds my Heart, this Day?

5 But, while we liv'd and lov'd,
In Thee, each other up we ſtor'd,
My *Friend* (by Death remov'd)
In thee, therefore, I ſeek, oh LORD!
My Loſſe, by none,
But, Thee alone,
Repaired, now, can be.
What I endure,
Admits nor Cure,
Nor Eaſe, except by thee.
6 Be thou to my ſad heart,
A ſweet Relief, now I am griev'd.
Be to it as thou wert,
When, here with me, my *Deareſt* liv'd.
That which I lov'd,
Is but remov'd,
To Thee, our *Perfect Bliſſe*.
And that I had
Was but the ſhade
Of what my *Darling* is.
7 In Thee, Behold I ſhall;
In Thee, I ſhall again enjoy;
What thou away didſt call,
And what thou didſt by Death deſtroy.
We, by thy Grace,
Shall there, embrace,
Where Friends do never part.
Which, now I mind,
Methinks, I find
Sweet hope, relieve my heart.

8 I feel it more, and more,
My Soul of Comfort to assure.
And, now, for ev'ry sore,
I know, and feel, thou hast a Cure.
For which my Tongue,
Shall change her Song,
Thy Goodnes to commend.
And, thou art he
Who, still, shalt be
My best affected *Friend.*

Hymn LXXXI.

For Deliverance from Temptation.

To be delivered from Temptation, *is one of the six petitions in the* Lord's Prayer, *which we daily repeat; and therefore that God may deliver us from the evill th reof, we shall do well to invoke him by a speciall Invocation according as this* Hymn *putteth us in mind.*

Sing this as the 4. Psalme.

How hard is it for Flesh and Blood,
When Lusts the Heart assaile,
To wish that *Vice*, may be withstood;
And, *Vertue*, still prevaile!
How hard is it, when we do burn,
With evill-kindled Fires,

Our Eies from Vanities to turn!
Or quench our looſe Deſires?
2 So hard oh LORD! ſo hard it is;
That few can truly ſay,
They for thy timely ayd (in this)
With true Devotion pray.
But, rather, many are afraid,
(When they to pray are mov'd)
Leſt by thy Grace, they ſhould be ſtaid,
From Sins, too well belov'd.
3 Of this, if others have been free,
Thy Mercy, let them bleſſe:
For, that this fault hath been in me,
I freely do confeſſe:
And, (ſeeing better thoughts, I have)
Occaſion, thereupon,
I, now, aſſume, thine ayd to crave,
Before, this Mind be gon.
4 Thy Grace, oh LORD, in me did breed
This motion, not in vain.
Oh! let it be the bleſſed Seed
Of an immortall Gain.
And, Grant, that getting ſomwhat looſe,
From *Sins* imperious hand;
My heart with willingnes, may chuſe
The wayes of thy *Command*.
5 From *Sathans* Baits, from *Follies* Lures,
From ev'ry cauſe of Ill,
Preſerve me clean, whil'ſt life endures,
In *Action*, and in *Will*.

At

At leaſt, when I ſhall tempted be,
Protect thy Servant ſo,
That, evill overcome not me;
But, Victor let me grow.

6 Vaile then mine *Eies*, till She be paſt,
When *Folly* tempts my ſight:
Keep thou my *Pallet*, and my *Taſt*,
From Gluttonous Delight.
Stop thou mine *Ear*, from *Syrens* Songs:
My *Tongue* from Lies reſtrain.
Withhold my *Hands*, from doing wrongs;
My *Feet*, from courſes vain.

7 Teach, likewiſe, ev'ry other Senſe,
To Act an honeſt part;
But, chiefly ſettle *Innocence*,
And purenes in my *Heart*:
So, nought *without* me, or *within*,
Shall work an ill effect;
By tempting me to act a Sin,
Or, Vertues to neglect.

Hymn LXXXVII.

A Thanksgiving for the Goſpell.

The Goſpell *of* Ieſus Chriſt, *is a meanes of the greateſt Bleſſing, which was ever conferred on* Mankinde. *Therefore, that we might be more thankfull for it, then we have been heretofore, we are moved thereunto, by this* Hymn.

Sing

Sing this as the 10. *Commandments.*

SOmtime, oh LORD! at leaſt, in ſhow,
A thankfull heart, we do profeſſe,
When thou ſuch Bleſſings doſt beſtow
As outward Riches, Health, or Peace.
But, for that *meanes* which may conduce
Our Soules, to their true-Bliſſe, to raiſe,
We make, not verie frequent uſe
Of thankfull words, or *Hymns* of praiſe.

2 When *Meads* are *drown'd*, or *Fields* are *dry*;
When *Sword*, or *Sickneſſe*, harme hath done,
To thee for help, ſometimes we cry;
And thank thee, when thoſe plagues are gone.
But, for that Bleſſed meanes of Grace,
Which we have long, at full enjoy'd;
(In publike, or in private place)
Few Thankfull voices are employ'd.

3 How many ſoules, in *Errors* night,
Sit ſighing their ſad hour's away!
Whilſt we enjoy, the *Goſpels* light,
And, therewithall, the wantons play!
How many Nations be at ſtrife,
For that which we enjoy, at will?
How many want that *Bread of life*,
Which we do ſurfet on and ſpill?

4 Oh GOD! Forgive this crying Sin.
More wiſe, more thankfull let us grow,
To mend this fault, let us begin:
And, Grace obtain, more Grace to ſhow.

For,

For, Corne, and Wine, and Oyles increaſe;
A Body-ſound; a wittie-braine;
A free Eſtate; an outward Peace;
Without this Bleſſing, were in vaine.
5 They, who obſerve the ſame ſhall ſee,
That, where theſe *Tidings* do not ſound;
(Or where they ſhall abuſed be)
Inhumane cruelties abound:
Yea, we, who often have been ſchool'd,
For hearing this bleſt *Voice*, in vaine,
Shall ſee our hopes, and wiſdomes fool'd;
If unrepentant we remaine.
6 Our feares therfore Deare GOD! prevent;
Keep thou thy *Goſpell* in our Land:
Our Thankleſneſſe, let us repent;
And ſtedfaſt in thy *worſhip*, ſtand.
For, that thy bleſſed *Saving-word*,
Is purely preached in our Daies
We confeſſe it a *mercie*, LORD,
Which merits, endleſſe *Hymns of praiſe*.

HYMN LXXXIII.

For deliverance from perſecution, and falſe Doctrine.

The blind and bloody Times, in which our Fathers lived, begin to be forgotten, at leaſt to be ſo little conſidered on, that ſome indeavour to make our deliverance from them, of little moment. To prevent

therfore

therfore the curse likely to follow such unthankfulnesse, this briefe Hymn *calls to mind that mercie.*

Sing this as the 22. *Psalme.*

A Time so curst once was here,
That, *Error* bore the sway;
And would not let the *Truth* appeare,
Her falshoods to gainsay.
But whensoever, she was view'd
Her pureneſſe to discloſe;
With Fire, and sword, she was pursu'd,
By her malicious Foes.

2 By cruell and ungodly men,
The *Wells of Life*, were hid;
Or, by corruption poysned, then,
Or, at the best forbid.
And, they who took the greatest paine,
To keep those Fountaines pure,
Were either doomed to be slain
Or thraldome to endure.

3 We praise thee, LORD, that freed thou hast
This Land, from such a curse
We praise thee that the dayes are past,
Which those Things did inforce.
And, humbly we, oh GOD, implore,
Those plagues may not returne,
Which vext this Nation heretofore,
And made our Fathers mourne.

4 For *Senſleſnes* of mercyes past
Vnheeded ushers in,

That

That *Thankleſneſſe*, which brings, at laſt,
Obduratneſſe in ſin.
Then, doth Obduratneſſe beget
That damned, ſcornfull pride,
Which will at naught, GODS *mercy* ſet;
And, *good-adviſe*, deride.

HYMN LXXXIIII.

A Coronation Hymn.

God is hereby glorified for the Kings exaltation, and implored to perfect his temporall dignitie, by making it, a ſtep to his eternall Glory, and by keeping him a patron of Pietie and Vertue.

LORD, let thy pow'r protect the *King*;
Make him his Truſt on thee to place:
Of thy large Favours let him ſing;
And, build his *Glories*, on thy *Grace*.
Confirme him on the Royall-Seat,
Whereto, advanced him thou haſt;
Let thy *Salvation* make him great;
Vnto thy *Truth*, preſerve him faſt:
And, make oh GOD! his earthly *Throne*,
An earneſt of a heavenly Crowne.

2 Him, over us, for Good, appoint;
Ground all his Lawes, on *Truth-divine*:
Let thy good *Spirit* him anoint;
And, his *Commands*, conforme to Thine.

Of

Of *Soveraigntie*, give him the *Globe*:
Of *Peace*, let him the *Scepter* bear:
Make *Holinesse*, his royall *Robe*:
The *wreathes* of *Iustice*, let him wear:
And in upright, and pious waies,
Observe, and serve thee, all his dayes.

3 Him, honour so; and him so crown;
Him, so invest; and him so arme:
Him, so anoint,; him, so inthrone;
And by thy *word*, him so informe:
That to thy Glorie, he may Raigne;
To his content, and for our peace:
That *wickednesse* he may restraine,
To virtuous *Pieties* encrease:
And, that our *King*, oh LORD! and we
May to each other, *Blessings* be.

HYMN LXXXV.

A Funerall Song.

This Hymn is intended to comfort the living, *(whose Friends are deceased) by putting them in mind of the* Resurrection, *and of the happie Rest of those who die in the Faith of* CHRIST.

Sing this as the 10. Commandments.

FOrbear to shed excessive teares,
Or mourne, as hopelesse Heathens do:
For though this *Body* lost appears,
Assured be, it is not so,

For.

For, that which now, corrupting lies,
In incorruption, ſhall ariſe.
2 I am the *Life* (our *Saviour* ſaith)
The *Reſurrection*, is through me;
And whoſoer'e in me hath Faith,
Shall live againe, though dead he be:
For, no man ſhall, for ever die;
Who doth upon my word relie.
3 He that Redeemed me, doth live.
(By Faith, I know that this is true)
My GOD, this Body ſhall revive;
And in my Fleſh, I ſhall him view.
Ev'n theſe mine eyes; theſe eyes of mine,
Shall ſee his glory brightly ſhine.
4 We to the world do naked come,
We back again unclothed go,
And, it is GOD, alone, by whom
We poore are made, or wealthy grow.
And, we aſcribe unto his *name*,
Pow'r, praiſe, and glory, for the ſame.
5 From Heav'n, a Voice came down to me,
And, this it will'd me to record;
From this time forward Bleſſed be
The *Dead* departing in the LORD.
For, (as the Spirit hath expreſt)
They, from their Labours, are at reſt.

HYMN

Hymn LXXXVI.

When a Soul is newly departed.

This Hymn *comforts us in the death of our friends by offering to consideration the Miseries of this Life, and the happinesse of the next. God is hereby praised also, for calling the Soul departed from this wretched* Being; *and besought to hasten the accomplishment of our felicity by the generall* Resurrection.

Sing this as the 23. *Psalme.*

IF Joy be made, when men are born,
To live on earth below,
Why should we vainly weep and mourn,
When up to Heav'n they go?
To Pains and Griefs, they hither come;
And when they hence are gone,
Those Troubles they are eased from,
Which here they did bemone.

2 Impris'ned in a *Living Grave*,
The Soul, departed, lay:
And, ease or quiet, could not have,
Till call'd it was away.
But, we, now, hope it is at rest,
In *Him*, from whom it came;
And, of eternall Joyes possest:
For which we praise his *Name*.

3 We

3 We praise thee, for that *Being*, LORD,
And for that means of grace,
Which to that Soul thou didst afford,
In this inferiour place.
And, we, moreover, praise thee, now,
That, thou hast set it free,
From those Afflictions which below,
Avoided cannot be.
4 Oh LORD! be speedy to collect,
And hasten, full to make
The number of the *Souls Elect*,
That shall of Blisse partake.
That we and they, who in thy *Fear*,
And *Faith*, have liv'd and di'de;
In *Soul* and *Body*, may appear
Where thou art Glorifi'd.

HYMN LXXXVII.

A Hymn of Instruction for Youth.

This is a pious Descant upon the 12. *Chap. of Ecclesiastes, and wherein the young man is put in mind to Remember his* Creator, *before decrepit Age disables him: It offers to consideration the vanity and Transitorinesse of the* Beauty, Strength, *and* Pleasure, *wherein youth delights.*

TO those that in Folly,
Their youth do mispend,

And,

And mind not their *Maker*
Till life ſhall have end;
A Song Inſtruction,
We now have begun,
To warn them, and learn them,
Deſtruction to ſhun.
LORD, ſend them, to mend them,
The gift of thy *Grace*;
And *Reaſon*, to ſeaſon
A Reaſonleſſe Race.

2 Thou *Youngling*, whoſe glories,
And Beauties, appear
Like Sun-ſhine, or Bloſſomes,
In Spring of the year;
Whoſe vigorous Body,
Whoſe Courage, and Wit,
Are Jolly, and wholly
Vnperiſhed, yet;
Come neer me, and hear me
Things future foretell;
Then, learn thou, Diſcern thou,
The way to do well.

3 Miſspend not a Morning
So lovely, ſo faire,
A moment may rareſt
Perfections impaire.
The *Noon-tide* of Life-time,
Yeelds little delight;
And, Sorrow, on Sorrow,
May follow ere *Night*.

Receive

Receive then, Believe then,
What now I declare;
Attend me, and lend me
A diligent ear.

4 Thy *Beauties*, and *Features*,
That grace thee this day,
To morrow, may periſh,
And vaniſh away.
Thy *Riches*, and *Pleaſures*,
Now precious to Thee,
My leave thee, deceive thee,
And comfortleſs be.
Now come then; oh, Come then!
And learn to eſchew
Thoſe Errors, and Terrors,
Which elſe may enſue.

5 Thy *Joints* are yet nimble,
Thy *Sinewes* unſlack;
Thy *Marrow* unwaſted,
Yet, ſtrengthens thy back.
Youth! keepeth Diſeaſes
From crazing thy Brain;
Blood rilleth and ſwelleth,
In every vein.
Imploy then, enjoy then
This vigour of thine,
In willing, fulfilling,
What God ſhall injoin.

6 Believe me, it will not
For ever be ſo.

Thy

Thy ſturdy *Supporters*,
Will ſtaggering go.
Thy *Shoulders* well ſhaped,
And ſtrong enough now,
Vncomely, and homely,
And weaker will grow.
Then lengthen, and ſtrengthen,
Thy gifts by right uſe;
Poſſeſſing each Bleſſing,
Still, free from abuſe.

7 Thy Beautifull *Forehead*
Whereon we may view,
Neat ſmoothnes and whitenes,
Enamel'd with blew,
Shall change that perfection
Which youth yet maintains,
To ſallownes, hallownes,
Wrinckles and Stains.
Thy liking, and ſeeking
Then, learn to beſtow
On Pleaſures, and Treaſures,
That periſh not ſo.

8 Thine *Ears* are now liſt'ning
For Heaven on Earth,
And, nothing will pleaſe them
But Muſick and Mirth.
And, to thy Corruption
No Paſſage, or Strain,
Seems better, or ſweeter,
Then that which is vain.

Oh

Oh! borrow from ſorrow,
Some penitent dew;
Leſt, after much laughter,
More Sadnes enſue.

9 Thoſe *Treſſes*, whoſe curling
Thy Temples adornes,
Will Haſſocks reſemble
In winterly mornes.
And, where freſh Vermilion
Is mixed with Snow,
A ſallow, and yellow
Complexion will flow.
The fuller the Colour,
The fouler the Stain.
Then boaſt not; and truſt not
In things that are vain.

10 Thine *Eies*, whoſe bright ſparklings,
Thy Lovers admire,
(And, which with vain longings
Set thouſands on fire)
Shall cloſed in darknes
Vnuſefull remain;
And, never for ever,
See day-light again.
Then mind thou, oh mind thou
Thy *Maker* above:
Obſerve him, and ſerve him
If ſafety thou love.

11 Thy *Mouth*, whoſe fair portall
Both wears, and incloſes

The colour and ſweetnes
Of Rubies and Roſes,
Shall ſo be transformed,
That no man will care,
Perceive, or believe,
What perfection was there.
Vain Creature, thy feature
Then value not ſo,
Take pleaſure, in meaſure,
As wiſdome will do.
12 Thy *Teeth*, that ſtand firmly
Like Pearles on a Row,
Will rotten, and ſcatter'd,
Diſorderly grow.
Thy *Lips*, whoſe neat motions,
Great wonders have wrought;
Shall flaver, and quaver,
And, lothſome be thought.
Then, ever endeavor
Thoſe things to eſchew;
Whence, nothing, but lothing,
At laſt, will enſue.
13 Thy *Fancie*, that ſings thee
Vain Dreams of delight;
Hereafter, will bring thee
A comfortleſſe night:
And, thou, who yet heedſt not
How Time, comes, or goes.
(With care) wilt give ear,
To each Cockrell that crowes.

Thy

Thy leasure in pleasure,
Then do not misspend;
Foreflowing, well-doing,
Till *Time* hath an end.

14 Then, Thou who to thousands
Do'st gracious appear,
To no man shalt either
Be welcome or dear.
Which, when thou perceivest,
Thy Life, unto Thee
Vnpeacefull, diseasefull,
And lothsome will be.
No pow'r of our,
This Judgement can shun;
Till duly, and truly
Our Duties be done.

15 Thy Lusts, and thy Pleasures,
(Yet, hard to forgoe)
Will leave thee, and leave thee,
In sorrow and woe.
And, then, in what pleasure
Content canst thou have?
Of what Rest, be possest,
But a delolate Grave?
Youths Folly, unholy
Learn, therefore, to shun,
And ever persever
In what should be done.

16 For, when this Lifes vapours
Are breathed away,

Thy Fleſh, new ſo cheriſh'd
Will rot into clay.
And, thy beſt beloved
Thy Body may throw,
Where none, thereupon,
Compaſſion beſtow.
Then, leaving, deceiving
Contentments to taſt,
Prevent and Repent
What affected thou haſt.
17 A worſe thing remaineth,
Then, yet, hath been ſaid;
If reall Amendment
Too long be delai'd.
The pains which hereafter,
On Sinners attend,
Laſt ever, and ever,
And, never have end.
Then approving, and loving,
The Truth, I have ſung,
Remember thy Maker,
Ev'n whil'ſt thou art yong.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

For our Benefactors.

We are hereby put in mind to conſider why God is otherwhile pleaſed to make us beholding to the charity of other men for neceſſary things; and God is here

here prayſed alſo for this providense, and prayed to reward our Benefactors.

Sing this as the 100. Pſalme.

VVHen we have all things of our own,
Whereby our Wants may be ſuppli'd;
Much careleſnes is often ſhown,
And, far leſſe thankfulnes then pride.
More humble, therefore, me to make;
(And that I more diſcreet may grow)
Things needfull, I ſomtimes do lack,
Till others them on me beſtow.

2 And when my temper, LORD, I heed,
(Though Fleſh and Blood thereat repine)
I find that I did greatly need
This loving providence of thine.
Yea, peradventure, if leſſe poore,
In outward things I had been made;
I, other waies, had wanted more,
And much leſſe comfort might have had.

3 I thank thee, therefore, that my ſhare,
Thou haſt committed to their Truſt,
Who ſo good husbands of it are,
And, in their *Stewardſhip* ſo juſt.
Preſerve them, LORD, for ever ſuch;
And, as my Comforters they be,
So, when they need, be thou as much
To them, as they have been to me.

4 Their liberality repay
With ſuch endowments of the mind,

And ſuch Contentments, ev'ry way,
That, they true Bleſſednes may find.
And, LORD, of thine eſpeciall grace,
This, pleaſed be, likewiſe to grant;
That, I in *Vertues*, may poſſeſſe,
What, I in things-externall, want.

HYMN LXXXIX.

A Hymn againſt Pride.

Pride is one of the ſpirituall-wickedneſſes, *which aſpires to* high-places; *and is moſt dangerous, becauſe it uſually enters when the houſe is cleanſed from the groſſer corruptions that pollute the Fleſh. If this Charme be not ſtrong enough to expell it, uſe* Prayer *and* Faſting.

Sing this as the 4. *Pſalme.*

BEware my Heart, thou cheriſh not
This high aſpiring Sin,
By which that *Devill* was begot,
Who brought all miſchiefs in.
For, firſt by *Pride* thoſe *Angels* fell,
Who (not with Heav'n content)
Inhabit, now the *Depths of Hell*,
By Juſtice, thither ſent.
2 LORD, thou thy ſelf didſt them oppoſe,
Who lofty-minded be.

Profeſt

Profeſt thou art, a Foe to thoſe,
And, they are Foes to thee.
Their Pride, therefore, thou do'ſt abaſe,
Their Plumes thou pulleſt down:
And ſet'ſt the *humble* in that place
From which their Pride is thrown.

3 My *God!* poſſeſſion of my heart,
If this foul *Fiend* hath gain'd,
(Which I much fear he hath in part,
Through my default obtain'd)
Diſplace him thence, and let that Room,
Be hallow'd ſo by Thee,
That, he no more may thither come,
Nor any ſuch as he.

HYMN XC.

Againſt Feare.

Feare, *is a Paſſion, which being moderated, is very neceſſary: And if it exceed the meane, becomes a Plague depriving of many Comforts; and beginning our miſeries before their time. This* Hymn *therefore acquaints us with the nature of this* Paſſion, *and imploreth aſſiſtance againſt the ſame.*

Sing this as the 25. *Pſalme.*

DVe *Fear*, becomes us well;
And God ordain'd the ſame

To be a faithfull Sentinell,
To watch what perils came.
A Heart, that feels no Fear
Lies ope to many harmes;
And, they that over-fearfull are,
Are kil'd by false *Alarm's*.

2 LORD, be thou pleas'd, therefore,
My Heart to temper so,
That, I may fear, nor lesse, nor more,
Then wise men ought to do.
So (being nor amaz'd,
Nor dull, through want of Sense)
Nought shall omitted be, or caus'd,
To hinder my Defence.

3 By false, and servile *Fear*,
Afflictions we begin
Before their time; and mischiefs rear,
Which else had never bin.
Yea, what might wear away,
Or, be with ease endur'd;
Growes thereby, more then beare we may,
And, hardly to be cur'd.

4 For, when the heart of Man
Is, once thereby possest,
No mortall Pow'r expell it can,
Or give that Party rest.
Thy Pow'r, oh LORD above,
Can from this Tirant save;
That, me therefore, he ceaze not on,
Thine Aid, alone, I crave.

HYMN

Hymn XCI.

Againſt Deſpaire.

Sometime good Chriſtians (though not overcome of ſuch an evill) are ſtrongly tempted unto Deſpaire. Therefore, that ſuch as feel any motions this way, may be warned and aſſiſted, to reſiſt the Devill in his firſt attempts, inclining to this helliſh Paſſion; We prepared this Hymn.

Sing this as Te Deum.

WHat helliſh Doubt! what curſed Fear,
Is that which now begins,
Vnto my Conſcience to appear?
And threats me for my Sins?
In me methinks I ſomwhat feel,
My heart, oppreſſing ſo,
That *Faith* and *Hope* begin to reel,
And faint my *Spirits* grow.
2 Aſſiſt me, LORD! for I perceive
My *Ghoſtly-Foe* intends
Of that *Aſſurance* to bereave,
Whereon my Soul depends.
He whiſpers to my troubled mind,
Suggeſtions of *Deſpaire*;
And, ſayes, I ſhall no mercy find,
Though I to thee repair.

3 But all untruth in him is found,
And *Truth* it ſelfe doth ſay;
That, Thou in *Mercy* doſt abound
And heareſt thoſe that pray.
Oh! hear me, LORD! oh hear me now,
And (ſince my GOD, thou art)
Againſt *Deſpaire*, enable Thou,
My much oppreſſed heart.

4 Say to my Soul, thou art her Friend,
Her Comfort, and her Aide.
From thoſe Diſtreſſes me defend,
Which make me now afraid.
For, weake, and ſick, and faint, alas!
My *Faith* begins to be;
And LORD, without thy ſaving-grace,
There is no hope for me.

5 My *Sinns* before my face appear,
In their moſt lothſome Dreſſe,
My *Conſcience* tells me *when*, and *where*,
And *how* I did tranſgreſſe.
Thy *Law* declares, what for my ſi ns,
Thy *Juſtice* did foredoome;
And, *Sathan* layes a thouſand Gins,
That ſnar'd, I may become.

6 That *Hell* which in my ſoule I find,
Is to my friends unknowne.
The world her owne affaires doth mind
And leaves me oft alone;
And, but that I to Thee, as yet,
Remember to repaire.

My

My Passions would in me beget
A merciless Despaire.
7 Preserve, oh LORD! preserve in me,
(And all men, thus oppress)
A hopefull heart to seek from thee,
Our much desired Rest.
And, still, when *Satan* snares doth lay,
To work our overthrow,
Still, frustrate what he doth assay;
And, stronger make us grow.

HYMN XCII.

VVhen Oppressors and wicked men flourish.

Many Godly men (as was David*) are much troubled and offended to see Tyrants and wicked persons prosper in the world, to the oppressing of Innocents, &c. Therefore this* Hymn *is provided to comfort such; and to preserve them patient in times of Oppression.*

MY heart, why art thou sad?
VVhy art thou pierced thorow?
And wherefore art thou Joyless made,
By causeless *Fear* and *Sorrow*?
Or why should'st thou repine,
(As helpless, and unblessed)
Because in *Honours* Orbe, they shine,
By whom thou art oppressed?

2 What though thou haſt perceiv'd
That Ryot, Pride, and Folly,
Have of their needfull dues bereav'd
Endevours Good, and Holy?
And, what though thou obſerve
Vnworthy men ennobled?
When they which better things deſerve,
Are for well-doing troubled?
3 Thereat, repine thou not;
Nor this vain Fancie cheriſh;
That *Righteouſnes*, is quite forgot,
Becauſe the wicked flouriſh.
But, with a conſtant mind,
In *doing-well* perſever;
And, profit, thou, e're long ſhalt find
In thy upright endeavour.
4 The *Righteous* for a ſpace,
By troubles are depreſſed;
That, ſo, the precious Fruits of Grace,
May be the more increaſed.
And, carnall men obtain,
The Portions they have chuſed;
That, they, at laſt, may know with pain,
What Bleſſings they refuſed.
5 To ſeek, thou ſhalt not need,
By ſearching Times preceding,
Or gheſſe what will on them ſucceed,
By hear-ſay, or by Reading:
For, if thou patient be,
By *Sight* ſhall proof be gained,

In

In more, then *One*, or *Two*, or *Three*)
What is for ſuch ordain'd.
6 *Perdition*, they beſtride;
Yet can they not perceive it:
Therefore, Good-Counſell they deride,
And, injure them who give it.
For which, ev'n in their height,
Of Glories, and of Pow'r,
They ſee their Hope, deſtroyed quite,
And periſh't in one hou'r.
7 This day (like *Phar'ohs* Hoaſt:
(Poore harmles men purſuing)
Of their large pow'rs they proudly boaſt,
No ſign of terror ſhewing.
Anon (with fear enough)
They feel their kingdome falling.
Their *Plumes*, and *Charriot-wheels* fly off,
And, they in mud, are ſprawling.
8 Then, vexe no more my heart,
Becauſe a Tyrant thriveth.
And, that whil'ſt thou oppreſſed art,
Thy Foe, in Honour liveth.
But, thine own waies obſerve;
And, ſo let them be fram'd,
That whatſoever ſome deſerve,
We may remain unblam'd.
9 For what will it availe
In Courſes to perſever;
Whereby men Joy but for a while,
And then lament for ever?

Or

Or, why ſhould he complaine
Who, for a ſcratch, procureth
That health and ſaftie to obtaine,
Which evermore endureth?

HYMN XCIII.

For remiſſion of a particular Sin.

This penitentiall-Ode *expreſſeth a hearty and paſſionate ſorrow, for a particular* ſin, *with an humble, and earneſt deſire of pardon; and is offred to help ſtirre up thoſe affections, when occaſion is offred.*

OH LORD! in ſorrow and Diſtreſſe,
To thee, I now draw neer;
My late offences to confeſſe,
In humble hope, and fear.
Mine Errors, That, to Thee
With Terrors, Or, fro Thee,
Perplexe, I know
And vexe Not how
Me ſo To go.
2 But, having heard, and often found,
That, thou art he, in whom
Compaſſion, alwaies doth abound;
To ſue for Grace, I come.
Nor chide thou, But, hear me,
Nor hide thou, And clear me;

Thy

Thy face Now I
Or Grace Thus cry
From me. To thee.

3 Till fully pleas'd with me thou art;
And till I may obtaine
A Look to re-assure my heart,
That, thou art pleas'd again:
Nor Treasure, But, double
Nor pleasure, The Trouble,
Will ease Which made
Or please Me sad
Me more. Before.

4 What needst Thou LORD, prolong thy wrath,
To barr me of my Rest?
Enough, a guiltie conscience hath,
My Torments to encrease.
It smites me, Releeve me;
It frights me, And, give me
Oh LORD, Thy peace,
Afforde To cease
Releese. My Griefe.

5 I have too often heretofore,
Been many wayes to blame;
And, have obtained, evermore,
Remission for the same.
Yea, wholly, When blamed,
And fully, And shamed,
Thou hast I might
Releast (By right)
My Sin; Have bin.

6 Yet

6 Yet LORD, Forgive; forgive againe,
Though I unworthy be:
For, *Mercy* doth to thee pertaine,
As much as *wrath* to me.

Remit thou,
Forget thou
My crime,
This time,
Therfore.

The greater
The debter
Thy praise
Hee'l raise
The more.

HYMN XCIIII.

For Remission of sin in generall.

This Hymn *is a brief confession of sin, and a prayer for pardon for the same. And it was prepared, to assist their devotion who need such helps; and to be a* Remembrancer *to those who need them not.*

Sing this as the 22. *Psalme.*

HOw many LORD! how foule! how great!
Do my offences grow?
How have I multipli'd the debt,
Which unto Thee I owe?
Though ev'ry day thou dost forgive,
And wipe great Summs away,
Yet, ev'ry day, I do perceive
New Summs, new Scores to pay.

2 A *Debt* my *Parents* left on me,
Which (far) my Stock exceeds:
And, though it pardned were by Thee,
Much Trouble, ſtill, it breeds.
For, thence, my *fleſh* occaſion takes,
That *Fancies* to admit;
Which, of thoſe *Longings*, guiltie makes,
That *Active-Sins*, beget.

3 And, when a *Sin* is once begun,
That ſin brings others on,
The puniſhments or ſhame, to ſhun,
Which follow'd thereupon:
Till ſo encreaſt Offences are,
And, *Grace* defaced ſo
That we have neither Shame nor Fear,
Nor ſenſe, of what we do.

4 LORD, that my Sins may never come,
To this accurſed height;
And, at the laſt, exclude me from
Thy Grace, and Favour, quite
I come to Thee (while *Time* I have,
And *Leave*, and *heart* to pray)
Diſcharge, for all thoſe faults to crave,
Wherein I walke aſtray.

5 By *nature*, ſo unſound, and baſe,
My *State*; my *Tenures* be;
That, for a new eſtate of *Grace*,
I, now, petition Thee.
Ev'n that which my *Redeemer* bought;
And ſealed with his Blood.

For

For though my other *Deeds* be nought,
This *Deed*, I know, is good.
6 This *Deed* I plead; and by this *Deed*,
Would that *Eſtate* renew,
Which through my *Deeds*, is forfeited,
Vnleſſe, Thou Favour ſhew.
LORD, now, and whenſoe're I ſhall
Plead, what is mention'd now:
With a *Releaſe of Errors, all*,
My *Plea*, do thou allow.
7 I guilty am, of many Crimes,
Which I did fore-intend:
And, twenty thouſand, Thouſand Times,
I heedleſly offend:
But, ſince *my ſelf* I do condemn,
And ſeek my *Peace* in Thee;
Oh! let compaſſion cover them,
That, they condemn not me.
8 Blot all my Sins out of the *Book*,
By my *Accuſers* writ.
Vpon my Follies do not look;
My youthfull Crimes remit.
My publike Faults remember not;
My Secret Failings, hide:
And, let not Mercy be forgot,
Thy Servant, though thou chide.
9 Yea, though ſmall feeling of my Sins,
My *Fl ſhly-Nature* hath,
Till ſhe by ſome event begins
To feel, or fear thy wrath:

Yet,

Yet, ſince, in *Spirit*, I am ſtill
Lamenting for the ſame,
Impute not unto me that *Ill*,
For which, I merit blame.

Hymn. XCV.

Againſt the *World*, the *Fleſh*, and the *Devill*,

This Hymn *craveth aſſiſtance againſt the* VVorld, *the* Fleſh, *and the* Devill, *our moſt pernitious Adverſaries: And perhaps the devout uſe thereof may be a means to make us become ſo heedfull of their* Natures, *that their* Temptations *may be the better avoided.*

Sing this as Te Deum.

BLeſt *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*,
One God, in *Perſons-three*,
VVhat is there, whereof man can boaſt?
Except thy *Love* it be?
And, ſave this *Anti-trinitie*,
The *World*, the *Fleſh*, the *Devill*,
VVhat Foe, on our *Humanitie*,
Hath pow'r to bring an Evill?

2 Thoſe, though on them, three *Names* they take
(And, things Diſtinct appear)
Do but one *Perfect-evill* make,
And, *Fellow-workers* are.

For,

For, take but *One* of them away,
And, then, the other *two*,
Accompliſh not, what elſe, they may
By their *damn'd-Vnion*, do.

3 To curb the *Fleſh*, and to controule
The *world*, and all things there,
Was no great hardſhip to the *Soul*,
Till *Satan* did appear.
Yea, *Satan*, and the *World* had plaid
Their pranks on Man, in vain;
Had they not by his *Fleſh* aſſaid,
Their purpoſe to obtain.

4 Without that wanton *Dalilah*,
(Our neareſt deareſt kin)
Their Cunning is not worth a Straw,
Their hoped prize to win.
And, if ſhe may, by Grace, be brought
Her Falſhoods to repent,
The other *two*, ſhall harme us nought,
What ever they invent.

5 LORD, Arme us by thy *Triple-pow'r*;
So charme us by thy *Grace*;
So watch their practiſe ev'ry hou'r,
(In ev'ry ſecret place)
That, they may no Advantage have
To take us in their Gin;
To fright, to miſchief, or deceive,
By tempting us to Sin.

6 The *World* reform, the *Devill* reſtrain,
The *Fleſh* ſo mortifie;

That,

That, we the Bliſſe may re-obtain,
From which, they put us by.
Let not our *Frailties*, or the Spight
Of our malicious *Foe*,
Act more againſt us, then thy *Might*,
And *Love*, ſhall for us do.
7 But, ſince that *Grace* from thee proceeds,
Which doth renew our *Will*;
LORD, ripen it, into thoſe *Deeds*,
Which thy Commands fulfill.
At leaſt, let this our *Willingnes*,
Accepted be ſo well;
That, thy Imputed-Righteouſnes,
Our Failings may conceal.

HYMN XCVI.

Againſt Sin, and the firſt ſuggeſtions thereunto.

This Hymn *putteth us in mind to kill the* Cocatrice *in the Egge, and not to give willing way to the leaſt appearances, or beginnings of evill, leſt, an unreſiſtable Deluge of Sin, break in upon us.*

Sing this as the former.

TAke heed, my Heart, how thou let in,
(With approbation or Delight)

The

The first Suggestions unto Sin,
Or, count the smallest *Error*, sleight.
For, Entrance if that any shall
Vnto those *Vipers* heads permit;
(Without perchance) their Bodies all
Soon after, in, with ease will get.

2 If *Avarice* begin to sprout,
(Though first it crave but needfull things)
The Root and Branch it will put out,
From whence all Sin, and mischief springs.
And, they who, at the first, had thought
A Competence alone to crave;
To vast Desires, at last are brought:
And, know not when enough they have.

3 With *wanton Thoughts*, if thou shalt play,
(Though thou as Good as *David* art)
Adulteries, and Murthers, may
Obtain possession of thy heart.
For, *Lustfull-musings* will proceed
To *words-unclean*; and they do soon
Allure to ev'ry lothsome *Deed*,
Which by Vnchastity is done.

4 If *Sloth* begin on us to ceaze,
At first, perhaps, it will pretend,
But to desire, a needfull ease,
The tired *Body* to befriend.
Yet, if unheedfull we shall grow,
We peradventure, may e're long,
Or lose, or hide, or misbestow,
Our Talents, to our *Masters* wrong.

5 Moreover,

5 Moreover, if we take not care
Aright, our *Liberties* to uſe;
The *Creatures*, which our hearts may chear,
We, to our miſchief ſhall abuſe.
For, he whoſe Robes are alwaies gay,
Doth probably oppreſſe the more;
And, He that feaſteth ev'ry day,
VVill give but little to the poore.
6 VVhen to be *Froward*, we begin,
A ſlender fault we reckon that:
Yet, *Anger* thereby, enters in;
And, ſomtime *Anger* lets in *Hate*.
From *Hate*, we quickly do commence,
Maliciouſly inclin'd to be;
And, may become, by that offence,
Offenders, in the high'ſt Degree.
7 If we our *Brethrens* gifts envy,
We may (as *Joſephs* brethren did)
Our own Indowments loſe thereby:
And, from bad things, to worſe proceed.
Yea, thoſe *Affections* which reſtrain'd
VVithin their Bounds Praiſe-worthy be,
Let looſe, or overſlackly rain'd
May by degrees, our miſchief be.
8 Therefore, my Soul, *faſt*, *watch* and *pray*,
The *Sins* and *Engines* to avoid,
VVhich to intrap thee, in the way
Thine Adverſary hath imploy'd.
And take thou heed, thou let not in,
VVith approbation, or delight,

The

The first Allurements unto Sin;
Or, count the smallest Error sleight.

Hymn XCVII.

When our Fancies affright us, with Illusions, or dreadfull Apparitions.

Though few are disposed to sing, when they are terrified with fearfull Visions; *yet, some have that Christian* Stoutnesse: *and they who attain not to it, may perhaps be strengthened by meditating this Charme, either amidst their Terrors, or before they appeare.*

BLesse me, oh God! and be thou near
To help me at this dreadfull hou'r.
My Heart confirm against my Fear,
And, guard me by thy *Saving pow'r.*
I feel my *Flesh* begins to quake;
But, thou my Spirit strengthned hast;
My Heart in Thee doth Courage take;
Vnto thy Grace, it cleaveth fast.
Whereof, since I assured am,
My *Foe*, thus charge I, in thy *Name.*
2 Foul *Fiend* avoid, and carry hence,
Those vain Impostures, wherewithall
Thou seekest to delude my *Sense*,
And bring my *Reason* into thrall.

The

The *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy ghoſt*,
(One bleſſed GOD, in *Perſons three*)
Whoſe Favour, juſtly, thou haſt loſt,
Commands thy abſence, now by me.
Depart, and for thy frightfull ſhowes,
Expreſſe his wrath unto his Foes.

3 By that great GOD, who did not ſcorn
Our *Nature*; but the ſame hath took:
By *Him*, that of a *Maid* was born;
By *Him*, whoſe pow'r thy head hath broke:
By *Him*, that for my Ranſome di'de;
By *Him*, that conquer'd *Death*, and *Hell*;
By *Him*, who now is glorifi'd,
Where all the bleſſed *Holies* dwell:
By *Him*, I charge that thou forbear
To Harm, or put my Heart in Fear.

4 Depart with all thoſe *Bug-bear Sighs*,
Whereby thou do'ſt abuſe our Senſe,
Depart, with all the curſed Sleights,
Whereby thou giveſt us offence.
Depart, with all thoſe craftie Gins,
Whereby thy malice doth aſſay,
To tempt us to thoſe damned Sins,
Which, to deſtruction, are the way.
Depart thou to thy *Heards of Swine*;
And, trouble thou, nor me, nor mine.

HYMN XCVIII.

For one that hears himself much praised.

As Praise *is a spurre to Vertue; so it may poyson us with pride, and puffe us up with selfe-conceit, if it be not warily and modestly entertained. Therefore, this Hymn, sheweth with what musings, we should prevent such effects, when we are commended.*

Sing this as the 4. *Psalme.*

MY Sins, and Follies, LORD, by thee,
From others hidden are,
That, such good words are spoke of me,
As, now and then I hear:
For sure if others knew me such,
Such as *my Self*, I know;
I should have bin disprais'd as much
As I am praised, now.

2 By me, some Good, perhaps hath bin
Perform'd in publike view:
But, what corruptions are within,
Asham'd I am to shew.
My brutish Lusts, my secret Pride,
My Follies, yet unshown;
(Which from thy sight, I cannot hide)
To others, are unknown.

3 The *Praise*, therefore, which I have heard
Delights not so my mind,

As

As those things make my heart afeard,
Which in my self I find.
And, I had rather to be blam'd,
So I were blameles made,
Then for much Vertue to be fam'd,
When I no Vertues had.

4 Though Slanders to an Innocent,
Sometimes do bitter grow,
Their bitternes procures content,
If clear himself he know.
And when a vertuous man hath err'd;
If prais'd himself, he hear,
It makes him grieve, and more affeard,
Then if he slandred were.

5 LORD, therefore, make my *Heart* upright,
What e're my *Deeds* do seem;
And, righteous rather, in thy sight;
Then in the World's esteem:
And, if ought good appear to be
In any Act of mine;
Let thankfulnes be found in me,
And, all the praise be thine.

HYMN XCIX.

For one being Slandred.

Herein the bitternesse of a slanderous Tongue is perfectly illustrated, and the party grieved is put in mind to whom he should seek for comfort; and by what means he may be best comforted in such an Affliction.

Sing this as the former.

SO ſharp and bitter be the wrongs
Which I do now, ſuſtain
By ſlandrous and malicious Tongues,
That, needs I muſt complaine.
The keeneſt *Razour* cuts not ſo:
The *Vipers* poyſned ſting,
If that it be compar'd thereto,
Will ſeeme a harmleſſe thing.

2 For, theſe can but the Body ſlay;
The other (more to blame)
Therewith, oft likewiſe, takes away,
The life of honeſt Fame.
Yea, many times it makes a *Saint*,
Impatient to appear;
And, in his Trials, almoſt faint,
Their ſtinging words to hear.

3 How then oh *God!* how can I chuſe,
But fear, or faint out-right?
When ſlandrous Tongues my name abuſe
Through malice, and deſpight?
Since, though of that, I guiltleſſe am,
Which to my charge they lay;
My Conſcience finds I was to blame,
As much, another way.

4 LORD, hide me from their bitter Tongues,
Els, hidden let me be
From mine own Self, and from the wrongs
Which have been done by me.

For,

For, I confeſſe, that, now and then,
(In earneſt or in Jeſt)
I utter things of other men,
Not fit to be expreſt.
5 Sometime, through lightneſſe, I relate,
What *Love* would not reveal;
And pleaſed am, to here out that,
Which Malice, loves to tell.
Nay, more then *once*, or *twice*, (I fear)
Through Envie, I have ſpoke,
Invicious things, which doubtfull were,
And, up, on Truſt, were tooke.
6 Repay not LORD, my Guiltineſſe,
According to defart;
Since, now, mine errors I confeſſe,
With true repenting heart.
But, let the *ſlanders* and diſgrace,
Which cauſeleſſe, *He* did bide,
Who by no Sin defiled was;
My Shame, and Follies hide.
7 So, by his meeke *Example* taught,
And, by his *Juſtice*, clear'd;
Theſe Rumors I ſhall ſet at naught,
Which I have greatly fear'd:
And, rather labour to retain
Vprightneſſe, in my wayes,
Then, care to take, what *Fooles* will fame;
Or, what a *Villain* ſayes.

HYMN C.

For one delivered from deserved *Shame.*

It is not one of the least Mercies to be delivered from open Shame, as appears by those, who have heaped one Sin upon another, and at last laid violent hands on themselves, to avoid Shame. Therefore, we ought to be more thankfull for this Favour, and to remember us thereof, this Hymn *is tendred.*

Sing this as the 25. *Psalme.*

HAd not, oh LORD, thy Grace,
Vouchsafe'd my *Vaile* to be,
Shame and confusion of my Face,
Had overwhelmed me.
For, though thy *Mercies* hid
The Follies, I have wrought;
I do confesse, those things I did
Which me to Shame had brought.

2 For, sometimes, all alone,
Sometimes, with others, too
Those wicked things, by me are done,
Which few suspect I do.
Nay, otherwhile, perchance,
Of Crimes I guiltie am,
Where by, my credit I advance,
Whil'st others bear the blame.

3 Just

3 Juſt cauſe have I to grieve
That by my ſecret Sin,
I thoſe deceive, who do believe
My hands have cleaner bin.
And, though my Fault none know;
Thereat I am ſo griev'd;
That, I the *Shame* could undergo,
From *Guilt*, to berepriev'd.
4 But, doubtles, to reveal
What thou do'ſt overpaſſe;
And, what thy Mercy doth conceal,
Were to deſpiſe thy Grace.
Therefore, I doe accept,
(With meek, and thankfull heart)
The Credit, thou for me haſt kept,
Beyond my due Deſart.
5 And for thy Favour-ſake
Vouchſaf'd, in this to me;
I will more heed, hereafter, take
How, clear I ought to be.
Oh! help me to fulfill,
This purpoſe of my mind;
And, though I fail to do thy *Will*,
LORD, fail not to be kind.

HYMN CI.

For one whose Beautie is much praised.

Beautie *is a temporarie Blessing, which bringeth advantages and disadvantages, according to their disposition, who possesse it. Therefore this* Hymn *remembers those, who are beloved or commended, for that endowment; so to behave themselves that God may receive glory thereby, and that it may not become harmfull to themselves, or others.*

Sing this as the Magnificat.

I Well perceive, that GOD hath limb'd
My brittle *Body*, so,
And, so my *Face* with Features trim'd,
That, thanks, therefore, I owe:
For, though my self to overprize,
I, apt enough may be;
Yet, what I am, (by others eies)
I, somewhat rightly, see.

2 I do confesse, it cheeres my minde,
That, I those Beauties have,
Whereby my Self belov'd I finde,
Where love, my heart would crave:
And, I suspect the grief had been
Too great for me to bear,
Had I my self, so loathed seen,
As, oft, my Betters are.

3 There-

3 Therefore, my GOD! I were too blame,
If Thee I praiſed nor,
For making me, the ſame I am;
And, pleaſed with my Lot.
It is no bleſſing of the leaſt:
Nor unbeſeems it me
That, thus in private, I confeſſe,
What I receiv'd from Thee.

4 For *Beautie*, is an *Orateur*,
Which pleads with ſo much grace,
That, to prevaile, it hath a pow'r,
Almoſt, in ev'ry place.
It creeping through the *Lovers* eies,
Takes *priſoner*, now and than,
A greater, and a fairer prize,
Then *Wealth*, and *Wiſdome* can.

5 I boaſt of no ſuch *Braves* as theſe;
But, this I truly ſay,
It makes me with more Joy, and eaſe,
To paſſe my Youth away.
And, yet, I know, tis but a *Flowre*,
Now, faire to look upon;
And, in the compaſſe of an houre,
Defaced quite, and gone.

6 LORD, give me grace to prize it ſo,
(And neither more nor leſſe)
As wiſdome would; and hallow, too,
The Features I poſſeſſe;
That, I may minde how fraile, and thin,
Thoſe outward *Beauties* are,

Which reach not half way through the skin ;
Nor long continue there.
7 My Reaſon, teach thou, to apply
Her utmoſt pow'r, and wit,
Mine *Inſide*, ſo to beautifie,
That, I thy love may get.
Let me not proudly tirannize,
Where I belov'd ſhall be ;
Nor thoſe diſcomfort, or deſpiſe,
Who leſſe adorned be.
8 Let not my *Beauties* be a mean
Mine own baſe Luſts to feed ;
Nor others tempt, to an unclean,
Or an uncomely deed.
But, make my Converſation ſuch,
Oh LORD! (I thee implore)
That, they, who like my *Beauty*, much,
May love my *Vertues*, more.
9 So, when my Fleſhly Form doth fade,
It ſhall not grieve my Heart,
That, things, but for a ſeaſon made,
In their due *Time* depart.
But, I ſhall rather joyfull grow,
To feel my *Soul* put on
That, which, will make a fairer ſhow,
Then *Fleſh* and *Blood* have done.

Hymn. CII.

For one upbraided with Deformitie.

To some this is a very great Affliction, and they who are sensible of other mens Passions, will not thinke it impertinently added; if this Hymn *be inserted, to comfort such as are upbraided, or afflicted through their bodily defects, in this kind; and to instruct their Despisers.*

Sing this, as the former.

LORD, though I murmur not, at thee,
For that in others Eies,
I, so deformed, seem to be,
That, me, they do despise:
Yet, their contempt, and their disdain
My heart afflicteth so,
That for mine ease, I now complain,
My secret grief, to show.

2 Thou know'st, oh GOD! it was not I,
Who did this Bodie frame,
On which they cast a scornfull eie;
By whom I flouted am.
Thou know'st likewise, it was not *they*,
Who did their Bodies make;
Although on my defects to play,
Occasions, oft they take.

3 Then, why ſhould they have Love, or Fame,
For what they have not done?
Or, why ſhould I have ſcorn or ſhame,
For what I could not ſhun?
Thy workmanſhip, I am, oh LORD,
Though they do me deride:
And, thou, by what they have abhorr'd,
Are, ſome way, glorifide.

4 Therefore, ſince thou this way haſt choſe,
To humble me on Earth.
My Imperfections now diſpoſe,
To help my *ſecond Birth.*
Let me in Thee contentment find:
And, lovely make thou me,
By thoſe perfections of the *Mind*,
Which deareſt are to Thee.

5 Since, *Features* none, in me appear,
To win a *fleſhly Love*;
Let thoſe, which priz'd by others are,
My paſſions never move.
But, quench thou, all thoſe youthfull Fires,
Which in my breſt do burn;
And, all my Luſts, and vain Deſires,
To ſacred *motions*, turn.

6 So, though in ſecret grief, I ſpend
The Life that nature gave;
I, ſhall have comforts, in the end,
And, gain a bleſſed Grave;
From whence, the *Fleſh* which now I wear,
In glory, ſhall ariſe;

And,

And, fully beautifide appear,
In all beholders eyes.

Hymn CIII.

For one Legally cenſured, whether juſtly or unjuſtly.

This Hymn *inſtructeth us to beare patiently our Legall Cenſures, whether juſtly or unjuſtly pronounced; becauſe to* Godward, *we are alwaies offenders, though ſometimes we are unjuſtly condemned by Men.*

Sing this as the 4 *Pſalme.*

WHy ſhould my heart repine at thoſe,
By whom I cenſur'd am?
Why ſhould I take them as my Foes,
By whom I ſuffer blame?
Were they leſſe Juſt, and, I more cleare,
Yet, Righteous were my doome;
Since, greater plagues deſerved are,
Then are upon me come.

2 If GOD ſhould bring my ſecret Crimes,
And all my faults to ſight;
My *Cenſure* doubled fortie times,
Were fiftie times, too light.
And, therefore, I with patience beare
The pain upon me brought:
And, will hereafter, more beware
To do the things I ought.

3 For whether they who urg'd the *Lawes*,
Vpright or partiall were,
They are not, LORD, th' *Efficient-cauſe*,
Of that, which I do bear.
They are but *Inſtruments* for Thee,
Thy righteous *Will*, to doe.
I pardon *Them*. To *them*, and *me*,
Vouchſafe thy pardon too.

If the party be guilty, let this following verſe be ſung next after the ſecond verſe.

LORD, I confeſſe, I have abus'd
Thy Juſtice and thy grace;
And, was deſervedly accus'd,
For what, condemn'd I was.
Yet, ſince my Faults I do repent,
Accepted let me be:
And, having born the puniſhment,
The Guilt forgive to me.

If the party be guiltleſſe, let this laſt verſe be left out, and this repeated in ſtead thereof.

I am not guiltie of the Deed
For which accus'd I ſtood:
Yet, of *Correction* I had need,
And, this may do me good.
Affliction is not ſent in vain;
Nor, cauſleſly begins;
But, ſtrives to keep off greater pains,
Or, to prevent ſome Sins.

HYMN.

Hymn CIIII.

After a great Losse.

We are hereby remembred to take our Losses patiently, considering that we deserve not that which is left: and (trusting in Gods providence and love) we leave all things to his good pleasure, without repining.

Sing this as, In sad and Athie weeds.

THe Talents we possesse,
By GOD's free bountie, we enjoy,
And, he doth curse or blesse,
As, *Well*, or *Ill*, we them imploy.
He gives and takes,
As best it makes
To further his intents.
And, to fulfill
His blessed *will*,
Each faithfull Soul assents.

2 In part, I am bereft
Of what his Love on me bestow'd:
And, yet, in what is left,
Great Favour, he to me hath show'd.
For, if my Store
Should be no more
Then my deserts have been.
One in distresse
More comfortlesse,
On earth should not be seen.

3 Which

3 Which when my heart well weighs,
There is no grudging in my mind:
But, GOD I rather praiſe
For what remaineth yet behind,
Yea, though for all,
He pleaſe to call,
I'le freely let it go;
And truſt, that He
(As need ſhall be)
Will uſefull things beſtow.

4 Thus am I now enclin'd
To me oh GOD! aſſiſtance grant,
That, I may keep this mind,
And, thee to friend, in ev'ry want.
So, whether I,
Sit low, or high,
Or, ſhall be poore or Rich.
It ſhall not keep
Mine eie from ſleep,
Nor diſcontent me much.

HYMN CV.

For one that is *promoted.*

We may be made heedfull, and kept mindfull, hereby, from whom Promotion *commeth: to what end we ſhould effect it; and with what humility, and thankfulneſſe we ſhould poſſeſſe it.*

Sing this as the 4. Pſalme.

By

BY his Endeavours no man may
His own *Preferment* make;
Although, he both an *Eaſtward-way*,
And *Weſtward-Courſes* take:
For, having uſed all his Art,
His longings to obtain;
His *Pow'r*, his *Wiſedome*, and *Deſart*,
Imploy'd may be in vain.

2 Ev'n *Kings*, who are thoſe *Hils*, from whom,
Promotion ſeems to flow;
And from whoſe *Heights*, moſt *Honours* come,
To thoſe that are below;
Ev'n they, who (in ſupremeſt place)
Preferments uſe to give;
Can us, nor honour, or diſgrace,
Till God vouchſafes them leave.

3 That, therefore, in this *Place*, I am
Whereto, I, late was rais'd;
Who ſhould, but GOD, from whom it came,
For that, by me be prais'd?
To whoſe renowne ſhould I my *Place*,
And new-got pow'r imploy?
But unto His, by whoſe meer Grace,
This Favour, I enjoy?

4 LORD, give me wit, both to perceive,
And heed (all times) to take,
That, I this *Grace*, did not receive,
For mine own Vertue ſake:
Or, my Ambition to fulfill;
But rather, that I might

The

The better execute thy *will*,
In doing things upright.
Let not my heart be puſt with pride;
Or, brutiſhly forget
By whom I have bin dignifi'd,
And, on this height am ſet:
But make me for it, ev'ry day,
So thankfull unto Thee,
That from things earthly climb I may,
To thoſe that heav'nly be.

Hymn CVI.

When our Hopes are obtained.

When our Hopes are accompliſhed, we are well pleaſed thereby; and yet are ſeldome thankfull to him, by whom they are obtained; but aſcribe overmuch to our owne wit or Induſtry. Therefore, to prevent that ingratitude and impiety, this Hymn *is penned.*

Sing this as the former.

MY *Hope*; and thoſe endeavours, now,
Which I have us'd therein;
Such good effects begin to ſhow,
As have expected bin,
Therefore, my Thoughts, which many waies
Were buſie to that end,

I recollect to ſing his praiſe,
Who did my Hopes befriend.

2 It was not mine own *Strength*, or *Wit*,
Whereby the ſame I gain'd:
Deſervings, which may challenge it,
I have not, yet attain'd.
For, if my Ill-deſerts were weigh'd,
With what hath well bin done;
The firſt would prove (I am afraid)
More heavie, *ten* to *One*,

3 It is, oh LORD, of thy meer Grace,
That, what I have deſir'd,
So happily effected was,
And, in due time acquir'd.
Since thou art pleas'd, it ſhould be ſo;
Be likewiſe pleas'd in this;
That, nothing which thou do'ſt beſtow,
May be emploi'd amiſſe.

4 And, as my *Vertue* did not win,
What is conferr'd on me,
So, let me not by any Sin,
Thereof deprived be.
But, whenſoever, by Offence,
I, Forfeits thereof make;
Vouchſafe, to give me *Penitence*;
And, me to *Mercy* take.

HYMN CVII.

When our *Hopes* and *Endeavours* are made void.

This Hymn *informeth, that when God frustrates our common and vain hopes, we should not be discouraged, but rather be thankfull for th comfort they were unto us when we had them; and learne to fixe our confidence and Hope on* GOD *only.*

Sing this as the former.

ALthough that *Hope* is frustrate made,
Which lately flatter'd me;
I have not lost the Hope I had;
Oh LORD, my GOD in Thee.
Nor were those *Hopings* quite in vain,
Which now seem wholy void;
For, while in me, they did remain,
They kept my mind imploi'd.
2 By that likewise, which is bereft,
I have this knowledge won,
That many Comforts may be left,
When, some one *Hope* is gone:
And, that by *Hopes*, which profit most,
Disprofits are acrew'd.
(With great disquiet, pains and cost)
If not aright pursu'd.

3 He

3 He that will chaſe with all his might,
Each *Hope*, or *new-Deſire*;
Is like to Him, who in the Night
Purſues a *wandring-Fire*.
The laſt, is like to loſe his way,
(And happie, if no worſe)
The firſt, if ſo eſcape he may,
Shall find an emptie purſe.

4 LORD, grant me ſtill (though few ſucceed)
Some *Hopes*, my Heart to pleaſe:
For, to have *Hopes* of what we need,
Is, for the Time, an eaſe.
Vouchſafe me *Grace*, to know how far,
Such *Hopes* may truſted be.
And *wit* likewiſe, to have a care,
Their failings harm not me.

5 So, whether they ſucceed or not,
This, will to paſſe be brought,
That, ſtill ſome profit will be got,
Though, leſſe then firſt I ſought.
And, by Degrees, I ſhall attain,
To hope in thee, alone.
Who makeſt no mans hopes in vain,
If Thee he truſt upon.

HYMN

Hymn CVIII.

For Deliverance from private Danger.

So many viſible and inviſible Dangers, we are daily liable unto, that without God's *continuall protection, we could be not ſafe one minute. Therefore, that we may be remembred to be thankfull for our infinite Deliverances, this* Hymn, *is made a* Remembrancer.

Sing this as the former.

A Thouſand perils, ev'ry day,
Ten thouſand, ev'ry night,
Are over us, and in our way,
Which are not in our ſight:
And us, didſt thou not Lord, incloſe,
And, for our ſafeties watch;
Our Earthly, or our Helliſh Foes,
Our lives, would ſoon diſpatch.

2 From one apparant peril now,
I have bin lately freed.
Becauſe, compaſſion thou do'ſt ſhow,
In ev'ry time of need:
For which (ſince I no Gift can bring
More pleaſing unto Thee)
A *Song of Praiſe*, my Tongue ſhall ſing;
My Heart, ſhall thankfull be.

3 Oh!

3 Oh! let thine Eie be ſtill upon
My purpoſe and my waies;
Leſt by my Foes I be undone;
Or, by mine own Aſſayes.
For, I confeſſe, that nothing needs
To harme, or work me woe,
Save mine own *Follies*, and the *Deeds*,
Which, I my ſelf, may do.

Hymn CIX.

When we are oppreſſed by extream *Sorrow.*

When our Souls are much oppreſſed with Sorrow, *we vainly ſeeke our* Conſolation *in tranſitorie things; and they rather more envage then aſſwage our Paſſion, we are hereby therefore, remembred by what* means, *and by* whom, *we ſhall beſt be comforted.*

Sing this as Te Deum.

MY *Soul*, why do'ſt thou in my breaſt,
With griefs afflicted grow?
Why are my *Thoughts*, to my unreſt,
In me, increaſed ſo?
And in thy Self, by muſings vain,
Why do'ſt thou ſeek for eaſe?
Since, thou ſtill more augment'ſt thy pain,
By ſuch like means as theſe?

2 When *Paſſion* hath enſlav'd thy heart,
Why ſeek'ſt thou Comfort there?

VVhen

When thou depriv'd of *Reason* art,
What Reas'ning cureth Care?
The more thy mind by musing thinks
From *Sorrow's* Depths to rise;
The further downward still it sinks;
The nearer *Hell*, it lies.

3 Let therefore, hence with speed be thrown
Those *Thoughts*, which thee attend.
Before, they thither, presse thee down,
Whence, no man can ascend.
And let on *Him*, thy musings dwell
Who (in meer love to Thee)
Hath div'd the Depths of *Death* and *Hell*,
That thou might'st eased be.

4 The *Sorrowes*, he sustain'd, were such,
As no mans ever were.
His weakest pang, had been to much,
For strongest Hearts to bear.
His bitter *Passion*, made him sweat,
No lesse then drops of Blood:
And, *He*, when Suff'rings were most great,
Seem'd left of *Man*, and GOD.

5 Yet, was not *He*, as (Thou hast bin)
The Cause, of his own woe:
But, thy Transgression, and thy Sin,
In Sorrow's plung'd him so.
For shame, therefore bewail thou not
The *Scratch* which thee hath pain'd,
And leave those mortall wounds forgot,
Which He for thee sustain'd.

6 If his Afflictions, thou ſhalt mind;
Thy griefs, he will regard:
And, eaſe and comfort, thou ſhalt find,
At ev'ry need prepar'd.
For, they who thus affected ſtand,
And, caſt their cares on him;
Have his compaſſion ſtill at hand,
To help and ſuccour them.

7 Sweet *Ieſu*! for thy Paſſion ſake,
This Favour ſhew to me:
Out of my heart, the *Sorrowes* take,
Which therein raging be.
My *Paſſion* calme; my *Soul* direct,
Her thoughts, on Thee, to place:
On my much troubled mind, reflect,
The brightnes of thy Face.

8 Yea, let *Contrition*, for my Sin,
So purge out carnall grief,
That, *Ioy-cœleſtiall* may bring in
The fulnes of Relief.
So, this my *Sorrow* ſhall but adde
A reliſh to my Joy;
And, cauſe contentments to be had,
Which nothing can deſtroy.

Hymn CX.

For Deliverance from *Sorrow.*

Gods Readineſse to afford Conſolation to all that call on him faithfully in their Sorrowes, is here acknowledged. His Deliverance of us from a particular Sorrow, *is here alſo confeſſed, to his praiſe; and he is prayed to vouchſafe us the* Joyes *of the* holy-Ghoſt.

Sing this as the former.

EXperiment, I now have had,
Of what I oft have heard;
That ſuch as over-night are ſad,
Next Morrow may be cheer'd.
For, I that was with Grief oppreſt,
And overcharged ſo,
That, I had neither Hope, nor Reſt,
Light-hearted now do grow.

2 My drooping Soul, begins to find
My comforts, to increaſe:
Sweet *Hopes* have repoſſeſt my mind:
From Teares, and Sighs, I ceaſe.
My mournfull *Odes*, to *Hymns of Praiſe*,
Shall, therefore, changed be;
And, I my voice, oh LORD, will raiſe,
In thankfull Sounds, to Thee.

3 For,

3 For, Thou haſt Cures, for ev'ry Grief;
Fit Salves for ev'ry pain:
And, wilt vouchſafe them, due relief,
Who ſhall to Thee complain.
To me (who lately did lament)
A comforter thou art;
And, haſt a *cheerfull Spirit*, ſent
Into my drooping Heart.

4 I wiſh'd for *Death*, and could perceive,
In *Life*, no hope of eaſe:
But, now content I am to live
Whilſt thou, oh LORD, ſhalt pleaſe,
And in my Songs I will confeſſe,
(Whilſt I have Tongue to ſing)
That, all the comforts I poſſeſſe,
From Thee, alone, do ſpring.

5 That this *new-Joy*, may not be loſt,
Thoſe Joyes vouchſafe to me,
Which flowing from the *Holy-Ghoſt*
To all the Faithfull be.
So, whatſo'ere *externall-Grief*,
My Pilgrimage attends;
I ſhall *within*, feel that Relief
In which, all *Sorrow*, ends.

Hymn CXI.

For them who are afflicted by the unkindneſſes of their Friends.

To them who are of a gentle nature, this is a very great Affliction; therefore, to comfort them who ſuffer by it; and to take advantage from unkindneſſes ſuffered, to make them ſenſible of the greater unkindneſſes which they offer to Him *who ſuffred for us, this* Hymn *is prepared.*

Sing this as Te Deum.

ALas! my Heart, what meaneſt thou
With Paſſion, thus to Ake?
Thy Friends unkindneſſe, wherefore, now,
So ſadly doſt thou take?
Oh! why afflicteſt thou thy minde,
For their neglect of Thee;
Since to thy Self, thou art leſſe kinde,
Then all thy Foes can be.

2 The Follies, which thy conſcience knew,
Thy ruine would effect;
With greedineſſe, thou doſt purſue;
And, ſafer waies, neglect.
And when thy Lovers have adviſ'd,
What, to thy weal pertains.
Their kindneſſe, thou haſt oft deſpiſ'd;
And ſcoft them, for their pains.

3 If they whom thou doſt well eſteeme
Have ought unkindly done;
Or, if but harſh their words do ſeem,
Thy Caſe thou doſt bemone.
Yet, thou forgetſt, that thou haſt wrong'd
Affection, far more true;
And, One to whom more love belong'd,
Then to all them, is due.

4 Thou haſt a *Friend*, who from thy birth,
To Thee hath faithfull been:
A better never liv'd on Earth;
Nor ſhall his *Peer* be ſeen.
From vile eſtate, he raiſed thee
To that which now thou art;
And, by his Death did ſet thee free,
When thou condemned wert.

5 To thee, great Favours he did ſhew,
No other Meed to finde,
But, that thy weal thou mightſt purſue,
And, to thy ſelfe, be kinde.
To this intent, ſweet words he ſaid,
And, thee, long time did woe;
For thee he wept; and, thee, he pray'd
Thy Self, not to undoe.

6 Yet, froward, thou to him doſt prove,
Who this Affection ſhews;
Thy *Heart*, thy *Longings*, and thy *Love*
Thou placeſt on his *Foes*.
And, though he daily ſeek thy good,
(Thy faults forgiving, ſtill)

Thou eat'ſt his *Fleſh*, and drink'ſt his *Blood*,
And, bear'ſt him ſmall good will.
7 My GOD! if thus I be to blame
(Which juſtly I ſuſpect)
No marvell if I grieved, am
By thoſe, whom I affect.
For why ſhould I from others, looke
Firme Love, on earth to finde;
Since all my vowes, I oft have broke,
To one, ſo truly kinde?
8 Sweet JESU let my flinty heart,
More tender waxe to Thee.
Of thy Afflictions, and thy ſmart,
More feeling grant thou me.
Yea, let my Friends unkindneſſe bring,
Thoſe Griefs unto my minde,
Which did thy heart, with ſorrow ſting,
When *Man* did prove unkinde.
9 For, when that he who eat thy bread,
Thy precious life betray'd:
When all thy Servants from thee fled;
When *Peter* thee denay'd;
And, when thy *Father* hid his face,
From Thee, in thy diſtreſſe:
Ten thouſand times more grief it was,
Then Tongue ſhall ere expreſſe.
10 LORD, for that great Vnkindneſſe ſake,
Which thou didſt then ſuſtaine,
Thoſe thoughts to me more eaſie make
Which now my heart do pain.

And,

And, ſince *Earths-beſt contentments* be
So bitter, to my Taſt;
Teach me, to fixe my heart on thee,
Whoſe Love, ſtill, firm, doth laſt.
For, if our hearts it almoſt breakes
When friends do prove unkinde;
What feeleth he, whom GOD forſakes?
What comfort can he finde?
LORD! that I never may bewaile
This loſſe; thy *Love*, ſtill daign;
So, though all other Friendſhips faile,
I ſhall not long complain.

FINIS.

HALELVIAH

OR,

BRITAIN'S ſecond REMEMBRANCER.

The ſecond Part, conſiſting of *Hymns* Temporary.

The Authors *Proteſtation*, *Petition*, and *Charge* concerning theſe *Temporary-Hymns*.

FOraſmuch as things wel intended, and good in their own Nature, may be wilfully perverted, or miſunderſtood: And, becauſe the great Enemie of *Devotion*, hath from ſome of theſe *Hymns* (heretofore publiſhed) taken occaſion, to make them unſerviceable to others, and miſchievous to me, yea, and ſo prevailed, that men

contrary in opinion to each other, have joyned in converting that into a means of my Temporall undoing; which I prepared for the Spirituall profit of others) I do hereby protest, that I neither approve, nor desire to cherish the observation of *Iewish*, *Popish*, or of any other Superstitious *Dayes*, *Times*, or *Seasons*. But, from the *Dayes* and *Times*, which in our *Church* and *Common-Wealth*, are warrantably and piously observed, for the furtherance of our *Sanctification* (or for the better, and oftner, *Commemoration* of GODS mercies;) And from those *Daies*, and *Times* also, whereof generall notice is yeerly taken for *civill* ends, and purposes; I have rather sought and found Opportunities, to root out *Superstition*; and to bring to *Remembrance* MERCIES and BENEFITS (past, present, and in hope) which ought to be more thankfully considered.

Our Observation of *Daies*, *Times*, and *Seasons* in this *Church*, is neither *Iewish* nor *Popish*. And I unfainedly beleeve that

if

if these Times of *Commemoration* had not been ordained, fewer, by many Thousands, had heard of those *Mercies*, *Benefits*, and *Mysteries*, which we *Commemorate*: And, *perhaps*, if these *Anniversaries* were neglected, many would quite forget them; and the following Generations, become ignorant of them altogether.

For, our Christian *Festivals*, and other *Observable Times*, do give unto *Vs*, occasion to *tell*; and unto our *Children* the like Occasion to *Aske* why such *Times* are observed: And this was the prime *Intent*, and right use, aswell of those *Iewish Festivals*, which were observed by *Divine Right*; as of the Daies of PURIM, and of such other as were Ordained by *Civil Constitution*. And I am undoubtingly perswaded, that the *Moralitie*, of those *Observations* continues, though their ceremoniall part be abrogated, yea I beleeve they are so *exemplary* to us; that we are obliged by their Example to take all pertinent, and Convenient Occasions, (from

Daies, Times, and every other good *Opportunitie*) to commemorate GODS *Mercies* and improve our own *Pietie*.

I beſeech my *Readers*, therefore, (by the *Band* of *Chriſtian Charitie*) that theſe *Meditations* may not be made unprofitable unto them by their prejudicating, or ſuſpecting my Intentions, or the conſequences of theſe *Temporary Hymns*, to be, in any degree, guiltie of promoting *Superſtitious Obſervations*. And I charge them by the Feare of GOD, and as they will anſwer it before his *Iudgement-Seat*, that they make not theſe *Meditations* unſerviceable to others, by begetting, (through unjuſt Cenſures) doubts, or ſcruples in weake, and Devout *Chriſtians*, without Cauſe.

GEO. WITHER.

HYMN

Hymn I.

For the Day-present, or the Last-Day.

The last *shall be* first, *and the first shall be last. For as the* Day-present, *is the first of those that are to come; So it is the last of those which are* past; *and, may be to us, the last Day of all. We have therefore, made it an occasion to remember us of that* Last-Day, *which no man shall escape.*

Sing this as the Lamentation.

SO much who knows, that he can say
His *Last*, this Minute, shall not be?
Or, who can tell, but that this Day,
Will be the last, his Eye shall see?
And, therefore, how far off soe're,
The Worlds *Last-day* from us we place,
The morrow next, it will appear,
To him, that hath fulfild his Race.
And *Sorrows* CHANGES he shall Ring;
Or *Joyes*, blest HALELVIAH, sing.

2 How dull, how blind! how mad therefore,
Are we who now this Day enjoy,
(And, are not sure of one day more)
If we, this time, shall misemploy?
If we GOD's *Voice* refuse to hear,
Now, Vs he cals on, to repent:
Anon, perhaps, we shall with fear,
Beyond the sounds of *Grace*, be sent:

To

To be confin'd, where *damned-Soules*,
And *Sathan*, rages, Roares, and Howles.

3 If Daily, we in Sin waxe old;
And ev'ry day grow more to blame;
Our *Judge* how ſhall we then behold,
When Heaven and Earth, are in a Flame?
And, if our hearts, no pleaſure takes,
To heare him, when in *Peace* he comes,
How ſhall we beare it, when he ſpeaks,
In wrath, our everlaſting-Doomes.
And, ſaies, in his inflamed Ire,
Depart into unquenched Fire?

4 LORD, whilſt this *Day of Grace*, doth ſhine;
Whilſt thou doſt ſpeak to us, in Love,
So let us mark each *Word* of thine,
That, Faithfull *Hearers*, we may prove.
So let us walk; ſo let us work;
Whilſt this faire-*Day-light*, is poſſeſt,
That, when *Deaths Evening* waxeth dark,
Our *Fleſh*, in *Hope*, may ſweetly reſt.
Vntill that *mortall Night* be done;
And *Day immortall*, is begun.

5 And, when *Times* Vaile, is rent, away,
(Whereby ETERNITIE is hid)
When thou ſhalt all things, open lay,
Which ere we *Thought*, or *Said*, or *Did*;
Among *Times* Ruines, bury ſo,
Our failings (through our Tract of Time)
That, from theſe *Dungeons*, here below,
We to celeſtiall *Thrones* may clime.

And,

And, there, to our *Eternall-King*;
For ever, HALELVIAH ſing.

HYMN II.

For the Lords Day, or Sunday.

This Day GOD *created the* Light; *and diſtinguiſhed* Day *from* Night. *Vpon this Day of the week* CHRIST *roſe from Death; and upon this day, ſent down the* Holy-Ghoſt *upon his Diſciples, &c. and as upon this Day, God reſted from the work of* Regeneration; *therefore the old* Sabbath *was tranſlated to this Day, with every Dutie which is eſſentially, and not ceremonially pertaining thereunto.*

Sing this as the 100. *Pſalme.*

GReat LORD of *Time*, great King of Heav'n!
Since weekly thou renew'ſt my Daies,
To Thee, ſhall *daily* Thanks be given,
And, *weekly* Sacrifice of Praiſe.

This Day, the *Light*, (TIMES eldeſt-born)
Her glorious Beames, did firſt diſplay:
And, then, the *Evening*, and the *Morn*,
Obtained firſt, the name of DAY.

2 The DEPTH, with *Darkneſſe*, black empald,
(That, out of which the *World* was made)
And, which *Deep-waters*, thou haſt cald,
Vpon this Day, *beginning* had.

And, as upon this *Day*, it was,
On which CREATION was begun,

So,

So, on this *Day*, thy Work of GRACE,
In ev'ry part, was fully done.
3 For, on this *Day*, thy CHRIST aroſe;
And, *Victor* over *Death*, became.
This *Day* he conquer'd all his Foes,
And put them to perpetuall ſhame.
Vpon this *Day*, it pleaſed thee,
Thy Sacred *Spirit* down to ſend;
That, men with Gifts might furniſh'd be
Vpon thy *Goſpel* to attend.
4 This Day, therefore, we ſet apart,
For holy *Reſt*, and holy *Rites*;
And, ev'ry ſanctified Heart,
To celebrate this Day delights.
No *common-works*, thereto, belong;
(Except much need requireth ſo)
Nor will we in a *Common-Song*,
Preſent the Service which we owe.
5 Therefore, that now to thee ô LORD!
The fitter *Offring*, bring I may,
Thus, to thine honour, I record,
And ſing the Bleſſings of this *Day*.
So, let me ſing; So, minde them, ſtill,
And, all my life, ſo thankfull be;
That, when my Courſe I ſhall fulfill,
Thy *Grace* may draw me up to Thee.
6 Diſcretion grant me ſo to know
What Chriſtian *Sabbaths* do require;
And Grace my Dutie, ſo to do,
That, I may keep thy *Law*, intire.

Not

Not *doing*, what should not be *done*;
Not things *omitting* which are due;
Nor *overburdning* any One,
With *Sabbath-Rites*, unjust or new.
7 Yea, let me rest my *Body* so,
That to my Soul I do no wrongs;
Nor in *Devotion* heedlesse grow,
What to my *Bodies* Rest belongs.
But both in *Soul* and *Body*, LORD,
Let me so sanctifie this day,
According to thy holy Word,
That I may *Rest* in Thee, for aye.

HYMN III.

For Munday.

On Munday, GOD *made the Aicrie* Firmament, *whereby Mankind, and every living Creature upon Earth enjoyeth* 5 *all the common Benefits of* Nature; *and which this* Hymn *partly commemorateth to the praise of* GOD, *for his Mercifull Providence in this* Daies-work.

Sing this, as the former.

THis Morning brings to minde ô GOD!
The Making of that *Airic-Sphear*,
And Spreading of that *Skie* abroad,
Whereby we now Surrounded are.
It was that *Fabrick* which thy hand,
Vouchsafed, on this *Day* to frame,

To

To bound the waters under land,
From those which are above the same.
2 This *Aierie Firmament*, both keeps
All *breathing-creatures*, here below,
From suffocation by those *Deeps*;
And meanes of *Breathing*, doth bestow.
To us, this *Firmament* convayes
Those Dewes and Show'rs, which oft we need;
And all those pleasant summer-dayes,
Whence profits, or delights proceed.
3 Yea, by this *Firmament*, we gain
The vision of refreshing *Light*,
And thereby do as well obtain
The use of *Hearing* as of *Sight*.
For this dayes workmanship ô LORD,
I praise thee now; and humbly pray
That I may thankfully record,
Thy dayly-Blessings ev'ry day.

HYMN IIII.

For Tuesday.

GOD *is magnified in this* Hymn *for separating the* Land *from the* Waters, *& for gracio'sly furn'shing the earth with hearbs and Trees for Mans use For this was that work whereby* GOD *manifested his Power and Providence upon this day of the first-week.*

Sing

Sing this as Te Deum.

WHen *Land* and *Sea* that mixed were,
In one confused Masse,
Did first distinguished appeare,
As on this Day it was;
A creature usefull, then began
The *waters*, first, to be.
And, then, a dwelling fit for man,
The Land was made by Thee.

2 Thou didst, likewise, the Ground command,
All fruitfull Trees to breed.
And, cause to spring out of the Land,
Each Hearb that beareth seed.
The profit which arises thence,
On *Man* thou didst bestow;
And, he hath reaped, ever since,
The fruits that yearely grow.

3 This Day, therefore, thou praised art,
For thy *Preparing-Grace*,
In setting *Land*, and *Sea* apart;
To give us dwelling-place.
For what the *Garden*, or the *Field*,
Doth for our use afford;
And, for what *Woods*, or *Orchards* yeeld,
I praise thee too ô LORD!

4 And, LORD, I pray thee, since the Land,
Is fruitfull still to mee;
And faithfull unto thy command,
Let me be so to Thee.

Yea,

Yea, ſince thoſe works are all confeſt
Right good, which thou haſt wrought,
By me, let one *Good work*, at leaſt,
This Day, to paſſe be brought.

Hymn V.

For Wedneſday.

The Heavens *were upon this day firſt adorned with* Stars, *and with thoſe two great* Luminaries *whereby* Dayes *and* Nights, Times *and* Seaſons *are guided and Diſtinguiſhed. And, to praiſe* God *for theſe, and for thoſe many bleſſings of Pleaſure, Profit, and Conveniencie, thereby enjoyed; this* Hymn *was compoſed.*

Sing this as the 100. *Pſalme.*

THis Day, the *Planets* in their *Spheares*,
And thoſe faire *Stars*, which night by night,
Have ſhin'd ſo many thouſand yeares,
Receiv'd their *Being*, and their *Light*.
Vpon this day were firſt begun
Thoſe *Motions* Lord, by which we know,
How *Dayes* do paſſe, how *yeers* do run;
And, how the *Seaſons* come and go.
2 The Sun was then ordain'd by Thee
To rule the *Day*; and give it light.
The Moon and *Stars* were made to be
The Guides and Comforts of the *Night*.
For *Theſe*, therefore, thy Praiſe I ſing;
And, for the bleſſings, which to *Man*,

The

The *Sun*, the *Moon*, or *Stars* do bring;
Or brought, since first, the *World* began.
For enterchange of *Nights* and *Daies*;
For *Winter*, *Summer*, *Spring* and *Fall*.
For all of these, I give thee Praise;
For, Thou gav'st *Being* to them all.
When *Sun*, or *Moon*, or *Star* I view,
Let them, so make me think on Thee;
That, as *Daies*, *weeks*, and *yeers* renew;
I may renew my Thanks to Thee.

Hymn VI.

For Thursday.

The Waters *upon this day of the first week were made fruitfull in* Fish *and* Fowle, *for an Addition to* Mans *profit. Upon this day, our blessed* Redeemer, *began his most bitter* Passion *for our sins. This Day he instituted the Sacrament of his* Last-Supper: *promised the* Holy-Ghost *our Comforter; prayed for us; uttered many divine* Precepts, Counsels, *and* Caveats *for the Instruction and Consolation of his* Church; *all which are here commemorated.*

Sing this as the 22. *Psalme.*

LORD! that, there might no vacant-place,
In all this *world* be found;
But, that the Riches of thy *Grace*,
Might ev'ry where abound.
This Day, the *Waters* had command,
Both *Fish* and *Fowle* to breed; That,

That, *Sea*, and *Aire*, as well as *Land*,
Might help in time of need.
2 And, as if all these Dainties, LORD!
For us, too little were,
Which *Land*, and *Sea*, and *Aire* afford,
Enlarg'd, thy Bounties are.
For, as upon this Day (oh CHRIST)
Thou gav'st thy *selfe*, to be
The *Bread of Life*, to ev'ry Guest,
That shall beleeve in Thee.
3 Thy Promise on this *day*, was made
The *Holy-Ghost* to send.
This *Day* we many counsells had,
From Thee, our *Blessed-Friend*.
The Evening, likewise of this *Day*,
Began thy *Bloodie sweat*,
And, Thee, that night, he did betray,
Who feasted on thy meat.
4 Therefore in ev'ry *week* of *Dayes*,
I just Occasions find,
Thee for this fifth Daies works to praise;
And keep the same in mind.
LORD, let me alwaies mindfull be
To praise thee to my pow'r;
Since I have cause to think on Thee,
And thank Thee ev'ry how'r.

HYMN

Hymn VII.

For Fryday.

The Beasts of the Earth, and all creeping Things were made upon this Day. Mankind, *this day, received being from the dust of the Earth; and upon this day of the weeke, the* Son of God *suffred on the Crosse for our Salvation; all which are to Gods glory, commemorated in this* Hymn.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

THe sixth Daies Light may weekly bring,
Such things of moment, still to mind;
That, *Hymns* and *Songs* of Praise to sing,
I many just Occasions find.
For, ev'ry little worme I see,
And, ev'ry Beast, I looke upon,
Remembrances are made to mee,
Of that which on this day was done.

2 As on this Day, these, first were made.
As on this very day, likewise,
That *Root*, whence I my *Being* had,
Out of the *Dust*, did first arise.
And (though our *Grandame* was the same,
Which *Beasts*, and *Wormes* to light did bring)
Man, by GODS grace, this Day, became
Chief *Lord* of each created thing.

3 This

3 This Day, moreover, when by Sin,
Poſſeſſions, Honours, Life, and all,
For ever, Forfeited had bin,
GOD, had compaſſion on our Fall.
And, that we might not be undone
(Without all hope to cure our loſſe)
Vpon this Day, his onely SON,
Did ſuffer for us, on the *Croſſe*.

4 This Day, the Scorn, the ſpight, the pain,
Which I deſerved to endure,
My bleſt *Redeemer* did ſuſtain,
That I might *Saving-health* procure.
This Day, with *nailes* his Fleſh was torn;
This Day, the *Speare* did wound his ſide.
This Day, he wore a crown of Thorn.
This Day, for me, my *Saviour* dide.

5 LORD, let the Mercies of this day,
No Day, hereafter, be forgot.
Let not an houre quite paſſe away
Wherein, thy ſervant minds them not.
At leaſt, vouchſafe, that, whilſt I live,
I may record them once a week;
And, let this *Hymn* occaſion give,
That, other men may do the like.

HYMN VIII.

For Saterday.

Vpon this day, GOD *reſted from the works of* Creation. *Vpon this Day* Chriſt *reſted in the* Grave *after*

after he had finished the painfull works conducing to the Restauration of Man-kind. *Therefore Meditations tending to the praise of* GOD, *in the Commemoration of these* Mysteries, *which are the effect of this* Hymn.

Sing this as the 4. Psalme.

HE that can in a moment space
Build *Worlds* (as he shall please)
And, needeth neither *Time*, nor *Place*,
To work, or take his ease;
This *Globe*, to *Furnish*, and to *Frame*,
Did fixe Daies Leisure take:
And, having finished the same,
A *Resting Day*, did make.

2 When, likewise, his *chief-creature* was
By *Sathans* wiles, undone;
He limited the *work of Grace*,
A certaine Time, to run.
And, he who did regenerate,
The self same Day, did rest,
Which he who all things did create
Had for that Reason, blest.

3 Within his *Grave*, upon this Day,
Our *Saviour* did repose;
And, took the sting of Death away
When he from thence arose.
This Day, the Rigour of the *Law*,
Began to be alayd,

And,

And, that which kept in *ſervile-Awe*,
Now, makes us not afraid.
4 Vpon this Day, each *Jewiſh-Rite*,
Both Death and buriall had.
Their *Sabbath*, was aboliſh'd quite,
And uneffectuall made.
For, why ſhould we the *Tipes* embrace
Or in their *Shades* abide,
When their true *Subſtance* comes in place,
Which they but typifide?
5 The FATHERS *Reſt*, this meaning had
That (while *Times* courſe did laſt)
Here, no *new-creature*, ſhould be made;
When ſixe Dayes works were paſt.
The *Reſting* of his Bleſſed SON,
Declares, that never more
Should either *ſuffred* be or *done*,
Offenders to reſtore.
6 LORD, let me alſo now begin
A holy *Reſt* to make.
Let me, from all the works of Sin,
My Reſt, for ever, take.
Let ſo my *Luſts* be mortifide;
In CHRIST, ſo bury me;
That, I with him, who for me dide,
To life, may raiſed be.
7 As long as either *weekes* or *Dayes*,
To me ſhall be renew'd;
Let that, which may advance thy praiſe,
Be ſtill, by me purſu'd.

And,

And, when the *Evening*, and the *Morne*,
My last of dayes hath made;
Let me in Peace, to thee returne,
From whom, I *Being* had.

Hymn IX.

For Dayes of Publike, or Private Humiliation.

In private, or publike fasting Dayes, some are desirous to expresse their spirituall passions in holy Song; *and, because many mens Affections are best moov-ed to a zealous performance of such devotions, by a* Mournfull-Melodie, *these following* Meditations, *are prepared for that purpose.*

Sing this as the former.

FOul-*Spirits* may, our hearts possesse,
(As CHRIST himself did say)
From which no man can us release
Vnlesse he *Fast*, and *Pray*.
And, so, both *Sins* and plagues there be
Whose cure, we may despaire,
Vntill, oh LORD, we come to Thee
By *Abstinence*, and *Praire*.
2 Not that our *Suffrings*, *Suites*, or *Cries*,
Can merit what they crave:
But, that we may the better prize
The Pitty, we would have.

And that, by ſuch a Diſcipline
Our *Fleſh*, the better may
Submit unto thoſe *Lawes-divine*,
Which all men ſhould obay.

3 For, what oh LORD, availes it Thee
If we Repent, or not?
If we, or *Full*, or *Faſting* be,
What profit haſt thou got?
That thou art *prayd*, that thou art *praiſ'd*,
The good is ours alone;
And, that to *Joy* we may be raiſ'd,
Thou, ſometime, letſt us *mone*.

4 Our Paine, thou tak'ſt no pleaſure in;
Or, to behold our Teares;
But that they might prevent the ſin,
Which bringeth endleſſe cares.
To ſee thy People *Feaſt*, or *Sing*,
(And, merrie, ſtill, remaine)
To Thee much more Delight would bring,
If they could ſin refraine.

5 Since thou ſo gracious art oh LORD!
So graceleſſe, why are we?
And, why ſo backward to afford,
More pleaſing Fruits to Thee?
Oh! Grant ſince thou requireſt nought
From us, but for our Bliſſe,
That nought may more of us be ſought,
Then, *Thanks* to yeeld, for this.

6 Forgive then all that is *miſdone*,
Neglected, or *miſſayd*.

Remove

Remove the *Judgements*, now begun:
Keep off, the *Plagues* delayd:
And, that thy *Mercy* juſtly may
Our Fears, and Fall prevent;
Sincerely, let us, ev'ry day,
Our Dayly ſins repent.
7 For, ſwine-like, to the myrie Bog,
If we againe returne,
(Or, to our vomit, like the Dog)
In vaine, we *Faſt*, and *Mourne*.
Nay, worſe will our eſtate become:
For, when *Expulſed-ſin*,
Re-enters to a *cleanſed-Roome*,
It ſev'nfold Guilt, brings in.
8 With us, LORD, let it not be ſo;
But, more upright, each day,
More ſanctified, let us grow;
More warie, in our way.
That we may paſſe our Future Daies,
Without Offence, or Blame,
In holy Mirth, and Songs of Praiſe,
In honour of thy *Name*.

HYMN X.

Another for the like *Times*.

This Hymn *containes an humble confeſſion of our Guiltines in the breach of the whole* Moral-Law; *and in our abuſe of the* Law of Grace *alſo; with an earneſt deſire, that God would have mercy upon us.*

PLung'd in Grief and in diſtreſſe,
Humbly we intend oh GOD!
Our Tranſgreſſions to confeſſe,
In a ſadly ſounding *Ode*.
At thy Footſtoole, we appear,
Grieved for our Follies paſt;
And untill our ſuites thou hear,
No refection we will taſt.
Heed, with gracious eits we pray,
Our contrition, LORD, *this day;*
And wipe all our Sins away.

2 Thou oh GOD! ev'n Thou, art he
Who from Egypt myſticall,
(When as there, enſlav'd were we)
Freely, didſt Redeem us all.
For which grace, a vowe we made,
Thee to ſerve, as GOD, alone:
Yet, we other *Gods* have had;
And, forgot what Thou haſt done.
We, (*as* Deities) *ador'd.*
Things, more fit to be abhor'd.
Yet, Have mercie on us LORD.

3 Though we know, that on thy *Foes,*
Dreadfull plagues thou doſt inflict;
And, that thou art kind to thoſe,
Who thy juſt *Commands* reſpect.
Yet, of Thee, our *Fancie* faines
Likeneſſes, which like thee not.
And *Idea's* in our braines,
To thy wrong, are oft begot.

Idol-

Idol-makers we have bin:
Our chiefe zeale we spend therein
LORD, *have mercie on our sin.*

4 In thy *Name*, we were babtiz'd,
And thy *Name*, oh CHRIST, we beare.
But, that grace we have not priz'd,
As thereby, oblig'd we are.
We have tooke on us in vaine,
That great NAME which we profesſe;
And yet ſeeme in hope, to gaine
Thy acceptance, ne're the leſſe.
Many waies, we are to blame,
By prophaning of thy Name,
But, oh LORD, *forgive the ſame.*

5 In our hearts, it was impreſt,
(Though corruption blurs it now)
That we ſhould to *Man*, and *Beaſt*,
Times of needfull *Reſt*, allow.
And, leſt froward *Nature* might
This great *Moral*, take away,
(To preſerve that common-right)
Hallow'd was the *Seventh-day*.
But, this Precept, *we deprave.*
This great Law, *we broken have;*
And, for this, we mercie crave.

6 We our *Parents* honour not,
(As thy *Precepts* do command)
Neither thoſe, who us *begot*,
Nor the *Fathers*, of this *Land*.
Nay, our *Ghoſtly-Parents*, oft,

(Who, in us, would *Grace* beget)
For their Love, are Jeer'd and Scoft;
And, their words at nought are fet.
Of this Fault, we now have fenfe:
Oh! forgive that great Offence;
Left thy Juftice *root us hence.*

7 We, of *Murthers*, are not cleare,
Though no Blood our hands have fpilt;
For, in us thofe *Paffions* are,
Which have drawn on us that Guilt.
Hate and *Wrath*, in us are found.
Cruell Thoughts, and flandrous Tongues,
Which oft times, our Neighbours wound,
Which no leffe then murdrous wrongs.
Double-di'd in blood are we:
For, oh CHRIST, *we murdred Thee.*
Yet, now, pardoned let us be.

8 We Adulterers have been;
Luftfull hearts, and wandring Eies,
Make us many waies uncleane,
Which no fight, but thine, efpies.
Both by *Deeds*, and *words* unchaft
Soild in *Soul* and *Flefh*, we are;
And, have greedily embrac't
Pleafures, which unlawfull were.
Cleanfe us, LORD! *from ev'ry fpot:*
Youthfull-Sins, *remember not:*
But, oh! let them be forgot.

9 Many waies we *rob* and *Steal*,
More then ev'ry Neighbour knows;
And, with few, fo juftly deal

In

In performance, as in ſhows.
By Deceit, or els by Force,
On our Breth'rens Right we ceaze:
And, although they bring a curſe,
Stolen-waters, greatly pleaſe.
But, now, LORD *we do repent:*
Therefore, what thy Juſtice *ment,*
Let thy Mercy, *ſtill, prevent.*
10 *Falſhood* we have teſtifide,
When the *Truth*, we ſhould have ſaid.
GOD and *Man*, we have belide;
And, the Righteous-cauſe betrayd,
Whence, to others, often ſprings
Not *Loſſe-temporall*, alone;
But, in *Everlaſting-Things*:
Some, are by our *Lies*, undone.
LORD! *we now lament theſe wrongs:*
Therefore, pardon what belongs,
To Falſe-Hearts, and lying-Tongues,
11 Thankleſly we have repin'd,
At what is on us beſtown;
And, in others *Lots*, we find
More Delight, then in our own.
And, ſuch *Longings*, are the cauſe,
Of increaſing our Offence.
Yea, the Breach of all thy *Lawes*,
And, all Folly flowes from hence.
LORD! *with grace our hearts inſpire,*
To confine each looſe-Deſire;
Or, to quench that hell-bred-Fire.

12 We have broke, before thy Face,
Not thy *Law* of *works*, alone,
But, againſt thy *Law* of *Grace*,
We have oft, and much miſdone.
In an humble FAST, this Day,
At thy feet, we therfore, fall.
Hear us, heed us, LORD, we pray;
And, forgive our errors all.
Let this Day of Penitence,
Blot out ev'ry paſt offence;
And, remove thy Judgements, *hence.*

HYMN XI.

For a Day of publike Rejoycing.

It is uſuall upon days of Rejoycing *to expreſſe more folly then Thankfulnes, to him who hath vouchſafed the cauſe of our* Exultation. *Therfore to rectifie that overſight, and to direct our mirth to the glory of* GOD, *this* Hymn *is provided.*

Sing this as the Magnificat.

LORD, thou haſt fil'd our hearts with Joy
And, that hath mov'd our Tongues,
Their Tuneſull Voices to imploy
In ſinging Praiſe full-Songs.
Rejoycings, in our *dwellings* are;
With mirth our *Cups* are crown'd;
And Shouts of Gladneſſe, ev'ry where,
Throughout our ſtreets do ſound.

2 LORD!

2 LORD! whence comes all this *merriment?*
Whence flows it but from Thee?
From whom all pleasant things are sent,
To those that Thankfull be.
Our Faithfull *Hopes*, thou hast made good,
Thou hast made voyd our *Fears:*
Our *Foes* desire, thou hast with stood;
And, dri'de up all our Tears.
3 Let not this *Joy*, by *Fires*, and *Bells*,
By *Noise*, alone, be known;
By *Feasts*, or *Healths*; but, someway els,
(And better wayes) be shown.
Yea, since thy *Mercy* from on high,
This *Joy*, on us bestow'd;
Let *Works of Mercie*, sanctifie
The *Gladnesse*, we have show'd.
4 Let us, to those that are *Distrest*
A word of Comfort Speake;
Relieve the *Needy*, and *Oppress*;
Add Strength unto the *weake*.
So, GOD will change our *Outward Mirth*,
To such *Internall-Joy*,
That, nothing, whilst we live on earth,
Our Comfort shall Destroy.

HYMN XII.

For the *Birth day* of any Man or Woman.

They who obſerve their Birth Dayes, *(which many anciently have done, and ſome yet do) may hereby be remembred of ſuch Meditations as are pertinent to this* Anniverſarie; *and* GOD *may be thereby, the more often praiſed for our* Temporall Being.

Sing this as the former.

LORD! on this Day, thou didſt beſtow
A breathing Life on me.
This Day, an Actor, here below
I, firſt, begun to be.
And, but few Rounds, the Sun hath made,
Since, I, that now am here,
No portion of an Eſſence had,
Except, in Thee, it were.
2 But, now, there is a *part of me*,
(And, LORD, from Thee it ſprings)
That ſhall both *nam'd*, and *numbred* be
With *Everlaſting Things*.
And, that, which *Time*, doth weare away,
Times-Ruine, will reſtore,
To be rejoyn'd thereto, for aye,
When *Time* ſhall be no more.

3 We,

3 We, now, are thy *Probationers*,
And, as we run this *Race*,
The *Life which is to come*, prefers
To Honour, or Diſgrace.
And, they which here, the Pathway miſſe,
That unto *Vertue*, tends,
Shall finde no means, nor Hope of *Bliſſe*,
When this briefe Life-time ends.

4 Another *Yeere* is now begun;
And yet, I do not ſee
How for the *Time*, which forth is run,
I can Account to Thee.
For, I confeſſe, I have miſpent,
My *Longings*, to fulfill,
The Times, which unto me, were lent,
To execute thy *Will*.

5 And, in the Dayes which are behinde,
(Behinde, if any be)
What profit can I hope to finde?
What will they pleaſure me?
Since (though *Time-paſt*, I might redeeme)
So much that Work will coſt
As (firſt or laſt) my Time will ſeeme,
In hazard to be loſt.

6 LORD, let this Day of my *Firſt-Birth*,
Occaſion, yeerely, give
To keep me Mindfull, why on Earth
My *Being*, I receive.
And, of my *Second-Birth*, likewiſe,
So minde Thou Me, thereby,

That

That, I to *Life*, may not ariſe
A *Second-Death*, to die.
7 But, let this *Day*, and all the Daies,
Which I, hereafter, view
Employed be to give Thee praiſe,
To whom all Praiſe, is due.
And, thus let no man ſay of me
When I to Duſt return;
Oh! well with H IM, *now would it be,*
If He, *had nev'r been born.*

HYMN XIII.

For the fifth of *November.*

This Day we commemorate the admirable Deliverance, *of this* Kingdome, *from the terrible deſtruction and Maſſacre, intended by the damnable* Powder-Treaſon, *to have been executed this Day of the yeere; and from which* GOD, *upon this Day graciouſly preſerved, Prince and People, by diſcovering the ſame. To his praiſe, for that* Deliverance, *this* Hymn *is Dedicated: and may be moſt movingly Sung in* Dialogue wiſe.

Voice. 1. Wherefore are the *Songs* of Praiſe
Which now ev'ry where do ſound?
Since among the *Solemn-Dayes*,
This, of old, hath not been found?
Vo. 2. This is that known Day, wherein
Fiends (aſcending from below)

Raiſed

Raiſed by the *Man* of *Sin*,
Sought to ſlay us at a blow.
Both. *Taught by their* Infernall-Sire
BRITAIN'S *Fall, they did conſpire,*
Both by Sulphur and by Fire.
Vo. 1. Wherefore do the People ſing,
As when they in Triumph are?
If ſo ſad, ſo vile a thing,
For this Day deſigned were?
Vo. 2. GOD, that is this *Ilands* guard,
Did this Day, contrive it ſo,
That, the *Net*, for us prepar'd,
Brought the miſchiefe on our *Foe.*
Both. *And, this Day, which Hell* ROME
Thought to make our Day of Doome;
Their Confuſion, did become.
V. 1. Who were they who had the hopes
To effect ſo black a Deed?
V. 2. Twelve *Apoſtles* of the *Popes*
True Profeſſors of his *Creed.*
V. 1. For begetting ſuch a birth,
To thoſe *Monſters*, what befell?
V. 2. Death-deſerved, here on earth;
And, what els we cannot tell.
Both. *If* Repentance *found no Grace,*
They are Howling in the Place,
Where their Plot, firſt *brooded was.*
V. 1 How was their damn'd purpoſe known,
Er'e their Ends, they could affect?
V. 2. By a *writing* of their own,

Which

Which GOD made them misdirect.

V. 1. When was that base *Plot* foreseen?
And where was that perill found?

V. 2. When it should have acted been,
In a Dungeon under-ground.

Both. None but GOD, *could set us clear,*
From a Danger, and a Fear,
So in Secret, and so near.

V. 1. GOD, and none but GOD, indeed
Could have sav'd a *Nation* so,

V. 2. None but GOD, at such a need,
Could have hindred such a blow.

V. 1. None but GOD shall therefore share,
In the Honour of the same.

V. 2. None save they who *Traitors* are,
Will refuse to praise his *Name.*

Both. LORD, *our Souls desirous be,*
To ascribe all Praise, to Thee;
And, thy Love, confesse will we.

HYMN XIIII.

For the Kings Day.

The first Day of the Kings is yearly solemnized in this Kingdome; partly, that the People might assemble to Praise GOD, *for the Benefits, received by their Prince; and partly to desire* GODS *b'essing upon him and his Government: which duties being well performed no due time would prevent the mischiefs which attend on* Tirannry, *and* Rebellion.

Sing

Sing this as the 4. Pſalme.

LORD, when we call to minde theſe things,
Which we ſhould aske of Thee,
Remembring that the Hearts of Kings
At thy diſpoſing be;
And, how, of all thoſe Bleſſings, which
Are outwardly poſſeſt,
To make a *Kingdome* Safe, and Rich,
Good-Princes are the beſt.

2 When this we minde; thy Name to praiſe,
Our hearts inclined are;
For him, oh LORD, whom thou didſt raiſe
The *royall wreath* to wear.
And, we intreat, that he may raign
In peacefull Safetie long,
Thy *Faith-Defender*, to remain,
And, ſhield thy *Truth* from Wrong.

3 With awefull Love, and loving Dread,
Let us obſerve him LORD:
And, as the *Members* with their *Head*,
In Chriſtian Peace accord:
Then, fill Him, with ſuch Princely eare,
To cheriſh us, for this;
As if his Heart, did feel we are
Eſſentiall-parts of his.

4 Let neither partie ſtruggle from
The Duties it ſhould own,
Leſt each to other, Plagues become,
And, both be overthrown.

For

For or'e a *Diſobedient-Land*,
A *Tirant* thou wilt ſet.
And, they who Tirantlike command,
Rebellion, ſhall beget.
5 When that *Ill-ſpirit* once is rear'd
Which *Tiranny* doth teach;
Or, when that *Devill* hath appear'd
Which doth Rebellion preach.
In vain, to either partie, than,
Their dangers, we foreſhow.
Or plead the *Laws*, of GOD, or *Man*,
For, blind, and mad they grow.
6 With wilfull Fury they run on
To execute their will;
Not caring what be ſaid or done;
Or, whom they Rob, or Kill.
And, ſetled Peace, we ſeldome ſee
Return to them, or theirs
Till rooted from the *Land*, they be
By *Sickneſſe*, *Dearth*, or *Wars*.
7 Permit not, LORD, ſo ſad a Doome,
Vpon theſe *Realmes* to fall.
And, that on us it may not come,
Remit our Errors all.
Yea, let the *Partie-Innocent*,
Some damage rather take
Then, by *Self-will* or diſcontent
A greater Schiſme to make.
8 Teach us, who placed are below
Our *Callings*, to apply;

And,

And, not or'e curious be to know
What things are done on high.
Teach Him uprightly to command,
Vs, rightly to obay
That, both in ſafetie, ſtill may ſtand,
And keep a Lawfull way.
9 When *Kings* affaires we pry into
Our Selves we oft beguile;
And, what we rather ought to do,
Is left undone, the while
Whereas, if each one, did attend
The Courſe, wherein they live,
And, all the reſt, to thee commend
Then, all ſhould better thrive.
10 Our minds, oh LORD, compoſe thou thus
And, our dread *Soveraign* ſave;
Bleſſe *Vs* in Him, and Him, in *Vs*,
That, both may Bleſſings have.
Yea grant that many yeers we may
This *Hymn* devoutly ſing;
And marke it for a happy Day,
Wherein, he firſt was *King*.

HYMN XV.

For the Day of the Solemnitie belonging to the *Knights of the Garter*.

This Hymn *was compoſed for the* Feſtivall, *belonging to the* Knights of the Garter, *ſolemnized*

zed upon the Day anciently dedicated to S. George *the martyr. It encourageth to brotherly* Love *and* Vnitie, *by a Divine Illuſtration alluding to that, in the* 133. *Pſalme.*

SEe *Brethren*, what a pleaſing Bliſſe,
It is our Lives in love to lead.
It like that precious oyntment is,
Which once anointed *Aarons* head,
And, thence along his beard did flow
Ev'n to his Garment skirts below
Oh! LORD, This Chriſome ſweet
Powre on our *Soveraignes* crown;
Till thence, unto his Feet,
The ſame ſhall trickle down.
2 LORD, like thoſe droppings let it prove
Which did on *Hermons*, Top diſtill;
And, like the Dews, which from above
Deſcended, once, on *Sion-Hill*,
For Peace and Plenties flouriſh there,
Where-ever, theſe diffuſions are.
LORD, therefore let them fall
On ev'ry noble *Hill*;
And ev'ry humble *Dale*
With Peacefull Plenties fill.
3 Our *Soveraigne* is as *Hermon Hill*;
His *Princes*, are as lower *Heights*.
When *Graces* down on *Him*, diſtill,
On *them*, a bleſſing, alſo lights:
And, thence they further downward, flow,
Refreſhing thoſe, that are below.

Let

Let thus, for ever, LORD,
Thy *Grace* diffuſed be;
And, let us all accord,
In truly Serving Thee.

HYMN XVI.

For Anniverſary Sermon-dayes.

Devout Perſons have to ſundry Places *left meanes to procure* Anniverſary-Sermons *to be there preached; on ſuch, or ſuch Daies of the yeere: And perhaps it might further their* Founders *good Intentions, if thus* Hymn *were then Sung.*

Sing this as the 23. *Pſalme.*

THE *Sun*, hath ſince we laſt were here,
Quite through the Zodiack run;
And, on this Day, another yeer.
Is happily begun.
To GOD therefore, this *Anniverſe*,
(In honour of his *Name*)
With Heart and Voice, we do reherſe,
And, praiſe him in the ſame.

2 For, LORD, if Thanks men owe to Thee
For thoſe who give them bread,
Sure, thou for them ſhouldſt praiſed be,
By whom our Souls are fed.
And we deſire this *Due* to pay
For them who did prepare

The

The means whereby we meet this Day
Thy bleſſed Word to hear.
3 Bleſſe thou this *means*, and ſuffer not
Thy *Voice* to ſound in vain.
Let not thoſe *Leſſons* be forgot
Which to our *Weal* pertain.
But, ſo let us improve this Grace,
Which yeerly is conferr'd
That, we leave that lawleſſe Race,
In which we long have err'd.
4 For, *Dayes*, and *Yeers* if we ſtill add
Vnto a wicked Courſe,
We ſhall proceed *from* being *bad*,
To be a great deal worſe.
And, ev'ry Day and Yeer, wherein
Thy *Grace* thou tendred haſt,
Shall help to aggravate our Sin,
And to condemn at laſt.
5 This, to prevent, let what we hear,
And have, this day, been taught,
Somewhat improve us, ere this *Yeer*,
About again be brought.
That neither this dayes pious *Gift*,
Nor thy *good-ſeed* be loſt.
But rather by our Chriſtian Thrift,
Repay this pains, and coſt.

HYMN

HYMN CVII.

For Anvnierſary Marriage-Dayes.

Some Married-Perſons *take Delight, either alone or with a neighbour or two to commemorate, yeerely, the Day of their* Marriage; *and for that private Commemoration, this* Hymn *is prepared.*

Sing this as the 25. *Pſalme.*

LORD, living, here are we
As faſt united, yet,
As when our Hands, and Hearts by thee,
Together, firſt, were knit.
And, in a thankfull *Song*,
Now, Sing we will thy Praiſe,
For that thou doſt aſwell prolong,
Our *Loving*, as our *Dayes*.

2 Together we have now,
Begun another yeer;
But, how much time thou wilt allow,
Thou mak'ſt it not appear.
We therefore, do, emplore,
That *Live*, and *Love*, we may,
Still ſo, as if but one day more,
Together we ſhould ſtay.

3 Let each of others *Wealth*,
Preſerve a Faithfull care,
And of each others *Joy* and *Health*;
As if one Soul we were.
Such conſcience let us make,
Each other not to grieve,

As

As if we, daily, were to take
Our *Everlasting-Leave.*
4 The *Frowardnesse* that springs
From our *Corrupted-kinde,*
Or from those troublous *Outward-Things,*
Which may distract the minde;
Permit thou not, oh LORD,
Our constant Love to shake;
Or, to disturbe our true accord;
Or, make our Hearts to ake.
5 But, let these *Frailties* prove
Affections Exerzise,
And, that Discretion, teach our *Love,*
Which wins the noblest *Prize.*
So, *Time,* which weares away,
And ruines all things els,
Shall fixe our Love on Thee for aye,
In whom, *perfection,* dwels.

HYMN XVIII.

For an Anniversarie Funerall-Day.

Because there are some, whose Passionate Affections make them resolve to keep private Anniversaries *in memoriall of Dear-Friends deceased: This* Hymn *was intended to direct them to those musings, which at such Times, will make their* Commemorations *more pious, and more profitable.* If it be a Woman which is commemorated, let the word HER, be used instead of HIM.

Sing

Sing this, as In ſad and Aſhie weeds.

THe Day is now return'd
Which in memoriall of my *Friend*
(When firſt for him I mourn'd)
To ſet apart I did intend.
'Tis now a year
Since for my *Dear*,
This yearly *Rite* was done;
And, I as yet,
Do not forget
My loſſes to bemoan.

2 I muſt indeed confeſſe
That (though to LOVE, ſtill, true I am)
My *Paſſions* now are leſſe:
And, that my Grief is not the ſame;
For, *Time* aſſures,
More perfect Cures,
When *Sorrow* woundeth man,
Then all the pow'rs
Of Herbs, and Flow'rs,
Or *Humane-Reaſon* can.

3 Thy *Name*, oh GOD, I praiſe
That, thou, by *Time*, haſt eas'd me ſo.
For, doubtleſſe, length of dayes
Without thy *Mercy*, lengthens *Woe*.
When thou do'ſt pleaſe,
From *Paine*, to *Eaſe*,
We in a Night return.
And when we grieve,

Thou

Thou muſt relieve,
Or, we ſhall ever mourn.
4 That yeerely *Rite*, therefore,
Which to my *Friend*, my Paſſion vow'd;
Shall honour him the more,
If on thy Praiſe, it be beſtow'd,
And, If this Day
Will paſſe away,
In thankfull Thoughts of Thee;
Which once I meant
To have miſpent,
In Griefs, that fruitleſſe be.
5 Nor is my *Friend* forgot
Though thus I turn from *Him*, to *Thee*.
The leſſe I love him not,
Though now I ſing thy Love to me.
Whilſt Thee I minde,
In Thee I finde
My *Friend* again reviv'd.
When *Him*, alone,
I think upon
I, for One Dead, am griev'd.
6 The Vertues of this *Friend*
Within my Self, let me improve:
And to that noble End,
Cauſe, his memoriall me to move.
For, if we ſtray
From their Juſt-way,
Whom we, in life, approv'd;
Thoſe whom we ſeem'd
To have eſteem'd,

We

We never truly lov'd.
7 LORD, I am drawing neer,
To his estate whom I bemone;
Yea, neerer by a *yeer*
Then, when this dutie last was done.
And, still I come
The further from
The State, I did deplore;
As neerer to
That *State*, I grow
Which equals *Rich* and *Poore*.
8 Vouchsafe oh GOD! I pray,
That, hence remov'd when I shall be,
In Thee, behold I may,
All those that were belov'd of me.
Yea, let none here,
To me be Deare,
But, those whom I shall finde
Enjoy that Love,
In Heaven above,
Which they on Earth should minde.

HYMN XIX.

For the *Spring-time*.

GOD *Almightie in the* Spring-time, *renewеth the Blessing of the Yeer, for the Sustentation, and refreshment of our Bodies: And this* Hymn *teacheth by what Meditations we should sanctifie the*

Bleſſings of this Seaſon *to* GODS *glory, and the Refreſhment of our Souls.*

Sing this as the 10. *Commandments.*

ALthough he knows it putrifies,
Who can ſo Faithleſſe be, to doubt,
His *Body* ſhall from Death ariſe;
When *Times* wid'ſt Wheele, is whirl'd about?
Since, ev'ry time, in which the *Sun*,
His yeerly *Progreſſe* doth renew,
(And round about the *Zodiak* run)
We many *Reſurrections* view?
2 The *Leafeleſſe-Branch* the *braunchleſſe-Root*,
The *Seed* that lifeleſſe ſeem'd to be,
(And lies contemned under foot)
Becomes a lively-Springing *Tree*.
Yea, that which was no other thing,
But *Dung*, or *Duſt*, or *Mud*, or *Slime*,
Takes warmth, and Motion from the *Spring*,
And, lives, at leaſt, all *Summer-time*.
3 Why pine we then, when we perceive,
The Winter of an ill Succeſſe,
Of ev'ry Means doth us deprive,
That ſhould our daily need redreſſe?
Since we behold each *Buſh* and *Bough*,
That Stormes, or Froſts had plucked bare,
Gets *leaves* again, with bloſſomes now:
And, in their Seaſon, fruit may bear?
4 That, which the *Winter* waſted had
The Spring beginneth to reſtore:

The Promiſe, which long ſince, GOD made,
Obſerve he will, for evermore.
The Times of *Harveſt*, and of *Seed*,
Of *Summer*, *Winter*, *Spring*, and *Fall*,
Each other duly ſhall ſucceed,
Whilſt Heaven and Earth continue ſhall.
5 The *Groves* which lately naked ſtood,
A comely Suit of Green do wear;
The meaner *Plants*, do freſhly bud;
The *Meads* with Flow'rs embroydred are:
The *Sun* our Day-light, doth prolong:
The *Flocks*, their younglings forth do bring:
The *Heat* begins to waxe more ſtrong;
The *Birds*, in ev'ry Buſh do ſing.
6 To *Him*, therefore, who yeer by yeer,
Vouchſafeth to remember Vs;
And, for our Profit; ev'ry where,
Reneweth his good Creatures thus:
To *Him* be praiſe: And, I emplore,
That as increa'ſt his Bleſſings be,
So Grace and Vertue, more and more,
May ev'ry Day, encreaſe in Me.

HYMN XX.

For *Summer-time*.

In this Hymn, GOD *is praiſed for the Bleſſings which he vouchſafeth by the* Summer-ſeaſon, *and wherein the* Yeer *is in the height of his Glorie*) *that by good Meditations, the Pleaſures and*

Profits thereof, may be ſanctified and made comfortable unto us.

NOw, the glories of the *Year*,
May be viewed at the beſt;
And, the Earth doth now appear,
In her faireſt Garments dreſt.
Sweetly ſmelling Plants and Flowrs,
Do perfume the Garden-Bowrs;
Hill, and Valley, Wood and Field,
Mixt with Pleaſures, Profits yield.
2 *Much* is found, where *Nothing* was.
Herds, on ev'ry mountain go.
In the Meddows, Flowrie Graſſe,
Makes both Milk and Honey flow.
Now, each Orchard Banquets giveth;
Ev'ry Hedge with fruit, relieveth;
And, on ev'ry Shrub and Tree,
Vſefull Fruits, or Berries be.
3 Walks and Wayes which *Winter* mar'd,
By the Winds, are ſwept, and dride;
Mooriſh Grounds are now ſo hard,
That, on them we ſafe may ride.
Warmth enough the Sun doth lend us;
From his heat the Shades defend us;
And, thereby, we ſhare in theſe:
Saſetie, Profit, Pleaſure, Eaſe.
4 Other Bleſſings, many more,
At this Time, enjoy'd may be;
And, in this my *Song*, therefore,
Praiſe I give, oh LORD, to Thee.

Grant

Grant that this my free Oblation,
May have gracious Acceptation;
And, that I may well employ
Ev'ry thing which I enjoy.

Hymn XXI.

For Autumn.

God, *is here praised, for the Mercies and Benefits, vouchsafed unto us in* Autumn, *wherein, we reape the chiefe reward of our outward yeerely Labours. And, it becomes us (once at least) in so profitable a* Season, *to remember so gracious a* Benefactor.

Sing this as the Lords Prayer.

WHat *Spring* and *Summer* did produce,
Now, in Perfection, doth appear.
For, *Autumn* ripened hath for us,
The Fat and sweetnesse of the *Year*;
And, offers up a timely *Crop*,
To him, that labour'd long, in Hope.

2 The youthfull Freshnesse of the *Spring*,
And *Summers* Beauties are decay'd:
Yet, we have, now, more cause to Sing,
Then if they longer time, had staid.
For, though the *Blossome* pleasures had
It is the *Fruit* which makes most glad.

3 Preserv'd from nipping *Frosts* and *Stormes*,
From starving *Droughts*, and chilling *Rains*;

From *Blaſtings*, and from *Weeds*, and *Wormes*,
A goodly *Portion*, yet, remaines:
Which (if we looſe it not by Sin)
Stands ready to be gather'd in.
4 Oh LORD! thy holy *Name* we bleſſe,
That ſuch faire Likelihoods we gain,
Thoſe needfull Profits to poſſeſſe,
For which, we have beſtow'd our pain.
Let nothing interpoſe to marre
The Good, whereof we hopefull are.
5 Permit not that which we acquire,
Empair'd or ſpoiled to become
By *Vermine*, *Floods*, *Theeves*, *Froſts*, or *Fire*;
Or, by ill-husbandry at home.
Nor let us waſtfully deſtroy,
What, we diſcreetly ſhould enjoy.
6 But, let the *Harveſt* of this yeer,
So warn us how the later-end,
And, Harveſt of our Life, draws neer,
That, we our *Callings* may attend:
Employ aright what we receive;
And, Thanks, for all thy Bleſſings, give.

HYMN XXII.

For *Winter*.

Winter, *is an* Emblem *of Old-Age: And this* Hymn *remembers that from this* Seaſon, *we take Occaſion to be mindfull of our later end; and to meditate ſuch other things alſo as may be brought*

brought to our Consideration, by this unpleasant Season.

NOw, the *Earth* begins to mourn,
And hath lost her *Summer* pride:
Her faire dressings lately worn,
Now, are wholy cast aside;
And the Trees that clothed were,
Fruitlesse, leafelesse, naked are.

2 Pleasures from our *Groves* are gone;
No delights the *Meadows* yield;
Little profit now, or none
Comes from *Valley*, *Hill*, or *Field*.
For the greatest winde that blows
Threatneth Floods, or Frosts, or Snows.

3 Earthly things thus passe away;
And in compasse of a year,
Of a Moneth, a Weeke, or Day,
Many Changes do appear.
That, in love we might not grow
With our Trifles here below.

4 They, who while the *Spring* doth last,
Or, while *Summer* doth remain,
Or, ev'r *Harvest* quite be past,
By their Labours, nothing gain.
May in *Winter* those things need,
Which their Flesh should cloth, and feed.

5 They who spend their youthfull *prime*,
In unprofitable waies,
And foole out their healthfull time,
Till the *Winter* of their Daies.

Shall be ſure, when they are old,
To be hunger fed and cold.
6 Or, if theſe, this Plague eſcape,
Live they ſhall, ſtill, cloth'd, and fed,
To incur their worſe miſhap,
Who lament when they are dead:
And their *Sentence* to abide,
Who their *Talents*, loſe, or hide.
7 Praiſe, oh GOD, I give to thee,
That, I likely means have got,
Of thoſe things that needfull be,
Now the *Seaſon* yeelds them not;
And poſſeſſe a warme Abode,
When Diſcomforts are abroad.
8 Still, vouchſafe me, ſo, thy grace,
That, I ſtill endeavour may
(Whilſt I have both Time, and Place)
To prevent an *Evill-Day*.
And, what may not ſhunned be,
To endure, LORD, ſtrengthen me.

HYMN XXIII.

For Ember-weekes.

Theſe are our publique Faſts, *kept at the foure* Seaſons *of the yeere, that by a Chriſtian humiliation we might move Almightie* GOD *to vouchſafe the needfull Bleſſings of the* Seaſon; *to ſtrengthen our conſtitutions againſt the* Humours *then pre-*

predominant, and to be pleased, that they who are called to the Ministry of the Gospel, *may be faithfull and fit* Labourers *for his* Vineyard. *For, the* LORDS *Day next every of these* Fasts, *are the times which were anciently appointed, for* Laying-hands *on such as were called to that office.*

Sing this as the Lords Prayer.

THou dost from ev'ry Season LORD,
To profit us, Advantage take.
And, at their fittest houres afford,
Those Gifts for which, requests we make.
At *Winter*, *Summer*, *Fall*, or *Spring*,
Thou dost confer each needfull thing.

2 A part, therefore, from each of these
Religiously hath been reserv'd,
By *Pray'rs*, and *Fastings* to appease,
That wrath, which often, is deserv'd;
Lest els, thou, for our many Crimes,
Destroy the Blessings of the Times.

3 Vouchsafe, that our Devotions, may
With true sincerenesse be perform'd.
And, that we may not for one day,
But, all our Life-time be reform'd.
And mortifie each Lust and Sin,
Which we have lov'd, and lived in.

4 Our Constitutions temper so,
That, whatsoever humours raign,
They nor impaire nor overthrow,
That Health which we might els retain.

Or, if the *Season*, ſickneſſe brings,
LORD, comfort us, in other things.
5 And ſince theſe *Churches* do appoint
Theſe *Times*, their *Paſtors* forth to ſend,
LORD, let thy *Spirit* them anoint,
That they thy *Flocks*, may well attend.
Yea, LORD, let thoſe who *called* be,
And, thoſe that *Call*, be bleſt of Thee.
6 Informe the *One*, oh bleſſed LORD!
Whom they ſhould for thy Service chuſe,
Confirme the *Other*, by thy Word,
And ſo, to Both, thy *Grace* infuſe.
That, both in *Words*, and *Works*, they may
Perſever in a Bleſſed way.

HYMN XXIIII.

For Rogation Weeke.

This is called Rogation *of* Rogando, *and from the publique Supplications then made. For about that time* Princes *go forth to* Warre; *The hope of* Plentie *is in the bloſſome; The Aire is moſt ſubject to infection; Voyages by Land and Sea are undertaken; and many other things require that publique* Supplications *ſhould be made. It is our cuſtome alſo in many places, to viſite our Pariſh* Bounders, *that contentious ſuits may be thereby prevented. And if in ſuch neighbourly* Preambulations, *this, or the like Meditations were publiquely ſung as we walke through the Fields, it would not be an unprofitable practiſe.*

Sing

Sing this as the Lamentation or X. Com.

LORD! it hath pleaſed thee to ſay,
That when we prayed in thy *Name*,
(And prayed as we ought to pray)
We ſhould from Thee obtain the ſame.

We therefore, humbly pray Thee, now,
That, to the ſuits which we do make
Thou pleas'd would'ſt be, thine eare to bow,
And heare us, for thy Mercy ſake.

2 Let not the *Seaſons* of this *Yeer*,
As they their Courſes do obſerve,
Engender thoſe Contagions, here,
Which our Offences do deſerve.

Let not the Summer-wormes impaire
The Bloomings, of Herbe, Flowre, or Tree;
Nor blaſtings, or diſtemper'd Aire,
Deſtroy thoſe Fruits that hopefull be.

3 Domeſtick Jars, expell thou far;
And be ſo pleas'd our Coaſts to guard,
That, horrid Sounds of *In-brought-war*,
Within our Confines, be not heard.

Continue, likewiſe here, thy *Word*;
And, make us thankfull LORD, we pray;
That *Famine*, *Peſtilence*, and *Sword*,
Have been, ſo long, with-held away.

4 As we are heedfull to obſerve,
The certaine Limits, of our Grounds;
And (Outward-Quiet to preſerve)
Walk, yeerly, round our *Pariſh-Bounds*.

So,

So, let us take a comely Care,
Our Souls Inheritance, to know;
That, no Encroachments may be, there,
Obtained by our Subtle, Foe.

5 What pleasant *Groves!* what goodly *Fields!*
What fruitfull *Hils*, and *Dales*, have we!
How sweet an *Aire*, our Climate yields!
How stor'd, with *Flocks*, and *Herds*, are we!
How *Milke*, and *Honey* overflow!
How cleare and wholsome, are our *Springs!*
From *Ravenous-Beasts*, how safe, we go!
How free from *Poysnous-Creeping-Things!*

6 For *those*; and for our *Grasse*, our *Corn*;
And, all that Springs from *Blade*, or *Bough*:
For all those Blessings, which adorn
Wood, *Streame*, or *Field*, this Iland through.
For all of these thy *Praise*, we sing:
And, humbly, we petition, too,
That, we to *Thee*, Fruits forth may bring,
As unto *us*, thy *Creatures* do.

7 So; in the sweet refreshing shade,
Of thy *Protection*, sitting down,
The gracious Favours, which we had,
Relate we will, to thy renown.
Our Children too, when we are gone,
Shall for these Mercies, honour Thee;
And, famous make what thou hast done,
To those, which after Them, shall be.

Hymn XXV.

For the *Advent Sundayes.*

The Advent-Sundayes *are ſo called, becauſe at thoſe Times, the ſeverall* Advents, *or* Comings *of* Christ, *were commemorated; and the people were inſtructed concerning thoſe* Advents; *and what they are, this* Hymn *ſheweth.*

Sing this as the Lords Prayer.

WHen Christ our *Lord* incarnate was,
Our *Brother*, then he *came* to be.
When into us he *comes* by Grace,
To be our *Spouſe*, then *cometh He.*
And *Comes*, when he ſhall *come* agen
To judge both Dead and Living-men.

2 Deſpaire will then all thoſe confound,
That his Firſt *Comings* diſregard.
And, thoſe, who till the *Trumpet* ſound,
Are misimploy'd anp unprepar'd.
Yea, curſed Pleaſures they will prove,
Which out of thought, theſe *Comings* drove.

3 The *Iewes* abjected, yet remain,
Becauſe his *Advent* they dinide.
The *Fooliſh-Virgins* knockt in vain,
Becauſe, they did not Oyle provide.
But, they ſtill ſafe, and bleſſed are,
Who for his *Comings* do prepare.

4 Lord!

4 LORD! ſo prepare us for that *Feaſt*,
Which keep our *Saviours* Birth in mind,
That, he with us may be a Gueſt,
And, we with Him acceptance find,
When that great *Advent* ſhall appear,
Which wicked men and Devils fear.

5 Oh! *Come* LORD IESV, *Come away.*
And (though the World it ſhall deter)
Let that thy *Kingdome* come, we pray,
Whoſe *Coming*, Carnall men defer.
And let us wait for with delight,
That *Advent* which thy Foes doth fright.

HYMN XXVI.

For the Nativitie of CHRIST.

This Day is worthily dedicated to the memoriall of our Saviours Nativitie, *by which unſpeakable Myſterie the* GOD-head, *and* MAN-hood *appeared admirably united in one perſon, without confuſion of* Natures, *or poſſibilitie of* Seperation *to the unexpreſſible Benefit of* Mankinde; *and of that Myſterie ſomewhat is touched in this* Hymn.

AS on the dawning of this Morn;
To Shepherds, bleſſed *Angels* told,
Where, in a Stable he was born,
Whom neither Earth, nor Heav'n can hold.

And,

And *Bethlem* ſtreets, as on this day,
Of theſe moſt happy *Tidings* rung.
A Troup of *Angels* in aray,
A *Hymn* of *Glory* alſo ſung.
Chor. *With Angels thus therefore ſiong we,*
To GOD *on high all Glory be:*
His Favour let Mankinde *obtain,*
And, let on Earth his Peace remain.

2 Hereby we great advantage had.
Vs, to *exalt*, he *low* was laid.
To *ſtrengthen* us, he weak was made.
To *cloath* us, he was *diſaray'd*.
Our *Fleſh* he took, to cure our *Guilt*.
Our *Griefs* he felt, to give us *Reſt*;
To ſave our *Lives*, his *Blood* was ſpilt;
Our *Curſe* he bore to make us bleſt.
Chor. *With* Angels thus, therefore, ſing we,
To GOD *on high, all Glory be.*
His Favour, let Mankinde *obtain*;
And, let on Earth his Peace remain.

3 The *Buſh* did flame, yet burned not;
The *Fleece* was moiſt, where fell no *Rain*:
A *Son* was on a *Maid* begot,
Which did a Virgin ſtill remain.
Her *Seed* hath broke the *Serpents* head;
Whereby, our bruiſes now are heal'd.
The *Lambe* had of the *Wolfe* no dread:
And GOD and MAN be reconcil'd.
Chor. *With Angels thus, therefore, ſing we,*
To GOD *on high, all Glory be.*

His

His Favor let Mankinde obtain:
And let on Earth, his Peace remain.

HYMN XXVII.

Another for the ſame Day.

Since the GOD-head *vouchſafed to honour the* Manhood, *as to become united thereunto; we are by this* Hymn *remembred not to deſpiſe thoſe who are of the ſame* Nature *with us, but rather humbly to deſcend to others for their Good; and to endeavour the reparation of our Nature by ſtriving to conforme it unto* CHRIST.

Sing this as the 4. Pſalme.

SInce all of us, near kinſmen be,
Deſcended from one Stem,
Why brutiſhly inclin'd are we,
Our Brethren to contemn?
He, that both Heav'n and Earth did frame,
Our *Nature*, did not ſcorn:
But, being GOD, a *Man* became,
And, of a *Maid* was born.

2 *This*; *Men* and *Angels* wondred at;
(As with good cauſe they may)
This, therefore, to commemorate,
We ſet apart this Day.
This Day, we make an *Anniverſe*,
That, favour to record;

And,

And, to our Children to reherſe
The Mercies of the LORD.
3 That moment whereon GOD decreed
To do as he fore-ſaid,
Enabled was the *Womans-SEED*,
To break the *Serpents* head.
And IESVS CHRIST, to ſatisfie,
For our accuſed Crimes,
Vouchſaf'd both to be *Borne*, and *Die*,
At his appointed Times.
4 By HIM, *New-born*, ſo let us be;
To *Sin*, ſo let us *Die*;
That, we may live with *Him*, where *Hee*
Is now enthron'd on high.
As Hee, the GOD-*head*, for our ſake,
With *Man-hood* did aray;
On *Vs*, his *Nature*, let us take,
As fully, as we may.
5 Whereto, we neareſt ſhall attain,
When we do *Mercy* ſhew;
And, ſtrive thoſe *Longings* to reſtrain,
Which Fleſh and Blood purſue.
We are aſſured oh Saviour CHRIST!
Thine *Incarnation* may
Our *Nature*, hereunto aſſiſt:
Aſſiſt, therefore, we pray.

HYMN

Hymn XXVIII.

For the Circumcision or New years-day.

Our Church solemnizeth this day, in memoriall of our Saviours *Circumcision; that taking notice how soone he began to shed his blood for us, and to smart for our Sins, we might be the more thankfull for the same: and be provoked to repentance, by considering how easie a Sacrament he hath left for our initiation into his* Church, *in stead of that* Bloody-One.

Sing this as the 10. *Commandements.*

OH Christ! this day, thy *Flesh* did bleed,
Mark'd by the Circumcising-knife;
Because the *Law*, for Mans misdeed
Requir'd that *Earnest* of his *Life*.
Those *Drops*, presag'd that *Show'r* of Blood,
Which in thine *Agonie* began;
And that great *Show'r* foreshew'd the *Flood*,
Which from thy *Side*, next morrow ran.
2 LORD! let thy smart make us repent.
And, *Circumcised-Hearts* desire.
Yea, by that milder *Sacrament*,
Which follow'd This, thy Grace inspire:
For, He that either is *Baptiz'd*,
Or *Circumciz'd* in Flesh alone.

Is,

Is but as one Vncircumcizʼd;
Or, as an Vn-baptized one.
3 The *Year*, we now anew begin;
And *outward-Gifts* received be.
Renew us, alſo, LORD, *within*,
And make us *New years-Gifts* to Thee.
So, let us with the paſſed *Year*,
Our old Affections lay aſide;
That, we, *new-Creatures* may appear,
And in thy *Faith*, and *Fear*, abide.

HYMN XXIX.

For *Twelfe-day*, or the *Epiphanie*.

This day is celebrated in remembrance of the admirable manifeſtation of our Saviours birth; and we therefore called the Epiphanie, *or* Manifeſtation. *It was firſt diſcovered from Heaven by Angels, and an heavenly Hoaſt. To the* Gentiles, *by a* Star in the East: *He was afterward manifeſted by the Viſion of the* Holy-Ghoſt *deſcending on him like a Dove, and by a voice from Heaven. He was alſo manifeſted by his* Doctrine *and* Miracles.

Sing this as the LORDS Prayer.

THe firſt which brought the bleſſed News,
That CHRIST, on him, our nature took,
Were certain *Shepherds* of the *Jewes*,
Which did, by night attend their Flock.

That

That they might verifi'd behold
What by their *Prophets* was foretold.

2 The ſecond means, whereby oh CHRIST!
The World, of thee inform'd became,
Was by a *Star*, which in the Eaſt
Inform'd the *Gentiles* of the ſame;
That *Heathen-men* might learn to ſee,
The *Book of Creatures*, ſhews them *Thee*.

3 A *Voice*, and *Viſion* from above,
And many wonders wrought below,
This wondrous *Newes* did further prove,
And have to all confirm'd it ſo,
That, faithleſſe, if we now appear,
We, worſe then *Jewes* and *Ethnicks* are.

4 LORD! let thy *Paſtors*, and thy *Grace*,
Our Guiders, and Directors be,
As *Angels*, and a *Star* once was
To aid, in *manifeſting* Thee.
And, let us, Thee confeſſe oh CHRIST!
Our *King*, our *Prophet*, and our *Prieſt*.
With *Bethlem-Shepherds*, let us feaſt
Our Souls, with Joy, that found thou art.
And with the *Wiſe-men of the Eaſt*
Let us expreſſe a Joyfull heart.
The Song of *Angels*, let us ſing;
And Preſents of Thanksgiving bring.

6 *Teares*, which from true Repentance drop,
In ſtead of *Myrrh*, from us receive.
For *Incenſe*, which they offred up,
Vnfained *Praiſes*, let us give.

And,

And, bring for *Gold*, each *pious-Deed*,
Which doth from *saving Faith* proceed.

7 And, as the *wise-men*, never went
To visit wicked *Herod* more,
So (finding Thee) let us repent
The *Course*, we follow'd heretofore;
And, let us *homeward* learn to go
That *way*, which thou shalt please to show

Hymn XXX.

For the Day of the Purification.

The blessed Virgin Mary *having fulfilled the dayes of her* Purification, *according to the* Law, *presented both her* Son, *and her appointed* Off-spring *in the* Temple. *This* Anniversarie *is to commemorate her exemplary Obedience, and the presentation of our* Saviour.

Sing this as the Lords Prayer.

NO doubt but She that had the grace
Thee, in her wombe *Lord Christ* to bear,
(And, did all *woman-kinde* surpasse)
Was hallow'd by thy being there:
And, sure, the Birth could not pollute
Where *Holinesse* became the Fruit.

2 Yet, in Obedience to thy *Law*,
Her *Purifying-Rites* were done;
That we might learn to stand in awe,
How from thy *Discipline* we run:

For

For Souls they have unpurifi'd;
Where due Obedience is deni'd.

3 Oh! keep us LORD, from judging vain,
What, by thy Word, thou shalt command.
Let us nor censure, nor complain
On what we do not understand:
And guide thy *Church*, what she may still,
Command, according to thy *Will*.

4 With pious uniform consent,
Let us thy Praises ever sing;
And keep that *seamlesse-Robe* unrent,
For which *Prophanesse*, Lots would fling.
Preserve us, in thy *Love* and *Fear*,
From our pollutions, alwaies clear.

5 And, as thy blessed *Mother*, went,
(That holy and beloved *Maid*)
Thee, in thy *Temple*, to present,
With perfect *humane-flesh* arraid;
So, let us unto thee be brought
With heavenly Graces, fully fraught.

6 Yea, let thy *Church* our *mother-Dear*
(Within whose wombe, new borne we be)
Before thee, at her Time appear,
To give her *Children*, up to Thee:
And LORD! receive, as hallowed things
HER, and that *Offring*, which she brings.

HYMN

Hymn XXXI.

For the Time of *Lent.*

This Obſervation *was firſt inſtituted, partly to commemorate our* Saviours *miraculous* Faſting, *whereby he ſatisfied for the Gluttony of our firſt* Parents: *partly to coole the* Blood, *which at this time of the yeare is ſubject to be inflamed to the endangering of our Health; but it was chiefly ordained to prepare us rightly to meditate the Paſſion of our* Saviour, *which is uſually commemorated at the end of our* Lent. *The Abſtinence from* Fleſh *at this ſeaſon, is onely a civill Ordinance for the better increaſe and preſervation of the Creatures upon the land, for our temporall profit.*

Sing this as the 10. Commandements.

THy wondrous *Faſting* to record,
And our unruly *Fleſh* to tame,
A Holy *Faſt*, to thee, oh LORD!
We have intended in thy *Name.*
O ſanctifie it ſo, we pray,
That Honour may redound to Thee;
And ſo diſpoſe us, that it may
To our advantage, likewiſe be.
2 Let us not grudgingly abſtain;
Nor ſecretly, the Gluttons play.

Nor

Nor openly, for glory vain,
This uſefull Diſcipline obey.
But, let us *Faſt*, as thou haſt taught,
Thy *Rule*, obſerving, in each part,
With ſuch Intentions as we ought;
And with true ſingleneſſe of Heart.
3 So, Thou ſhalt our Devotions bleſſe,
And make this *Diſcipline* to be
A means thoſe Luſtings to ſuppreſſe,
Which hinder us in ſerving Thee.
And, though our ſtricteſt *Faſtings* faile,
To merit, of themſelves, thy Grace;
Yet, they, to make for our availe,
By thy *Deſervings*, may have place.
4 True *Faſtings*, helpfull oft have bin,
The wanton *Fleſh* to mortifie:
But, they take off no guilt of *Sin*;
Nor can we merit ought thereby.
It is thine abſtinence oh CHRIST!
And thine alone, that merit muſt:
For, when our works are at the beſt,
We periſh, if in them we truſt.

Hymn XXXII.

For the *Annuntiation.*

The Church *dedicates this Day to commemorize the* Anuntiation *of the Bleſſed Virgin, who was about*

about this Time of the yeare ſaluted by the Angell Gabriel. *It mindeth us to praiſe* God *for the unexpreſſible Myſtery of our* Saviours *conception, which was the happy newes brought unto his* Mother, *by that* Angell

Sing this as the 100. *Pſalme.*

OVr hearts, oh bleſſed God! incline
Thy true Affection to embrace,
And, that *Humility* divine,
Which for our ſakes vouchſafed was.
Thy *Goodneſſe*, teach us to put on
As with our *Nature* thou wert clad;
And, ſo to heed thy Favours done,
That, we may praiſe Thee, and be glad.

2 For, thou didſt not alone depute
Thy holy *Angell* from above,
An humble *Virgin*, to ſalute
With an embaſſage of thy Love;
But thou theſe *Glories* laying by,
Which none hath pow'r to comprehend;
Didſt alſo, then, moſt wondrouſly,
Into that *Virgines* wombe deſcend.

3 Vouchſafe thou, likewiſe, thy Reſpect,
To our deſpis'd, and low Degree;
And Lord! oh, do not us neglect,
Though worthy of contempt we be.
But, by thy *Meſſengers* prepare,
And, hallow ſo, our hearts, we pray,
That, thou may'ſt be conceived there;
And, that, *Faith*'s fruits bring forth we may.

HYMN XXXIII.

For *Palme-Sunday.*

Palme-Sunday *is called so, because it commemorates the day, wherein* Iesus Christ *rode in Triumph to* Jerusalem, *his way being strewed with Garments, and* Branches *of the* Palme-tree. *It was indeed, the Day of* proclaiming *him* King *(though few considered it) as the* Fryday *following was the day of his* Coronation, *and worthily are these Mysteries remembred this Day.*

Sing this as the Magnificat.

WHen CHRIST unto *Ierusalem,*
To *Suffer,* meekly rode;
The *Waies,* and *Streets,* were then, for *Him,*
With *Palme,* and *Robes* bestrow'd.
And, though the *Steed* he did bestride,
Was but a silly *Asse*;
HOSANNA to the *King,* they cri'd,
As He along did passe.
2 His *Glory,* and his *Royall-Right,*
Through *Povertie* did shine:
And shew'd (in Earthly Pomps despight)
A *Majesty Divine.*
For, though his greatest Foes did frown,
He exercis'd his pow'r,

Till

Till *He himself* did lay it down,
At his appointed how'r.
3 Possession of his *House* he got;
The *Merchants*, thence expel'd:
Yea, though the *Priests* did rage thereat,
He, there, his *Lectures* held.
And, they in *Wit*, or *Faith*, were dull,
Who doubted what *He* was;
When *Deeds* they saw so powerfull,
By *Weakness*, brought to passe.
4 LORD! when to us thou draweſt nigh,
Thee, let us learn to know;
And, to receive Thee Joyfully,
Though mean, in outward show.
Yea, though the Rich, and worldly-wise,
When we thy praise do sing,
Both *Vs*, and *Thee*, therefore, despise.
Declare thy selfe our *King*.

HYMN XXXIIII.

For Thursday before *Easter*.

On this Day, CHRIST *instituted the* Sacrament *of his* Last-Supper; *washed his* Disciples *feet*; *prayed for them, and all the Faithfull*; *instructed, warned, exhorted, counselled and comforted them before his approaching* Death, *and* Resurrection, &c. *In commemoration of these, and other pertinent Circumstances preceding his* Passion, *we do yearly observe this Day.*

Sing this as the LORDS Prayer.

A Holy *Sacrament*, this day,
To us, thou didſt, ô LORD! bequeath,
That, by the ſame, preſerve we may
A due memoriall of thy Death:
And, that we might thereby, to Thee
Miſteriouſly united be.

2 Thy *holy-Supper* being done.
Thou waſhedſt thy *Diſciples* feet;
Thereby, informing every one
What *Lowlineſſe* for theſe is meet,
Who thy *Diſciples* would be thought.
(Thy practiſe foll'wing, as they ought)

3 This Day, thou didſt, moreover ſpend,
To *Counſell*, *Comfort*, and to *Pray*,
That, *Satan* might not gain his end,
While *Death* remooved Thee away.
Then, as by thee, it was foreſaid;
That night, thy *Servant*, Thee betraid.

4 Yea, they, that night from Thee did fly,
Who promis'd conſtant to abide:
Ev'n He, who vow'd for Thee to dye,
With Oaths and Curſes, thee deni'd.
To ſhew that we ſoon fall from grace,
If in our ſelves, our Truſt we place.

5 Sweet *Ieſus!* teach us to conceive,
What Grief thou felt'ſt, when thou didſt hear,
Thy vowed *Friend*, his Faith to leave;
And, in thy preſence, Thee forſwear:

That,

That, we our *vowes*, may better keep;
And, for our *paſt-denyals* weep.

6 LORD, ev'ry paſſage of this day,
Within our hearts ingrave thou ſo,
That, we thereby remember may,
Our duties faithfully to doe;
And let our *Love*, oh GOD! to Thee,
In Life, and Death, unchanged be.

HYMN XXXV.

For *Fryday before Easter.*

This day we memorize the unſufferable Paſſion of Ieſus Chriſt, *who about this time of the yeare, and on this day of the weeke, was deſpightfully crucified by* Pilat *and the* Jewes. *Every day we ought to meditate the ſame. But this Day moſt Congregations meet in a publike* Commemoration *thereof, to provoke each other to compunction of heart; and to give an occaſion to ſuch as are heedleſſe or ignorant thereof, to be better acquainted therewith.*

Sing this as the 51. Pſalme.

YOu that regardleſſe, paſſe along,
And are unmindfull of this *Day*:
Give eare unto my dolefull Song,
And, heedfull be what now I ſay.
A Tragick Story, ſing I ſhall,
Which nearly doth concern us all:

The like was never heard before;
Nor shall be told, for evermore.

2 The noblest Prince that er'e wore Crown,
Beyond all baseneſſe was abus'd:
The trueſt Friend, that er'e was known,
Worſe then the cruelſt Foe was us'd.
He, that offended not in ought,
(By *Deed*, by *Word*, or by a *Thought*)
Tormented was, for all the Crimes,
Of *Preſent*, *Paſt*, or *Future-Times*,

3 They for whoſe Grief, he ſadly wept,
Purſu'd his *Life*, who ſought their *Good*.
To miſchieve him, ſtrict watch they kept;
And, thirſted for his precious blood.
Yet, he continued loving, ſtill;
To them, repaying *Good* for *Ill*.
Yea, Them, when he might have orethrown;
To ſave their lives, he gave his own.

4 They who moſt Friendſhip ſhould have ſhown
With deep unkindnes, peirc'd his heart.
He made his dear affection known;
And they diſpiſed his deſart.
For him, they ſnares and Engines layd;
With ſhowes of Love, they him betraid.
And, ſwords and ſtaves (as to a Thief)
They brought to apprehend their Chief.

5 Him, they expoſe to all diſgrace;
They buffet him, for Juſt replies;
They ſpit their Filth into his Face;
Againſt him *Falſhoods*, they deviſe.

For

For being *ſilent*, him they blame.
For ſpeaking Truth, they do the ſame.
They Jeer, they ſcorn, they him revile.
And, he ſits quiet, all the while.
6 His Garments, then, from him, they ſtrip'd
(So ſad a ſight, was never ſeen)
And, their true *Prince*, with Rods, they whipt,
As if a Bondſlave he had been.
In purple they clothed him;
And for a princely *Diadem*,
They crown'd him, with a *wreath* of Thorn;
And, called Him, their *King*, in ſcorn.
7 To view him in ſo ſad a plight,
In them, it could no pitty breed;
But, they rejoyced at the ſight,
And, in their Malice, did proceed.
Away with him; *away*, they cride.
And, call'd to have him crucifide.
Yea, rather then they him would ſave,
Vnto a *Murther*, life they gave.
8 A weighty *Croſſe* upon his back,
(Late rent with wounds they rudely laid:
Which he to bear did undertake,
Till him, that Burthen over-weigh'd
The *Son of* GOD, the *life of Men*,
Vnto that *croſſe*, they nayled then:
And in the view of all the Throng,
By his torn *Hands*, and *Feet* he hung.
9 Could I in words, his pain relate
As to my heart, the ſame appears;

Each hearer would be mov'd thereat,
To ſhed, at leaſt a ſhow'r of Teares.
For, when his torments were at height,
They ſtill purſu'd him with deſpight,
And, ſtill, what e're they *Did* or *ſaid*,
To torture *Him*, for them he pray'd.
10 He was abus'd, or left of all.
Some, did his pious works deride:
To comfort him, ſome gave him gall:
Some ſlouted, when to GOD he cri'd.
Few ſeem'd ſo touched with his Grief,
As was one tender-hearted Thief;
And He, who to conclude his ſmart,
Did thruſt a Jav'lin to his Heart.
11 Although his *Love* immortall were,
It was our *Fleſh* that then he wore
Which could not endles torments bear:
Thereon, their *Spight* prevail'd therefore,
And, then the *Lambe* foretipifi'd
By that, which for yong *Iſaack* di'd,
Gave up the Ghoſt, and ſo defray'd
Our debt, which we could nea'r have paid.
12 His Death (though much it mov'd not man)
Did make the *Sun* his Light reſtrain;
The fixed *Earth* to quake began;
The *Temple-Vaile* was rent in twain:
It caus'd the hardeſt Rocks to crack;
The Cloſets of the *Dead* it brake;
And of their Graves, they did ariſe,
And ſhew themſelves to mortall eies.

13 Then,

13 Then, did his Foes begin to fear
Which Fear, in ſome Deſpaire begot;
Some were amaz'd; ſome hopefull were,
Some raged, and relented not.
His Friends, whoſe Faith this triall ſhook,
Renew'd loſt Hopes; new courage took;
Yet feared more, then they beleev'd;
Till him revived, they perceiv'd.
14 Let all of us, who preſent be
With loving Hearts, this *Prince* embrace.
For by his *Death*, alive are we;
And by his *Pains*, we gained Grace.
In Him, whom *Pilat* crucifi'd,
All this was truly verifi'd;
In Him, therefore, ſo let us live,
That, *Life-eternall* he may give.
15 Our Sins did help (as on this Day)
With Whips, and Thorns to make him ſmart,
They help to take his life away.
Our want of *Love*, did wound his Heart.
And, though the *Iewes* deſpight we blame;
We were partakers in the ſame.
Oh! let us, now, partake no more
In their offence, as heretofore.

Hymn XXXVI.

For Easter-Day.

This Day is kept in memoriall of our Saviours *bleſſed* Reſurrection, *whereby the* Church (*as members with their* Head) *began a Joyfull Triumph over* Sin, Death, *and the* Devill. *And this Annuall Commemoration, was thought helpfull, both to ſtir up Thankfull rejoycings in thoſe to whom this is knowne, and to be a means alſo to make ſome take knowledge of it, who are yet Strangers to theſe Myſteries.*

Sing this as the 100. *Pſalme, without the* Chorus.

THis is the *Day*, the LORD, hath made,
And, therein, joyfull we will be:
For, from the black Infernall Shade,
In Triumph, back return'd is he.
The ſnares of *Satan*, and of *Death*,
He hath victoriouſly undone:
And his Oppoſers, forc'd he hath
His *Triumphs* to attend upon.
Cho. *This is the Day the* LORD *hath made:*
Come; let us now, therein be glad.

2 The *Grave*, which all did once deteſt,
And thought, a Dungeon full of Fear;
Is now become the *Houſe of Reſt*,
And, no ſuch Terrors harbor there.

For,

For CHRIST our LORD, hath took away
The Horrors, of that lothſome Den
And, ſince his *Reſurrection-Day*,
The *Faithfull* find no Fears therein.
Cho. *This is the Day, the* LORD *hath made:*
Come; let us, now, therein be glad.

3 His bitter mocks, his painfull ſmart,
Hath Praiſe and Eaſe for us procur'd.
And, to our Joy, we may convert,
What, he with broken Heart endur'd.
His *Body*, now, is made a Food,
Our fainting *Spirits* to refreſh:
And, we are by his precious *Blood*,
Refined both in *Soul* and *Fleſh*.
Cho. *This is the Day, the* LORD *hath made:*
Come; let us, now, therein be glad.

4 His *Wounds* that were both deep and wide,
To us, the *Caves* of Refuge are.
There, from *Purſuers*, we may hide,
And ſcape our Lifes deſtroyer there.
Now, know we, that (as was foretold)
His Fleſh did no corruption ſee:
And, that, *Hell* wanted ſtrength to hold
So ſtrong, and bleſt a *Prince* as he.
Cho. *This is the Day, the* LORD *hath made:*
Come; let us all, therein, be glad.

5 Oh! let us praiſe his *Name*, therefore,
Who this renowned Conqueſt won:
For, we had elſe for evermore,
Been everlaſtingly, undone.

Whereas,

Whereas, emboldned now we grow,
Triumphantly, to ſay or ſing,
Oh *Hell!* where is thy *Conqueſt* now?
And, where (oh Death!) is now thy *ſting*?
Cho. *This is the Day the* LORD *hath made,*
Come, let us now, therein be glad.

HYMN XXXVII.

For Aſcention Day.

After our Saviour *was riſen from the Dead; and had many times ſhewed himſelfe to his* Diſciples, *he aſcended viſibly up into heaven in their preſence. In memoriall of which* Aſcention; *and, to praiſe* GOD *for ſo exalting the* humane-Nature, *we celebrate this Day.*

Sing this as the 117. Pſalme.

TO GOD, with heart, and cheerfull voice,
A *Triumph-Song*, we ſing;
And, with true Thankfulnes rejoice
In our Almighty King.
We to his Glory will record
(Who are but duſt and clay)
What Honour he did us afford,
On his *Aſcention-Day.*

2. The *humane-Nature*, which of late,
Beneath his *Angels* was;

He called up, from that eſtate,
Vnto a higher Place.
For, at *Mans* feet all Creatures bow:
To him, they ſubject be:
And, at GOD's right hand, throned now,
In Glorie, ſitteth He.

3 Our LORD, and brother, who put on
Such Fleſh as this we wear;
Before us, up to Heav'n is gone,
Our Places to prepare.
Captivitie, was captive then,
And, He doth from above,
Send Ghoſtly-Preſents down to Men;
For *Tokens* of his *Love*.

4 Each *Doore*, and *Everlaſting-Gate*,
To him, hath lifted bin;
And, in a glorious-wiſe, thereat,
Our King is entred in.
Whom, if to follow we regard;
With Love, and leave we may:
For, he hath all the means prepar'd;
And made an open way.

5 Then follow; follow on apace
Our Captain to attend;
In that ſupream and bleſſed Place,
Whereto he did aſcend.
And, for his Honour, let our Voice
A ſhout, ſo heartie make;
That *Heav'n* may at our Joy reJoice,
And *Hels* foundation ſhake.

HYMN

Hymn XXXVIII.

For Pentecoſt, or Whitſunday.

At the Jewes Pentecoſt, *which was the fiftieth Day after their* Paſche, *and the* Reſurrection *of* Ieſus Chriſt, *the* Holy-Ghoſt, *our* Comforter, *was miraculouſly ſent downe upon the* Diſciples, *in a viſible Forme; repleniſhing them with Spirituall Gifts, for the edification of his* Church. *We therefore obſerve this Day in remembrance of that* Myſterie.

Sing this as the former.

WE do acknowledge thee, oh LORD!
Vpright in all thy waies;
And, that the firmnes of thy *Word*,
Well merits endleſſe praiſe.
For, as by Thee, it was made known,
Before thou hence didſt goe,
Thou ſentſt thy *Holy-Spirit* down,
Thy Favours, to beſtow.
While thy *Diſciples* in thy name,
Together did retire;
The *Holy-Ghoſt* upon them came,
In *cloven-Tongues* of *Fire*.
That, in their *Calling*, they might be
Confirmed, from above,

As

As Thou wert, when he came on Thee
Deſcending like a *Dove*.
3 Whereby, they who unletter'd were,
And, fearfull, till that how'r,
Inſpir'd with prudence, did appear,
And, fortifi'd with pow'r.
Yea, *Gifts* he gave, ſo manifold,
That, ſince Tim's Round begun;
A wonder never hath been told,
Which did exceed this *one*.
4 Oh, let this bleſſed *Spirit*, LORD!
To us thy ſervants, here,
A portion of that Grace afford,
Which doth in Thine appear.
To us, thy *Dovelike* meeknes lend,
That humble we may be;
And by thy pure white wings, aſcend
Our Saviour CHRIST, to ſee.
5 Like *Cloven-Tongues*, vouchſafe we pray
So to Deſcend agen,
That, Saving-Grace we publiſh may;
And preach down Sin, in men.
Yea, let thy *ſanctifying-Fire*,
Inflame us from above:
Burn up in us, all vain *Deſire*;
And warme our hearts with *Love*.
6 Be pleaſed, likewiſe, to beſtow
On us, thy ſacred *Peace*;
That, *Vnitie* may ſtronger grow,
And our *Debates* decreaſe.

Which

Which *Peace*, if any do contemn,
Reformed let them be;
That, we may, LORD, have part in Them,
And *We*, and They, in *Thee*.

HYMN XXXIX.

For *Trinitie-Sunday*.

After the Arian Hereſie had troubled many with doubts concerning the Myſterie *of the Bleſſed* Trinitie. *It ſeemed convenient to ſome* Churches, *that one Day ſhould yearly be ſet apart, both to commemorate, and inſtruct us concerning this* Myſterie. *To which end, we obſerve the* Sunday *next after* Whitſunday, *and others, the* Sunday *next before the* Advent.

Sing this as the Lords Prayer.

THey, ô thrice Holy, *Three in One!*
Who ſeek thy nature to explain,
By Means to Humane Reaſon known;
Shall find their Labour ſpent in vain.
And, that they might contain, as well,
The Britiſh Ocean in a ſhell.

2 More, therefore, then we may conceive,
We will not curious be to know:
But rather, when thou bid'ſt us to believe,
Obey, and let vain Reas'ning goe.

For,

For, far more ſure, *Faith's* Objects be;
Then thoſe, which *Reaſons* eies do ſee.

3 Yet, as by looking on the *Sun*,
(Though to his Eſſence, we are blinde)
And by the *Courſe*, we ſee him run,
We may of him, true *Notions* find.
So; what thy *Brightnes* doth conceal,
Thy *Word*, and *works* (in part) reveal.

4 Moſt *Glorious-Eſſence*, we confeſſe
In Thee (whom by *Faith's* eies we view)
Three Perſons, neither moe, nor leſſe,
Whoſe *Workings*, them, diſtinctly ſhew:
And, ſure we are thoſe *Perſons Three*,
One GOD (and but *one* GOD-*head* be)

5 The *Sun*, a *Motion* hath, we know,
That *Motion* ſhews to us his *Light*.
The *Heate* proceedeth from thoſe two.
Each, works his proper *Works* aright.
The *Motion* drawes out Time, a Line;
The *Heat* doth *warm*; The *Light* doth *ſhine*.

6 But though this *Motion*, *Light*, and *Heat*,
Diſtinctly, by themſelves we take,
Each in the other hath his ſeat;
And, but one SVN, theſe Three do make.
For, whatſoe're the *One* will do,
It worketh by the other *Two*.

7 So, in the GOD-*head*, there is knit
A wondrous *Threefold-Truelove knot*;
And perfect *Vnion* faſtens it,
Though *Fleſh* and *Blood* conceive it not;

And

And what is by One *Person* done,
Is wrought by all the *Three-in-One.*

8 Their *Works* they joyntly do purſue,
Though they their *Offices* divide;
And though, as things diſtinctly due,
Some Attributes may be appli'd.
For, One in *Subſtance*, they are ſtill;
In *Vertue*, One, and one in *Will.*

9 *Eternall* all theſe *Perſons* be;
And, yet, *Eternall*, there's but *One.*
So likewiſe, *Infinite* all *Three*;
Yet, *Infinite*, but *One*, alone.
And, neither, any thing doth miſſe,
Which of the GOD-*heads* ESSENCE is.

In *Vnitie*, and *Trinitie*,
Thus (oh CREATOR) we adore
Thine ever-praiſed DEITIE;
And, Thee confeſſe, for evermore,
One FATHER, one *Begotten* SON;
One HOLY-GHOST, in GOD-*head* one

HYMN XL.

For All-Saints-Day.

This Day we commemorate the Myſtery of the Communion of SAINTS, *which ſhall be made perfect, when the holy* Trinitie, *The* Angels *and all the* HOLIES *and bleſſed Elect of* GOD *ſhall be incorporated into a joyfull, and unſpeakable,*

and

and inſeparable Vnion, *in the Kingdome of Heaven, which the* Almightie *haſten. Amen.*

Sing this as the former.

NO *Bliſſe* can ſo contenting prove,
As *univerſall-Love*, to gaine,
If we, with *Full-requiting-Love*,
Could ſuch Affection entertain.
But, ſuch a *Love*, the Heart of Man,
Nor comprehend, nor merit can.

2 For, though to all we might be dear,
(Which, cannot in this Life, befall)
We diſcontented ſhould appear,
Becauſe, we had not Heart for all;
That we might all men Love, as we
Beloved, would of all men be.

3 For, *Love* in Loving, Joyes as much,
As, Love for Loving to obtain.
The *perfect Love*, is alway ſuch,
And cannot part it Self in twain;
Or Love receive; but where it may
With Trueſt Love, *True-Love* repay.

4 *Love* cannot in it ſelf be two.
The *Object* of *True-Love*, therefore,
An *Vnite* is, which cannot grow
To be in ESSENCE, *two*, or *more*.
In *Rivals-Loves*, no Love is known.
And *Love-divided*, loveth none.

5 By *Love in Fraction*, vext are we
Whil'ſt here on earth we do remain;

And

And if in Heav'n such *Love* could be,
Sure Heav'n would be a place of pain,
And, *Saints*, perhaps, would jealous prove,
Of GOD'S, or of each others Love.

6 But, *He* whose wisdome hath contriv'd,
His Glorie with our full content
Hath from himself a means deriv'd,
Our Loves distractions to prevent.
One Body of all SAINTS he makes;
And, for his *Bride*, that *One*, he takes.

7 So, ev'ry member doth obtain
Full Love *from all*, returning too,
Full *to All*, of them again,
As members of one Body do;
None Jealous; but, all striving how
Most Love to others to allow.

8 For, as the *Soul* is *All* in *All*,
(And, *All* through ev'ry member too)
Love, in that *Body-Mystical*;
Is as the *Soul*, and fits it so:
Vniting them to GOD, as near,
As to each other, they are dear.

9 The Love they want to entertain
Such overflowing *Love* as his,
He adds; which they return again
To make up Love which perfect is.
That, he may his own Love imploy,
And, both find perfect *Love* and *Joy*.

10 The seed of this Content was sown,
When GOD, the spatious world did frame;

And,

And, ever ſince, that ſeed hath grown,
To be an Honour to his *Name*.
And, when the SAINTS are ſealed all,
This hidden Truth unſeal he ſhall.

11 Meanwhile, as when Woods, Hils and Seas,
In Landskip ſhadow'd forth, we ſhew,
And, therewithall our Fancies pleaſe,
Though we their ſubſtance do not view:
So, *Contemplations-Map* may ſhew,
Dim ſights, of that which we ſhall know.

12 And, though our Hearts too ſhallow be,
That bleſt *Communion* to conceive,
Whereof, in Heav'n we ſhall be free,
Let us, on Earth together cleave;
Since none ſhall taſt that Bleſſing, there,
But, they who live in *Vnion* here.

13 There, all thoſe *Angels* we admir'd,
With ev'ry *Saint*, ſince Time begun,
(Whoſe Love, and Sight, we have deſir'd)
Shall joyned be with us, in One;
And We, and They, and they, and We,
To GOD himſelf eſpouz'd ſhall be.

14 Oh! therefore, let us watch and pray,
With *Lamps*, and *Oyle*, ſtill ſo prepar'd,
That, on the LAMBS great Marriage-day,
We be not from this *Wedding* barr'd;
But, find a free Admittance there,
Where GOD, and all his HOLIES are.

HYMN

Hymn XLI.

For St. *Andrewes-Day.*

This Day we praiſe God *for the Benefit which his* Church *obtained by the Calling, and Miniſtry of his Apoſtle* Andrew; *and we are hereby remembred, ſō to obſerve his Readineſſe to follow and preach* Chriſt, *that we may be ſtirred up to imitate the ſame.*

Sing this as the 10. *Commandements.*

WHil'ſt *Andrew*, as a Fiſher ſought
From pinching want, his Life to free;
CHRIST call'd him, that he might be taught,
A *Fiſher-man of men*, to be.
And no delay therein, he made;
Nor queſtioned his LORDS intent;
But, quite forſaking all he had,
With him that called, gladly went.
2 Would GOD, we were prepared ſo,
To follow CHRIST, when he doth call;
And, could as readily forgoe
Thoſe Nets, which we are ſnar'd withall.
Yea, would this *Fiſherman of men*,
Might us by his example move,
To leave the World, as he did then;
And by our *Works*, our *Faith* approve.

3 But,

3 But, *Precepts* and *Examples* fail,
Till thou, oh LORD! thy Grace inspir'st:
Vouchsafe it, and we shall prevaile,
In whatsoever thou requir'st.
Yea, we shall then that *Good* perceive,
Which in thy *Service*, we may find;
And, for thy sake, be glad to leave
Our *Nets*, and all our Trash behind.

HYMN XLII.

For St. *Thomas* his Day.

We set apart this day, to praise GOD, *for the Ministrie of his Apostle St.* Thomas; *and that occasion may be thereby given to strengthen our Faith, by an Annuall commemoration of that part of the Evangelicall Story, which mentioneth aswell this* Apostles *doubtings, as the confirmation of his faith, by a sensible demonstration of* Christs *Resurrection.*

Sing this as the LORDS Prayer.

WHen *Christ* from Death, to life did rise,
And *Thomas* heard that wonder told;
He said he would not trust his Eies,
Though Him, they living, should behold;
Till with his Fingers, he had tri'd,
His pierced hands, and wounded side.

2 His

2 His gracious *Maſter* did permit
The Proof, his Frailtie ſought to take;
That, others might aſſurance get,
Of that, whereof he doubts did make.
And we more ſtrength by him have got,
Then by their *Faith* who doubted not.

3 Oh! bleſſed GOD, how wiſe thou art!
And, how confoundeſt thou thy Foes!
Who their Temptations do'ſt convert
To work that End, which they oppoſe.
When *Satan* ſeeks our *Faith* to ſhake,
The former, he the ſame doth make.

4 Still when to *Sin* he tempteth us,
To his Confuſion, let it be;
To our Advantage, turn it thus;
And, let it bring us home to Thee.
Yet, let us hate and ſhun all Sin,
As if, our miſchief, it had bin.

Hymn XLIII.

For St. *Stephens-Day.*

Stephen *was one of the ſeven* Deacons *mentioned* Act. 6. *and the firſt* Martyr *of* Ieſus Christ. *Hee powerfully maintained the* Goſpell *by diſpute, and ſealed the* Truth *with his Blood: For which* GOD *is glorved by this Dayes obſervation, and others by his exemplarie Conſtancie remembred*

Sing this as the former.

LORD! with what Zeal, did *Stephen* breath
Thy *Truth* to ſuch as him withſtood?
How ſtoutly did he meet his Death,
To Seal thy *Goſpel*, with his blood?
This Conſtancie, thy Grace hath Crown'd;
And, by ſo *Dying*; *Life* he found.

2 Much *Love*, did in that *Saint* appear,
When for his *Murtherers*, he ſu'd:
And, *Faith* had made his Eye-ſight clear,
When thee, inthron'd in heav'n, he view'd;
In Torments, he true Patience kept;
And, *di'd*, as if he had but *ſlept*.

3 With his hot *Zeal*, our Hearts inflame;
So *kinde*, ſo *conſtant*, let us be:
In *life*, ſo let us *Praiſe* thy *Name*,
In *Death*, ſo let us *looke* on Thee:
And, when our *Sleep*, in *Death* we take,
With Him, to *Life*, let us awake.

HYMN XLIIII.

For S. *John* the *Evangeliſt* his Day.

We ſolemnize this Day to praiſe GOD *for his bleſſed* Evangeliſt, *and beloved* Diſciple John, *who was one of the moſt powerfull Inſtruments of the* Churches *illumination, and Conſolation. For, by Him, the* Divinitie of CHRIST, *and the*

most comfortable mysteries of our Redemption, *are most evidently witnessed.*

Sing this as the 10. *Commandments.*

BY his Examples, teach us LORD,
For whom we honour Thee this Day.
His *witnesse*, of th'*Incarnate-Word*,
Continue in thy *Church*, for aye.
As he, likewise, beloved was,
And, therefore leaned on thy brest;
So, let us, LORD, enjoy thy Grace;
And, on thy sacred *Bosome*, rest.

2 Breathe into us, that *Life-divine*,
Whose Testimonie, he intends;
About us, cause thy *Light* to shine;
That *Light*, which no man comprehends.
And, let that *ever-blessed-word*,
Which, all things did create, of nought,
Anew, create us, now, oh LORD!
Who are by *Sin*, to ruine brought.

3 Our sins, we heartily confesse,
Thy pardon, therefore, let us have.
Thy *Saving-faith* we do professe;
Vs, to thy *Fellowship*, receive.
And, as to us, thy *Servant* gives
The means to know and honour Thee;
So, let oh LORD! our *words* and *lives*,
Both *Lights*, and *Guides*, to others, be.

Hymn XLV.

For Innocents Day.

In honour of the Almightie-Providence, *this Day is observed by our* Church, *who upon this Day memorizeth our* Saviours *preservation from* Herods *cruelitie, when he slew the Innocent Children in Bethlehem, and the parts adjoyning. And we are thereby put in minde, how vainly, the Devill, and his members, rage against* God, *and his* Decrees.

Sing this as the former.

THat *Rage*, (as *David* fore declar'd)
Which did the *Gentiles* Fury shew;
By *Herod* then fulfilled was
When blamelesse *Innocents* he slew.
And, madly they pursude in vain,
What they had cursedly contriv'd;
For, *He* whom *Herod* would have slain;
Him, and his Malice, overliv'd.
2 Still, thus, vouchsafe thou to restrain,
All Tirants, LORD, pursuing Thee.
Let ill conceptions, thus, be slain,
That, Thou in us, preserv'd mayst be.
So, whilst we shall enjoy our breath,
We of thy Grace, our *Songs* will frame;
And, as those *Infants*, by our Death
We hope to glorifie thy *Name*.

3 Those *many* suffred Death, for *One*;
That *One*, for *them*, and others dide.
And, what they felt in *Act*, alone;
He, did in *Will*, and *Act*, abide.
LORD, grant that what thou hast decreed,
In *Will*, and *Act*, we may fulfill:
And, though we reach not to the *Deed*,
From us, oh GOD, accept the *Will*.

HYMN XLVI.

For the Conversion of Saint *Paul*.

Paul, *having been a cruell Persecutor, was extraordinarily called, to be an* Apostle *to Preach the Faith which he had persecuted; and of a* Wolfe *became a* Pastor; *and the most laborious in the* Vineyard *of* CHRIST: *which Mercy of* GOD, *is here commemorated to his praise, and for our comfort.*

Sing this as the former.

A *Convert*, and Conversion strange
Was made, when *Saul*, a *Paul* became:
And, LORD, for making such a change,
We praise, and glorifie thy *Name*.
For, whilst he went from place to place,
To persecute thy *Church* and *Thee*;
He was reclaimed by thy Grace,
A Preacher of thy *Truth* to be.
2 LORD, when from thee we go astray,
Or injure Truth, by blinded Zeal,

Vouch-

Vouchsafe to stop us in that way;
And, then, thy *Will*, to us reveal.
Disclose that *Brightnesse* from above,
Which proves the Sensuall Eye-sight blind;
And, from our Eyes, the skales remove,
That, hinder us, thy way to finde.
3 And, as thy blessed Servant *Paul*,
(When thy Disciple he became)
Exceeded thy *Apostles*, all,
In painfull preaching of thy *Name*.
So, grant, that we, who have in Sin
Exceeded others heretofore,
The start of them, in *Faith*, may win;
Love, *Serve*, and *Honour* thee, the more.

Hymn XLVII.

For Saint *Matthias* his Day.

This Day is observed in memoriall of God's Justice, *manifested in discovering and punishing* Judas Iscariot *for abusing his* Apostleship; *and, for his* Mercy *in electing* Matthias, *a faithfull Pastor in his Roome. It gives us Occasion also, to consider what hangs over their heads, who abuse their* Divine-Calling.

Sing this as the 4 Psalme.

WHen one of thine, did false become,
And, his high place abuse;

Thou left'ſt him, LORD, and in his Roome,
Didſt juſt *Matthias* chuſe,
So, if within thy *Church* this day,
Vnfaithfull *Paſtors* dwell,
To them, Repentance grant, we pray,
Or, them, with ſpeed, expell.

2 Though, horned like the *Lambe* they ſhow,
Though, *Sheep-like*, cloth'd they be;
Let us their *Dragon-language* know,
And, *Woolviſh-nature* ſee.
And, cauſe thy *Lots* to fall on thoſe,
(Thy Flocks to undertake)
Who ſhall their manners well compoſe,
And, thereof Conſcience make.

3 Let us likewiſe, his *fall*, ſo heed
Whoſe Place, *Matthias* got;
And, with ſuch loving Awe proceed,
That, we deny Thee not.
For, *Titles* be they nev'r ſo high,
Rare-Gifts, or *Sacred-Place*,
Shall no mans *Perſon* ſanctifie,
Without thy *Speciall-Grace*.

HYMN XLVIII.

For Saint *Marks* Day.

This day is appointed to praiſe GOD, *for the Glad tidings of his* Goſpel, *delivered to the* Church *by his bleſſed Evangeliſt* MARK: *by whoſe Teſtimony*

many that Saving-Truth, *is confirmed and Illuſtrated unto us.*

Sing this as the 100. Pſalme.

FOr thoſe bleſt *Pen-men* of thy *Word*,
Who have Evangeliz'd of Thee,
We magnifie thy *Name* oh LORD!
And, thankfull, we deſire to be.

The Welcome News, thy *Goſpel* brings,
With joyfull Hearts, we do embrace;
And, prize above all earthly Things,
That Precious Earneſt of thy *Grace*.

2 This Matchleſſe *Jem*, that we may buy
Let us with gladneſſe, *Coſt* beſtow,
Our vain *Self love*, let us deny,
And, let the Worlds *Falſe-honours* go.

Although from Heav'n an *Angel* come
To preach another *Goſpel*, here,
Let us not entertain the ſame
Nor lend thereto a willing eare.

3 LORD, we are now affected thus;
But, in performance, we are fraile;
Too craftie is our *Foe* for us,
And (if thou help not) may prevaile.

Enable us, therefore, to Judge, and know,
(When we *new-Doctrines* do receive)
If they agreeing be, or no,
To what a *Chriſtian* ſhould beleeve.

HYMN XLIX.

For Saint *Philip* and *Jacobs* Day.

The Church upon this Day taketh Occasion to offer to our Consideration, some of those Mysteries of Saving Faith, which were delivered unto her by the Ministry of the Apostles Philip, *and* Jacob, *that we might the better heave in minde their Counsels, and be thankfull unto* GOD *for them.*

Sing this as the former.

BY Thee were thy *Disciples* taught,
What they, oh CHRIST, should *do*;
What, likewise to *Beleeve*, they ought,
Thy *Spirit* shew'd them too.
The Truths which unto them were shown,
Have been dispos'd of thus;
They, unto others made them known;
From Those, they came to us.
2 Thus they have taught; and thus we say;
(And, therein will abide)
Thou art the *Life*, and *Truthfull-way*,
Which unto *Life* doth guide.
By *Thee*, the *Father* we have known,
Whom thou descendest from;
And, unto *Him*, by *Thee*, alone,
We hopefull are to come.
3 This, thou to *Philip* did impart,
(And, this our Faith shall be)

That

That, Thou within the *Father* art,
And, that, *He* dwels in *Thee*.
Of whom, what ever we in faith,
And, in thy *Name*, require,
We ſhall obtain (thy promiſe ſaith)
As we our ſelves deſire.

4 Now, therefore, LORD, of thee we crave,
That, we more Fruit may ſhew
Of that which we received have;
And, much more thankfull grow.
That ſo the Truth we have beleev'd
May not be taken from
Theſe Kingdomes; but, be here receiv'd
Vntill thy *Kingdome* come.

HYMN L.

For Saint *Barnabas* Day.

Barnabas, *together with Saint* Paul, *was by the* Holy-Ghoſt *extraordinarily ſeparated for the Miniſtry of the* Goſpel, *and confirmed in the* Apoſtleſhip, *by the ordinary Diſcipline of laying on of hands; for which we take occaſion to praiſe* GOD, *upon this Day.*

Sing this as the 10. *Commandements.*

RIch Gifts, and Graces manifold,
To many, thou, oh LORD, haſt lent,
Of late, and in the Dayes of old,
To teach us *Faith*, and to repent.

Thy *Prophets* thou didſt firſt ordain;
And, they as *Legats* did appear.
Then, with an *Apoſtolike-Train*,
In perſon, thou, a while, wert here.
2 For *Legier*, when thou went'ſt away,
The *Holy-Ghoſt* thou didſt appoint,
Who, for thy Service (to this Day)
From Time to Time, did ſome anoint.
So likewiſe, brought it was to paſſe;
That, to confirm what had been taught,
An *Army-royall*, preſſed was,
Of *Martyrs*, who thy Battels fought.
3 For *Thoſe*, and *Him*, for whom we thus
Are met to praiſe thy *Name* this day,
We give Thee Thanks; as they for us,
(Before we were) to Thee did pray.
And, by this dutie, we declare
An evidence, that *They* and *We*,
(Though we in Times, divided are)
Have one *Communion*, ſtill, with Thee.

Hymn LI.

For Saint *John Baptiſt* his Day.

John *called the* Baptiſt (*by whoſe Miniſtry the People were prepared to receive* Christ, *was prophecied of before his* Comming. *And this day is appointed both to praiſe* God *for the ſame; and to remember us by his example to prepare*

prepare our hearts for the entertainment of our Saviour.

Sing this as the Lords Prayer.

BEcauſe the World might not pretend,
It knew not of thy *Coming-day*;
Thou didſt, oh CHRIST, before Thee ſend
A *Cryer*, to prepare thy Way.
Thy *Kingdome* was the *News*, he brought
Repentance, was the *Way*, he taught.

2 And that his *Voice* might not alone,
Informe us what we ſhould *beleeve*;
His *Life* declar'd what muſt be done,
By thoſe who ſhall thy *Faith* receive.
His Doctrine, therefore, let us heed,
And in his holy path proceed.

3 Let us not haunt *vain-pleaſures* Courts,
With fruitleſſe toyes, to feed the minde;
Nor moved be with falſe Reports,
Like Reeds, that ſhake with ev'ry winde.
And, let our *lives* (though leſſe auſtere)
At leaſt, be ſober, and ſincere.

4 Clad in *Repentant-cloth of hair*,
Let us, (oh CHRIST) to ſeek out Thee,
To thoſe *forſaken-walks* repair,
Which, by thy *Saints* affected be:
And, that our lives we may amend,
With true Repentance, us befriend.

5 Inſtruct us how to feed upon
The *Honey*, of thy *Word-divine*;

The

The *Dainties* of the *Flesh* to shun;
Her *Cups* of *Soul-bewitching-wine*;
And, on our Loines, let us have care
The *Belt* of *Temperance* to wear.
6 So, thy *Fore-Runner*, Times last day,
By his example, shall prepare
Within Mans heart, both *Place* and *Way*,
To give thee entertainment, there;
And, thou to *us*, and We to Thee,
Shall, (when thou comest) welcome be.

HYMN LII.

For Saint *Peters* Day.

We observe this day, to honour GOD, *in the pious Memoriall of his blessed Apostle Saint* Peter, *and that it might remember us not to presume on our own strength, by considering his failing, and falling from his over peremptorie Asseveration. We may learn also by his example, to bewaile our escapes, with teares of penitence.*

Sing this as the 1. *Psalme.*

HOw watchfull ought, we to become!
How zealously to pray!
That, Thee, oh LORD, we fall not from
Vpon our *Triall-day!*
For, if thy great *Apostle* said,
He would not Thee deny,

Yet,

Yet, Thee, that very night denaid,
On what should we relie?
2 Of our owne selves, we cannot leave
Our pleasures, for thy sake;
No, nor one vertuous Thought conceive
Till, us thou able make.
For, we not only Thee deny,
When Troubles do increase;
But, oft from Thee, we likewise fly,
When pleasures we possesse.
3 Oh! let those *Prayers* us availe,
Which were for *Peter* daign'd;
That, when the *Foe* shall us assaile,
His purpose be not gain'd.
Yea, fixe on us those pow'rfull Eies,
Which mov'd him to lament;
That, we with Teares, and bitter Cries,
Our Follies may repent.
4 And, grant that all, who him succeed
(To oversee thy *Folds*)
Thy Sheep and Lambs, may guide and feed,
As they of duty should:
No Doctrine teaching, saving, what
Truth warrants them to preach;
And in their Lives, confirming that
Which they are bound to teach.

HYMN LIII.

For St. *Iames* his Day.

This Day we glorifie GOD *for his Apoſtle* James, *who was one of the two, for whom their* Mother *deſired that they might ſit, the one at his right hand, and the other at his left hand in his Kingdome: And by occaſion of that Petition, they and others are taught what they ſhould rather deſire to obtain.*

Sing this as the 10. Commandements.

THey who their *Father* had forſook,
And follow'd CHRIST at his command,
(By humane frailtie overtook)
Did for preferment, ſeeme to ſtand.
But, by their *Maſter* they were taught,
What fitteth an *Apoſtles* care;
What ſhould by them, be rather ſought;
And, what their chiefeſt honours are.

2 By them, we ſee much Folly grows,
Where *Vertues* their beſt rooting take;
And that the man which *Wealth* forgoes,
May not *Ambition* quite forſake.
And fear we may, that Sin reſides
In many Perſons at this day,
Who choſen are for *Lights*, and *Guids*,
To ſhew to other men their way.

3 To Thee, therefore, oh LORD, we pray,
That, *humbleneſſe*, in us may dwell,
To charm that *Fiend* of *Pride* away,
Which would thy Graces, quite expell.
Vouchſafe thou, chiefly, thoſe to keep
From this Deluſion of the Foe,
Who are the *Paſtors* of thy Sheep,
And ſhould each good Example ſhow.
4 For, they who ſtill purſuing be
That *Greatneſſe*, which the World reſpects,
Their vanitie do neither ſee,
Nor feel thy Spirits good effects.
By them, *prophaneneſſe* doth increaſe;
By them, *Diſunion*, is begun,
By them, the *Church* is robb'd of *Peace*;
By them, the World will be undone.
5 He therefore, that will ſtop the Rent,
Which his Ambitious aymes hath made,
(Like this Apoſtle) muſt repent
The vain Deſires, which he hath had.
For, he which to performe that *Place*,
With *Lowlineſſe*, himſelfe applies,
Endow'd is, with *ſpeciall-grace*,
And, ſhall to higheſt *Honours* riſe.

HYMN

Hymn LIIII.

For St. Bartholomews day.

This Day is consecrated to the honour of God, *in the pious memory of his Apostle St.* Bartholomew: *and, that (as appeares by a portion of Scripture appointed to be read this day, we might take occasion to praise our* Redeemer *for the many wonders wrought by his* Apostles, *to the edification of his* Church; *and to the confusion of her Foes.*

Sing this as the Lords Prayer.

EXceeding gracious favours, Lord,
To thy *Apostles* have bin shown;
And, many wonders, by their word,
And, in thy *Name*, by them were done.
The Blind could see; the Dumbe could talk;
The Deaf did hear; the Lame did walk.

2 They all *Diseases* took away;
The Dead, to life, they did restore;
Foul spirits, dispossessed they;
And, preach'd thy *Gospel* to the poore.
Whereby the Truth, still stronger grew,
And, her Opposers overthrew.

3 Oh! let their works for ever be
An honour to thy Glorious Name;

And

And by thy pow'r, vouchsafe that we
(Whom Sin makes deaf, blind, dumb, and lame,
May hear thy *Word*, and see thy *Light*;
And speak thy Truth, and walk upright.
4 Each mortall Sickness of the Soul,
Let thy *Apostles* Doctrines cure;
Let it expell that *spirit-foul*,
Which makes us lothsome and impure:
That, we who dead in sin have lain,
The life of *saving-Faith* may gain.

Hymn LV.

For St. Mathews-Day.

St. Mathew *was from the Office of a Custome-gatherer (which was odious to the Jewes) called to be an Apostle; and became one of the* Evangelists. *This day, therefore, is made observable, and set apart that God might be therein praised for the favour vouchsafed to the whole* Church *by his ministry.*

Sing this as the former.

LEt no uncomely Censures passe
Vpon those *Callings* men professe.
A *Publican*, St. *Mathew* was,
Yet, God's elected nev'rtheless.
And was unto the *Church* of *Christ*,
Apostle, and *Evangelist*.

2 For,

2 For, GOD (who not a whit respects
Profession, Person, or Degree)
The *Saints* impartially elects,
From ev'ry Sort of men that be;
That, all might unto him repaire,
And, no more of his Love despaire.

3 For those men, therefore, let us pray,
Who seem uncalled, to remain;
Not judging them quite cast away,
GODS Favour never to obtain;
Since, he by them perhaps doth prove,
Our patience, and our Christian Love.

4 And, for our selves, let us desire
That, Avarice we then may shun,
When GOD that service doth require,
Whereby his heav'nlie will is done.
And let the remnant of our daies,
Be spent in setting forth his praise.

HYMN LVI.

For the Day of St *Michael*, and all *Angels*.

This Day we glorifie GOD *for the ministration of his holy Angels, and for the assistance and protection, which he by them vouchsafeth us against the secret assaults and temptations of our spirituall Adversaries. St.* Michael, *is by St.* Jude *termed an* Arch-Angell; *by* Daniel, *he is called,* Chiefe of the Princes; *and some doe thinke that this* Angel *is* Christ.

Sing

Sing this as the 100. *Pſalme.*

TOpraiſe, oh GOD! and honour Thee
For all thy glorious Triumphs won,
Aſſembled here this day are we;
And, to declare thy Favours done.
Thou took'ſt that great *Arch-Angels* part,
With whom in Heav'n the *Dragon* fought;
And, that good *Armies, Captain* wer't,
Which caſt *him*, and his *Angels* out.
2 We gain'd thereby the firmer peace;
Leſſe are our dangers; leſſe, our Fears;
And, to thy Glories great increaſe,
Thy *Kingdomes* pow'r the more appears.
Yea, now his malice and deſpight,
Who in thy preſence, heretofore,
Accuſed us both day and night,
Shall terrifie our Souls no more.
3 In honour of thy Bleſſed Name,
This *Hymn* of Thanks, therefore we ſing;
And, to thine everlaſting Fame
Of praiſe, Heav'ns arched Sphear ſhall ring.
With praiſe, for thy *Eſſentiall-might*,
With praiſe, for all thoſe *Angels* too,
Who thy victorious Battels fight,
And, here on Earth, thine Errands do.
4 For, many of that glorious Troop
(To bring us meſſages from thee)
Have pleaſed bin, from Heav'n to ſtoop;
And, cloth'd with humane ſhape to be.

Yea,

Yea, we believe they watch and ward,
About our Perſons, evermore,
From *evill-Spirits*, us to guard:
And, we return Thee Thanks, therefore.

HYMN LVII.

For St. *Lukes* Day.

This Day we celebrate GODS *praiſe for the great priviledges vouchſafed to his* Church *by the bleſſed* Evangeliſt LVKE, *a Phyſitian both for Body and Soule, and the firſt and beſt Eccleſiaſticall Hiſtoriegrapher. Hee was a conſtant companion of St.* Paul, *and an example of Chriſtian perſeverance to all poſteritie.*

Sing this as the former.

IF thoſe Phyſitians honor'd be,
Who corporall diſeaſes heal;
Sure, worthy double praiſe is he
Who ſeeks both *Soul* and *Bodies* weal.
Both waies this Bleſſed *Saint* excel'd,
Both waies, in life he was approv'd;
And, by his *Goſpel* hath reveal'd
What many Soul-bred pains remov'd.
2 To do him honour, this, beſide,
A bleſſed witnes, hath declar'd,
That firme in Faith he did abide,
When others from the Truth were ſcar'd.

Thereof

Thereof the Glorie, LORD, be thine;
For, him thy *Grace* enabled thus:
And he received thoſe Gifts divine,
To benefit *himſelf* and *us*.

3 By his example, therefore, LORD,
Vphold us, that we fall not from
The true profeſſion of thy *Word*,
Nor by the World, be overcome.
And, grant, his holy *Goſpel* may
Yeeld cordiall comforts to the Soul,
To drive thoſe maladies away,
Which make it faithles, faint, and foul.

HYMN LVIII.

For St. *Simon* and *Judes* day.

This day, we honour God for his two Apoſtles, Simon *called* Zelotes, *and* Jude *the brother of* James, *as is manifeſted by a portion of Scripture, appointed to be read on this day, and by which we are put in minde that we continue in brotherly Love, and in that eſtate of* Grace *to which we are called.*

Sing this as the 23. *Pſalme.*

NO outward *mark* have we to know
Who, thine, oh CHRIST, ſhall be,
Vntill our Chriſtian Love doth ſhow,
What Soul pertains to Thee.
For, ſome, a *Faith* can counterfeit,
And, likely Virtues fain;

But,

But, till true *Charitie* they ger,
Their *Faith*, and *Works* are vain.

2 *Love* is that Sum of those Commands,
Which Thou, to Thine did'st leave:
And, for a *mark*, on them it stands
Which never can deceive.
For, when our *Knowledge*, fooliſh turnes;
When *Shewes*, no ſhew retain;
When *fiery-zeal* to nothing burnes,
Then Love ſhall firme remain.

3 By this, were thy Diſciples knit,
And, joyned ſo in One;
Their *True-Love-knot*, could never, yet,
Be broken or undone.
Oh! let us LORD inſerted be
Into that ſacred *Knot*;
And, be ſo knit, to them and Thee,
That Sin undoe us not.

4 Yea, leſt when we thy grace poſſeſſe,
We therefrom fall away,
(Or turn it into wantonneſſe)
Aſſiſt thou us, we pray.
And, that we may the better find,
What heed is to be learn'd,
Let us the *Fall* of Angels mind,
As holy *Jude* hath warn'd.

HYMN

Hymn LIX.

For troublesome, and dangerous Times.

No Kingdome is alwaies free from troublesome and dangerous Times. Therefore Hymns of Consolation; and such as may move to penitence, or preserve the minde patiently contented with GODS *Visitations in that kind, are necessary for uncomfortable Seasons, and will no doubt, be both liked, and used by some.*

Sing this as, VVe praise thee oh GOD.

NOw are the *Times*; These are the Daies,
VVhich will those men approve,
VVho take delight in *honest-Waies*,
And *pious-Courses* love.
Now, to the VVorld, it will appear,
That Innocence of heart,
VVill keep us far more free from fear,
Then Helmet, Shield, or Dart.
2 A cunning *Politicians Brain*,
A wealthy *Merchants-purse*,
A *Princely Style*, a *Portly Train*;
(Though with a publike Curse)
(In Grace to be with Lords and Kings,
And, of their *Slaves* admir'd)
A while agoe, seem'd glorious Things;
And, most to be desir'd.

3 But

3 But fully Ripe now *Sins* are come,
And bring those *Plagues-foretold*;
Which make the *Times* grow perilsome,
Good Conscience passeth Gold.
And, they the braveſt Lots poſſeſſe,
Which may on earth be had,
Who by an *Inward-Happines*
Are ſafe, and fearles made.

4 As Lions they couragious are,
Now miſchiefs moſt increaſe.
And, though ſtill dreadfull newes they hear,
Their Courage doth increaſe.
For, now, they ſee be drawing nigh,
And, haſt'ning to requite,
Their Inſolence, and Tiranny,
Who did in wrongs delight.

5 And why ſhould Innocencie grieve,
That, liv'd it hath to ſee
Fulfilled; what it did believe,
And could foretell, ſhould be?
Yea, why ſhould it be diſcontent,
That, GOD hath verifi'd
His threat'nings, by a ſad event,
On thoſe who *Truth* decide?

6 What can it loſe, now broiles increaſe?
Or Fear, in Times of blood?
Which was oppreſt in Times of Peace;
And *Ill* receiv'd for Good?
Since none doth grudge to ſee his Field,
Stubd up, and ſet on fire;

That

That uſefull Fruits, the ſoile may yeeld,
In ſtead of Buſh and Bri'r.
7 The beſt which could have hoped bin,
By long abuſed Reſt;
Was that our Follies, and our Sin,
Should more have bin increaſt.
For, though ſome have bewail'd the Time,
And Reformation ſought;
But, few do ſorrow for their crimes,
Or, mend themſelves in ought.
8 Yea, few had either fear or ſenſe,
Of *Juſtice*, in their waies;
Or favour'd much, that *Innocence*
Which giveth peacefull daies.
We, therefore are afflicted thus;
And GOD, hath powred now,
A *Viall of his wrath* on us,
That we might wiſer grow.
9 Like thoſe Egyptians if we be,
Whoſe hearts obdurate grow,
All his old plagues, in ſtore hath he,
Our Follies to purſue;
But by returning unto him,
We, yet may ſcape the ſmart,
That without *Mercy*, fals on them,
Which have a hard'ned heart.
10 LORD, this effect, vouchſafe to grant
In theſe our *Troublous Times*.
Let our loſt *Peace*, which now we want,
Reclaim us from our Crimes.

So whether we ſhall *die* or *live*,
Till better *Daies* we ſee;
This *Troublous* Time we ſhall perceive,
A *Time of Grace* to be.
11 For *Peſtilences*, *Deaths*, and *War*,
To them, who ſhall repent.
Not *Evill*, but *Good-Angels* are,
For their amendment ſent:
And *Righteous men*, ſometime, by theſe,
In Love, are taken from
Thoſe worſe, and thoſe more dreadfull daies;
Which muſt on others come.
12 Prepare, and fit me, LORD, therefore,
With meek, and humble mind,
To meet thy Judgements at the dore;
And, take the *Lot* I find.
And, if I ſhall be one of thoſe,
Who for example ſake,
Muſt ſuffer by theſe *publike-woes*,
On me thy pleaſure take.
13 But, LORD, remember *Mercy* ſtill,
(Thy Sword, through *Juſtice* drawes)
Yea, though to bring this publike *Ill*,
My *Sins*, in part, were cauſe;
Remember too, that I am one
(A Sinner, though it be)
Who grieves, for what I have miſdone,
And put my truſt in Thee.

HYMN

Hymn LX.

Another for the like Times.

The Faithfull are by this Hymn *put in mind of that ſecuritie which may be obtained, by depending on* God, *in Times of publike Calamitie, and remembred alſo thereby to ſtrengthen their Faith by earneſtly ſeeking* God's *aſſiſtance, and protection, in ſuch Times of Peril and Feare.*

Sing this as the 25. *Pſalme.*

INform'd we are, oh LORD!
That they who truſt in Thee,
And, can depend upon thy *word*,
Shall free from danger be.
To thoſe, thou ſhalt become
A ſtrong defenſive Tow'r,
To ſave when Times are perilſome,
From him that would devour.
2 The *Shaft* which kils by day,
On them ſhall not alight;
The *Plague* which doth at midnight ſlay,
Shall do them no deſpight.
How e're the *Planets* move;
What ever their Aſpects
May ſeem to threaten from above,
They ſhall have good Effects.

2 Their Feet unharm'd ſhall tread,
The *Viper*, *Worme*, and *Aſpe*:
With *Angry Lyons*, without dread
Or danger, they ſhall graſpe:
From Foes, they ſhall be ſafe;
Though great their Haters be,
And at their Furie, they ſhall laugh
Though them enrag'd they ſee.
4 When Death on ev'ry ſide,
Ten thouſands takes away,
They ſhall, by Faith be fortifide;
And, live without diſmay.
Yea, full they ſhall be fed
When *hungry Times* appear:
And, ſhall of nothing, ſtand in dread,
When they *Sad-Rumors* hear.
5 LORD, thus, thou doſt befriend
(When Times of Trouble be)
Thy Faithfull Servants, who depend
Vnfainedly on Thee.
On me, LORD, this high grace,
Vouchſafe thou to beſtow:
For at this *Time*, and in this *Place*,
Are Fears, and Perils now.
6 Let not my many Crimes,
Which have aſſiſtance brought
To bring thy Judgements on theſe times,
Now bring my Hopes to naught.
But, let me ſo repent,
My Courſes lewd and vain,

That

That in this publick punishment,
I, private Grace may gain.
7 So constant, make my heart;
(What ever *News* I hear)
That, from no duties I depart,
By an unmanly Fear:
Nor by a carnall doubt,
Those *Christian-Hopes* forgoe,
Whose Losse, may tire my *Patience* out;
Or, *Saving-Faith* o'rethrow.
8 But, LORD, let me remain
To thee, so reconcil'd,
That Sobernes I may refrain,
Though all the World grow wild.
Be thou my blessed *Lot*,
When *Outrage* doth increase;
And, to their Fury leave me not,
That are the Foes of *Peace*.
9 Preserve this Hopelesse *Place*,
And our disturbed *State*,
From those that have more *wit*, then grace,
And prudent Counsels hate:
Yea, let the *Plagues* they cause
On those alone descend,
Whom neither *Grace*, nor *Vengeance*, drawes
Their manners to amend.
10 If any *Sprouts* of mine,
Shall these *Ill-Times* out-grow,
To keep them, LORD, for ever thine
The life of *Grace* bestow.

And,rather let them die
In want,and with disgrace,
Then live on earth to multiplie
A wicked princely Race.
11 Yea,whatsoever care,
Or Troubles we are in,
Preserve in us a Conscience clear
From ev'ry wilfull Sin.
And,in thy *Faith* and *Love*,
So firme,let us abide;
That,by these Troubles we may prove,
Like Silver seven times tride.
12 If this I shall obtain,
As,I believe I shall;
Though *Fire* and *Brimstone* down it rain,
It should not me appall.
For,when each earthly Thing,
Burnes round me in a flame.
I HALELVJAH hope to sing,
In honourof thy *Name*.

Finis secundæ partis.

The third Part, containing *Hymns* Perſonall.

To the *Reader*.

Heſe *Times* are ſo captious, that we otherwhile diſpleaſe, even when we doe *Curteſies*; if we prevent not miſtakings by ſome excuſes or complements. Therefore, without a Prologue, I dare not proceed to the next *Part*, or *Volumn* of *Hymns*, leſt I might ſeeme burthenſome in their Number: For ſome have already given me occaſion to ſuſpect that Objection.

That which I can ſay for my ſelfe (if I need ſay any thing) is this: I thought I could not have taken too many Occaſions to praiſe GOD. So I thinke yet; and of this mind I ſhall continue. I am perſwaded, alſo, that they who thinke theſe *Hymns* too many, will weary themſelves as little in the uſe of them, as if they had

bin fewer, and that ſuch as are devoutly affected, would not have bin tired, If I had prepared a greater number.

They who are acquainted with the *Liturgies* in the *Greeke Churches*, can aſſure them, that they have had more *Hymns* by ſome hundreds, then I have yet divulged. And, moſt men of diſcretion very plainly perceive that the *Chauntries* of the *World* the *Fleſh*, and the *Devill* have more then a thouſand *Songs*, for every one which I have prepared for our Chriſtian Quires. And now I call that to mind, I am almoſt angry that any man ſhould thinke theſe *Hymns* were over-numerous, and will therfore ſay no more to excuſe their multitude.

I confeſſe I am (for ought I know, or have yet heard) the firſt that did compoſe *Perſonall-Hymns* in this kind: and perhaps, therfore (as it uſually fares with new *Inventions*) they will not ſeeme ſo plauſible as *Occaſionall* and *Temporarie Hymns*; which have been very anciently in uſe.

Yet,

Yet, I am perſwaded, that when they are better knowne, no diſcreet Reader will either diſapprove them, or judge them to be any of thoſe *Novelties*, which are juſtly deſpicable or impertinent.

I conceived it a good meanes, to inſinuate into perſons of every *Calling* and *Degree*, ſome of thoſe Muſings and Conſiderations, which are neceſſary to be remembred. This way as I thought inſtruction might be received with moſt eaſe, with leaſt offence: And I am confident, that purpoſely or cauſually, ſome advantages of good conſequence, both for amendment of *Manners*, and increaſe of *Pietie*, will ariſe from theſe *Perſonall-Hymns* In this confidence, I leave them to your peruſall, and humbly beſeech *GOD*, that they may be our *profit* and his *praiſe*.

GEO. WITHER.

Hymn I.

For a Britan.

We that are Britans *enjoy many peculiar Priviledges; and have obtained sundry* Blessings *and* Deliverances *famously observable. We are therefore obliged to a speciall Thankfulnesse, not only as we are* Christian-men, *but as we are* Britans *also. And this* Hymn *intends the furtherance of that duty.*

HALELVJAH, now I sing.
For, my Heart invites my Tongue,
To extoll my GOD-*my-King*,
In that blessed *Angel-Song*.
And, as I enabled am,
I will sacrifice to GOD,
Thanks, in this whole *Ilands* name,
In a Joyfull-praisefull *Ode*,
You that Loyall Britans be,
Halelujah sing with me.
Cho. Halelujah, *sing with me.*
You that Loyall Britans *be.*
2 On her Coasts, our *Maker* smiles,
And, vouchsafed her the Rule
Over all-the *Floods*, and *Iles*,
From the *Midland-Streights* to *Thule*.
Plenty doth her Vallies fill;
Health is in her Clymates found;

Pleasure,

Pleasure plaies in ev'ry hill,
And these Blessings, *Peace* hath crown'd.
Halelujah therefore sing
Till the Shores with Eccho's ring.
Cho. *Till the Shores with Ecchoes ring,*
Halelujah, therefore, sing.

3 When that blessed *Light* arose,
Which dispelled *Death's* black Shade,
She, was of the first of Those,
Who, thereof, was Partner made.
And, although she seem a Place,
To the Frozen Zone confin'd;
Yet, the longest Day of *Grace*,
In Her happy Coasts hath shin'd.
Sing, let us, to GOD, therefore,
Halelujah, evermore.
Cho. Halelujah, evermore,
Sing let us, to GOD, therefore.

4 That no Forraign Foe may ceaze,
Her Dear Children, evermore,
Ditch'd and wall'd with *Rocks* and *Seas*,
Her beloved Borders are.
GOD Almightie so provides,
That, likewise, to guard her *Lands*,
She hath Clouds, and Wind, and Tides,
Calmes, and Stormes, and Shelves, and Sands.
Now therefore, my Song shall be,
Halelujah, LORD, to thee.
Cho. Halelujah, Lord, to Thee,
Now, therefore, my Song shall be.

5 When

5 When we had a *Darkneſſe* here,
Worſe then what th'Egyptians had.
When, we more in Bondage were,
And, to *Babel*, ſlaves were, made;
GOD, Renew'd again the *Light*,
And the *Freedome*, which we loſt:
That, for Thanks, enjoy we might,
What our *Fathers* lives had coſt.
Therefore while I have a Tongue,
Halelujah ſhall be ſung.
Cho. Halelujah *ſhall be ſung,*
Therefore, while I have a Tongue.
6 When our *Deborah* aroſe,
And, GOD's Iſr'el judged here.
When confederated Foes,
Did Invincible appear.
Spains proud *Siſera*, had thought,
To have ſunk us, with his weight:
But, the *Stars* againſt him fought,
And, made famous, *eightie eight.*
Halelujah, therefore, Crie
Till Heav'ns vaulted Rooſe reply.
Cho. Till Heav'ns vaulted Rooſe, reply,
Halelujah, *therefore cry.*
7 When of harms we dreamed not;
But at reſt, ſecurely liv'd;
By a damned *Powder-plot*,
Rome our ruine had contriv'd:
For, by *Thunders* from below,
(Had not GOD forbid the Doom)

We

We had periſh'd at a blow;
And, but few, had known by whom.
Halelujah, therefore ſound,
For the Grace, which then we found,
Cho. *For the* Grace, *which then we found*,
Halelujah, therefore, ſound.

8 When by Riot, and Exceſſe;
We thoſe times of *Dearth* deſerv'd,
Which did bring us to diſtreſſe,
And in danger to be ſterv'd.
Once, GOD ſent beyond beliefe,
Fruits, where none did *Plant*, or *Sow*,
And, at other times, reliefe,
Ere we ſaw the ſame in ſhow.
To our great, and Gracious *King*.
Halelujah, therefore, ſing.
Cho. Halelujah, *therefore*, *ſing*,
To our great, and gracious King.

9 When for our Contagious crimes,
Sickneſſes, have raged here,
Such; as few preceding Times,
Therewithall, acquainted were.
When a *Peſtilentiall-Breath*,
Made us from each other flie,
(Threatning Vniverſall Death)
GOD had pitie on our Crie.
Therefore, while we breathing be,
Halelujah Sing will we.
Cho. Halelujah *ſing will we*,
Therefore, while we breathing be.

10 Worſt

10 Worſt of *Wars*, *Domeſtike-War*,
Twixt our *Nations*, was begun,
Spreading Threats, and Terrors, far,
Of more Miſchief, then was done.
Here, it march'd as if it ſaid;
BRITAN, *ſpeedily repent*,
Els, my Fury, yet, delaid;
Thee, and *Thine*, ere long, will rent.
Therefore, Trumpets, Fifes, and Drums,
Halelujah well becomes.
Cho. Halelujah, *well becomes*,
Warlike Trumpets, Fiſes and Drums.
11 When a *Generall-Offence*,
Had almoſt to Ruine brought,
Law, *Religion*, *State*, and *Prince*,
And a Schiſme, among us wrought,
Yea, when Snares for us were laid;
And, when *Avarice*, and *Pride*,
Had our Freedoms, nigh betrai'd;
GOD, *Protection*, did provide.
Halelujah, therefore ſound,
Till it reach the Starry *Round*,
Cho. *Till it reach the Starry-Round*,
Halelujah, *we will ſound.*

HYMN II.

For a Soveraign Prince.

We preſume not to inſtruct Soveraign Princes, *but have only compoſed, in a brief* Hymn, *a few of thoſe*

those many things which are pertinent to their considerations; and perhaps an humble Pietie may by this Occasion, otherwhile invite their Excellencies to expresse their devotions in this or some other Hymn.

Sing this as the 4 Psalme.

BY *me*, or by my *Fathers house*,
Deserv'd it could not be;
That I, or any one of us,
Obtained this degree:
But, GOD who dealeth forth his own,
As him it liketh best,
On me those honours hath bestown,
Whereof I am possest.

2 Great hazards, many undergo
Such Titles to acquire;
Yet, neither finde content *below*,
Nor means of rising *higher*.
What, therefore, can I lesse repay
To him, whose Gift it is,
Then, otherwhile, to sing or say,
Some such like *Hymn*, as this?

3 Let me, oh LORD, my *Diadem*,
Vnto thy glory, weare;
And, be a blessing unto them,
Who my *Lieg-people* are.
Let not thy favours make my heart
To swell with wanton pride;
Or, from those Precepts to depart,
Which ought to be my guide.

4 But,

4 But, teach me ſtill in minde to beare,
From whom, this place I had;
And that ev'n they my brethren are,
Whoſe Ruler I was made:
Yea, cauſe me, evermore, to heed
That, *I*, and *they*, are *thine*;
Although, to ſerve the *publike-need*,
Their Goods, and Lives are mine.

5 Since ev'ry *Subjects* Cauſe, to me,
Should equally be dear;
In Juſtice, let the *Poor man* be
As precious, as the *Peer*.
And, leſt men ſnares for me, may make,
At my *Chief Counſell. board*,
LORD, let me daily Counſell take,
From thy Truth-ſpeaking *word*.

6 Thoſe Traitors chaſe out of my Court,
Who dare pervert the Laws;
Or, cauſe me by a falſe report,
To wrong an honeſt Cauſe.
And, let thy Judgements them devour,
(How ſtrong ſoere they ſtand)
Who ſhall abuſe my royall powre,
To hinder thy Command.

7 Within my Realm, let no man dare
My *Statutes*, to gain-ſay:
And, let me live as much in fear,
Thy *Laws*, to diſobay.
So, *I*, and *they*, whom thou on me,
For Subjects, haſt beſtown;

Shall

Shall in each other, bleſſed be,
And, keep *Sedition* down.
8 Preſerve to me, my *Royall dues:*
And, Grace vouchſafe me, ſtill,
My juſt *Prerogatives*, to uſe,
According to thy will.
That, Evill men may fear my frown;
The Righteous, comfort finde;
And, I, obtain a better Crown,
When this muſt be reſign'd.

Hymn III.

For a Subject.

Subjects are apt to complain if they ſeem to ſuffer by their Soveraigns; *but, few examine what cauſe they themſelves are of their own Grievances; as few are thankfull for the Benefits received by Good* Princes; *for prevention whereof this* Hymn *is tendred.*

Sing this as the former.

A Sov'raigntie, though ſome obtain,
Who uſe their pow'r amiſſe;
Yet, when the ſame they ſhall obtain,
Thy Gift, oh *God!* it is;
And, thoſe whom thou doſt raiſe thereto,
We, therefore, ſhould obay,
In all that *Subjects* ought to *do*,
To *ſuffer*, or to *pay*.

2 VVhen

2 VVhen *Tyrants* over us are set,
They for our Sins are sent;
And, *righteous-Princes*, we shall get,
When we our faults repent.
But whether *good* or *bad* they be;
Thy Rod, and Sword, they bear;
And, we in *them*, shall honour thee,
If still, we loyall are.

3 Our stubborn hearts, oh LORD! incline
This *dutie*, to fulfill,
To ev'ry *Substitute* of thine,
Subject our froward will;
But, teach us, chiefly to beware,
We grieve nor injure those,
Whose Prudence, Justice, love and care,
Protects us, from our Foes.

4 Let us afford them all *supplies*,
Which their Affairs may need;
Admitting no such Tales or lies,
As may suspition breed.
But, let us praise, where praise is due;
And (when they merit blame)
Not prove, like *Noahs* cursed Son,
Divulgers of their shame.

5 So, they our *Pietie*, shall blesse,
VVhen they their error see;
And, thou oh GOD! wilt give us peace,
Because we loyall be.
For, when a *people*, conscience makes
Their *Soveraign* to obay;

GOD

GOD makes him gracious, for their sakes,
Or, takes him, soon, away.

HYMN IIII.

For a Magistrate.

The corruption of Magistrates, *is the more frequent through defect of some to remember them of their duties. Therefore, because it is not safe, nor thought comely, for every one to undertake that office, we have added this* Hymn, *that they might otherwhile, be thereby Remembrancers to themselves.*

Sing this as the X. *Commandements.*

FVll well, that person, it beseems,
Who should reform the Sinners way,
To rid his eyes, of motes, and beams;
And, live as blameless, as he may:
For, he that lewd example shews,
The *Rod* of *Rule*, in vain doth bear;
And with his left-hand overthrows,
What, with his Right hand, he doth rear.
2 If, justly, I reprov'd may be,
For that, which I in others blame;
It is a *double-sin* in me,
That meriteth a *double-shame*.
Or if I should for Friend or Foe,
For bribe, for favour, fear, or hate,
In doing Justice partiall grow;
As great a plague, is due, for that.

3 A *Bribe*, hath pow'r to fool the wiſe:
Pride, ſcorns to hear the poor-mans mone:
Luſt, putteth forth diſcretions eyes:
Hate, cannot ſee when wrong is done:
Self-love, prefers her proper cauſe:
Fear, will his deareſt Friend betray.
Ambition, will pervert the Laws,
And *ſloth* all duties will delay.
4 From theſe things LORD, preſerve me clear;
And, from their proud and fooliſh wit,
Who, at offenders, ſcoffe and Jeer,
When on the *Judgement-ſeat* they ſit.
And, this moreover, I deſire;
Me, from their baſeneſſe ſtill defend,
Who dare to *publike-place*, aſpire,
That, it may ſerve a *private-end*.
5 With wiſdom, ſo my minde indue,
That, I my paſſions may ſubject;
And, by examples, alway, ſhew
What things in others, I expect.
With courage, arme, likewiſe, my heart:
That, (having laudably begun)
I do not cowardly depart
From perfiting, what ſhould be done.
6 And, teach thou me, to temper ſo
Faire-means, with *diſcipline-ſevere*,
That, *Mercy* may with *Juſtice*, go;
And, in correction, Love appear.
Yea, ſo meek-hearted make thou me,
That, when offenders I condemn,

My

My heart may feel how ſad they be;
And, ſuffer grief, in judging them.

Hymn V.

For a member of the Parliament.

It is neceſſary that the Rule *whereby things are to be regulated ſhould be ſtreight: and therefore,* Law-makers *ought to be* VViſe *and uprightmen, leſt the chief Remedy of our* Evils, *be made worſe then the Evils themſelves. To the Members of our high Court of* Parliament, *this is well known; yet, this* Hymn, *ſhall perhaps, be a means to remember ſome of them of that which they know.*

Sing this as the 4 Pſalme.

THey, no mean place of *Truſt*, receive,
VVho by free-choice have gain'd,
That Facultie *Legiſlative*,
VVhich I have now obtain'd.
For, they have ample Pow'r, from thoſe,
By whom, they choſen be,
In *Temporall-Things*, to binde, and loſe,
As they juſt Cauſe, do ſee.

2 VVho e're, therefore, they be, that ſhall
Ambiciouſly Affect,
To fill ſuch Roomes, before thoſe call,
VVho, freely, ſhould elect;
VVho e're thoſe be; they, more preſume,
Then Juſtice doth permit;

And,

And, more, unto themſelves, aſſume,
Then *Reaſon* judgeth fit.
3 VVhoe're likewiſe, for private ends,
For Favour, Fear, or hate;
To harm his Foes; To pleaſe his Friends:
Or, ſave his own Eſtate:
Yea, whoſoer'e his deareſt Blood,
(Or, thoſe by Him, begot)
Prefers before the *Common-good*;
This *Truſt*, deſerveth not.
4 *Law-givers* perſonate a Part,
VVhich doth in them, require,
A *Prudent-Brain*, an *Vpright-Heart*,
A *rectified-Deſire*:
For, who beleeves that they can give,
To others, *Laws-upright*?
VVho, lewdly *Talk*, prophanely *Live*,
And, in vain Things delight?
5 Imprudent *Legiſlators*, may
Much greater Miſchiefs cauſe,
And, *Innocencie* more betray,
Then they that break the *Laws*.
For, He that many *Laws* doth breake,
May wrong but *one* or *two*:
But they which one Bad *Law* ſhall make,
VVhole *Kingdomes* may undo.
6 Inſpire me LORD with grace, therefore,
VVith *Wiſdom*, and Stout *Zeal*,
And, with uprightneſſe, evermore,
To ſerve the *Common-weale*.

And,

And, so to serve, that, their offence,
(At all times) I may shun,
Who serve it so, as if the *Prince*,
And *Kingdome*, were not *one*.
7 He that with one of these partakes,
Vnto the others wrong,
VVhat goodly shew soe're he makes,
VVill injure both ere long.
Yea, whatsoever such pretend;
(VVhat ere they swear, or say)
They, will be Traitors, in the end,
And, *one*, or *both*, betray.

HYMN VI.

For a member of our *Convocations*, or *Nationall Synods*.

It is the greatest Bondage, next that of Sin, *and the* Devill, *to be enslaved by* Doctrine, *or* Discipline, *repugnant to the* VVord *of* GOD; *and injurious to the* Christian-Libertie. *Therefore, though I presume not to prepare a* Hymn, *worthy to be sung by so reverend an* Assembly: *yet, I think it no Arrogancie, to make tender of this Meditation to be, otherwhile, privately sung, or considered, by some* Members *thereof.*

Sing this as the LORDS Prayer.

SInce, by *Election*, I am sent,
To be admitted one of those

VVho

Who shall that *Body* represent,
Which hath a pow'r to *bind* and *loſe*;
That for this work, I fit may be,
LORD! let thy *Spirit* hallow me.

2 Here let me lay each Aime aſide,
Which to ſo vain a purpoſe tends.
As to advance our *Clergy-Pride*,
Or ſerve our Avaritious ends:
And, me from thoſe things, keep thou far,
By which corrupted *Synods* are.

3 As much as in my pow'r it lies,
Let me out of thy *Church*, exile
Not only, thoſe *old-Hereſies*,
Which former Ages did beguile;
But, with a prudent zeal, purſue
Thoſe Errors, likewiſe, which are new.

4 Let me preſerve that ſweet accord,
Which in ſuch *Counſels* ought to be.
Make thou the *Canon* of thy *Word*,
In every Cauſe, a Guide for me:
And, let it rule my *words* and *waies*,
What ever *Humane-Reaſon* ſaies.

5 Confirm in me, a holy Care,
To keep thy outward *Service* pure,
From *Rites*, that ſuperſtitious are;
Or, which contempt thereto procure.
That whil'ſt *Will-Worſhip* I do ſhun,
I may not to *prophaneneſſe* run.

6 For no mans pleaſure, let me ſtop,
The *Chriſtian-Freedomes*, GRACE beſtowes,

Nor giveth *Flesh* a larger scope
Then pious *Prudencie* allowes;
But grant me wisdome, LORD, to know
When *things-Indifferent* are not so.
7 And *me*, and *Them*; who in this place
To do thee service, now are chose,
Inspire, ô GOD, with ev'ry Grace,
Which to thy *Saints* thou do'st dispose;
That, all the *Canons* we decree,
May thy good *Spirits* dictates be.

HYMN VII.

For a Courtier.

Courtiers are so frequently vitious, that some thinke it impossible they should be virtuous. By the use of this Hymn, *the scandall if that Censure may be abated, and the honour and honesty of well-deserving* Courtiers *may be the better preserved.*

Sing this as the 23 Psalme, *or* Te Deum.

THough Princes *Courts* defamed are,
As blurr'd with ev'ry sin;
Yet, men whose Virtues blameles were,
Have famous *Courtiers* bin.
In *Pharaohs* house, chast *Josephs* waies,
Obtain'd a good report;
And *Obadiah* liv'd with praise,
In wicked *Ahabs* Court.

2 Wile

2 Wiſe *Daniell*, dar'd the truth to ſay,
Where flatt'ry did abound:
Within the breaſt of *Mordecai*,
An honeſt heart was found.
And many more, of glorious name,
Have Love with Honour gain'd;
And, kept in *Court*, a ſpotles fame,
Where evill Princes raign'd.

3 The *Calling*, therefore, or the *Place*
Makes not our manners ill;
But, rather want of heed and grace,
To certifie the *Will*.
And, no occaſion, place, or time,
Wants means, a ſnare to lay
Ill habits to beget in him,
That heedeth not his way.

4 *Him*, had not *Obadiah* ſerv'd,
By whom, poore *Naboth* bled,
The *Prophets* had bin ſlain or ſtarv'd,
Whom he in ſecret fed.
And ſhould all *Good-men* ſhun that *King*,
Which doth in Vice delight,
His *Lands* to ruine it would bring;
And, root out *Virtue*, quite.

5 *Lord*, as thou do'ſt my *Will* renew,
Renew my *Reaſon* too;
And, Grace vouchſafe me to purſue,
What I am bound to doe.
Let nor Oppreſſion, Luſt nor Pride,
(Which riſe in Courtiers grow)

Allure my heart, or feet, aside
From what I purpose now.
6 So, though the Place in which I live,
As bad a name had got,
As that, which heretofore, did grieve
The Soul of Righteous *Lot*;
I shall from ev'ry crying Sin,
Abide in *Court*, as free,
As they who being Cloystred in,
Securer seem to be.

Hymn VIII.

For a Master or Mistresse.

It is a great happinesse to have good Servants *to ease our labours: Wee are hereby therefore put in Remembrance to be thankfull for that blessing, when we have it; and how to behave our selves toward our Servants. If a Woman sing it, let her change the word* Master *into* Mistresse.

Sing this as the 100. *Psalme.*

IN that a *Master*, I was made,
God's favour doth to me appear,
And, sure this grace, I never had,
Injuriously to domineer.
But, rather that with better ease,
I might my Calling undergoe;

And,

And, thankfully him ſeek to pleaſe,
By whom I am befriended ſo.
2 How great a bliſſe do many ſhare,
(Without regard what they enjoy)
That, they their heavie lodes to bear,
The Limbs of others may employ?
And, that their pleaſures to purvay,
(Aſwell as for their daily meat)
Their *Servants* travell out the day,
And, labour both in cold and heat?
3 LORD! cauſe me thankfully to mind,
This gracious bounty of thy hand;
And, to be merciſull and kind,
To them, whoſe bodies I command.
Let me remember, that we are
One fleſh, and branches of one ſtem.
And, that, as well as I, they bear
His *Image*, who redeemed them.
4 When frowardnes in them I ſee,
When they without a cauſe repine,
When negligent or falſe they be,
Or Prodigall of what is mine;
Let me by theſe their failings view,
How, in thy ſervice, I offend:
How many wayes I am untrue;
And, wink at them, till I amend.
5 Far be it, from me to detain
My Servants hire; or, to deny
Due reſt; or, when he ſhall complain,
To grieve him with a harſh reply;

But, since thy *Servant*, LORD I am,
To them so gracious let me be,
That (though I often merit blame)
Thou may'st be mercifull to me.

HYMN IX.

For a Servant.

That Servants *may be kept from discouragement in their inferiour Calling; and stirred up to discharge their duties with cheerfulnesse, and singlenesse of heart; this* Hymn, *or some other such like meditations, may be very pertinent to those that are* Servants.

Sing this as the former.

DIscourage not thy self my Soul,
Nor murmur, though compel'd we be
To live subjected to controule,
When many other may be free:
For, though the pride of some disdains
Our mean, and much dispised Lot;
We shall not lose our honest pains,
Nor shall our suff'rance be forgot.
2 To be a *Servant*, is not base;
If baseness be not in the mind:
For *Servants* make but good the place,
Whereto their *Maker* them assign'd.
The greatest *Princes* do no more:
And, if sincerely I obay,

(Though

(Though I am now despis'd and poore)
I shall become as great as they.
3 The *Lord* of heav'n and earth was pleas'd
A *Servants* forme to undertake:
By his endurance I am eas'd;
And, serve with gladnes for his sake.
Though check'd unjustlie I should be,
With silence, I reproofs will bear:
For, much more injured was he,
Whose deeds, most worthy praises were.
4 He was revil'd, yet naught repli'd;
And I will imitate the same:
For, though some faults may be deni'd,
In part, I alwaies faultie am.
Content (with meek and humble heart)
I will abide in my degree;
And, act an humble Servants part,
Till GOD shall call me to be free.
5 Eie-service I resolve to shun;
And, when my duty can be known,
It shall as faithfully be done,
As if the profit were mine own.
So, whensoever I shall need
The service of anothers hand;
He shall in heart, in tongue, in deed,
Be faithfull unto my command.
6 But, whatsoever, else I find,
This will befall to me, at least,
That, I shall keep a quiet mind,
To give my wearie Bodie rest.

And, when those works dispatch I shall,
Wherein I must this life imploy,
My *Lord* and *Master*, me will call,
To be a partner of his *Joy*.

Hymn. X.

For a Gentleman.

Many boast of their Gentilitie, *who degenerate from their worthy Ancestors, and neglect that which is the essence of* Nobilitie. *To abate this folly where it is found, and to cherish true worth in the virtuous* Gentrie, *we have offered this meditation.*

Sing this as the 23. *Psalme.*

IT is the common guize of such
Who least deserving be,
Of their *Descents* to prattle much;
Or, vant of their *Degree*;
As if, they meerly were begot,
To act no other part,
Then blazing of their Grandsires coat,
Or telling his desart.

2 Of inward Rest, and outward Health,
Some Fools themselves bereave;
That they may honor'd Names, or Wealth,
Vnto their Children leave;
Who (many times) when they possesse
What others did provide,

Consume

Conſume it all in Idlenes,
In Ryot, Luſt, or Pride.
3 Yea, that which their dear Souls might coſt,
Who firſt enrich'd their name,
May to their ſeed, be worſe then loſt,
And, end their line with ſhame.
For, moſt who rich or noble grow
By that which others won,
The value of it, ſeldome know,
Till all, again, be gon.
4 The ancient-marks of *gentle-blood*,
Were well to be imploy'd;
To love and follow what was good;
And, evill to avoyd:
For which God ſo did bleſſe the Race,
Deſcended from their Stem,
That many Ages, in one place,
He hath continu'd them.
5 But, now, each other to outvie
In wickednes of life,
In pride, or prodigalitie,
Is practiſed in chief.
For which *Gods* wrath ſo roots them out,
That, ſign is hardly ſeen,
Before two Ages wheel about,
That they on earth have been.
6 Or if their *Monuments* have been
Allow'd a longer date,
It is to memorize the Sin,
Which ruin'd their eſtate;

That, others heeding in their way,
And, what therein enſu'd,
The more ſincerely labour may,
With grace to be endu'd.

7 Oh *Lord*, incline me to delight
In *reall-Virtues*, more
Then, thoſe *Achievements* to recite,
Which my *Forefathers* wore.
And, thoſe whom I in birth exceed,
Let me endeavour well,
That them, in ev'ry *noble-deed*,
I may as much excell.

8 As thou thy bleſſings do'ſt increaſe,
Increaſe thy Grace in me;
With ev'ry reall worthines,
Becomming my degree.
That, to my ſelf, or to my kin,
I bring nor grief nor ſhame;
But live to be (as they have bin)
An honour, to my *Name*.

Hymn XI.

For a Knight of the Garter.

This Hymn *was compoſed for the* Knights of the Garter, *to be ſung in their Chappell at their Feſtivall. It ſhoweth how their Honours and civill Triumphs, may be directed to the honour of* God, *and to the more dignifying of their* honourable-Order *of Knighthood, &c.*

Sing

Sing this as Te Deum.

ALl praise and glory that we may
Ascribe we LORD, to Thee
From whom, the Triumphs of this day,
And all our honors be.
For, of it self, nor East, nor West,
Doth honour ebbe or flow;
But, as to thee it seemeth best,
Preferment to bestow.

2 Thou *Christ*, art that victorious *Knight*,
Whose order we professe;
And our Saint *George*, to whom in fight
Our Cries, we do addresse.
The *Dragon* which thou foil'dst is He,
That, would thy *Church* devour;
And, that faire *Princesse*, LORD, is *She*,
Who scaped by thy pow'r.

3 Thou art that *Husbandman*, whose care
Makes Rich our barren soile.
Thou art that valiant *Man of War*,
Who keeps our Coasts from spoile.
Vouchsafe that we, who by a *Band*
More bound then heretofore,
May to thy *Faith's-Defendor*, stand
Fast Friends, for evermore.
Since, by our *Soveraigne*, chose we are,
This *Order* to put on;
And, since we Hieroglyphicks wear,
Of that which thou hast done:

Least

Leſt we forget it, let theſe tell
Why they by us are worn;
And inwardly informe, as well
As outwardly adorn.
So ſhall our Order unto none
A vain Invention ſeem;
Nor our *Solemnities* be done
Without their due eſteem.
And, they who have the *Saint* miſtook,
On whom, we do rely;
Shall know, we only Thee invoke;
When we Saint * *George* do cry.

* *George* is a Name or Attribute applyed to GOD, *John* 15. 2. *My Father*, ſaith Chriſt, ὁ γεωργὸς is the *George*, or *Husbandman*: and the ſtory of Saint *George* reſcuing a Lady from a *Dragon*, is an Allegory ſetting forth the *Churches* deliverance from the *Devill* by her celeſtiall champion *Ieſus Chriſt*. And by this application we avoid the ſcandall which may elſe be taken by a ſeeming to invoke the aſſiſtance of ſome other divine power beſide *God-Almighty*, when in our warlike expeditions we cry (as the Engliſh cuſtome is) GOD and Saint *George*.

Hymn XII.

For Parents hopefull of children.

In this Hymn *Parents are inſtructed how they ſhould be affected toward their Children; what endowments they ſhould moſt deſire for them, and what Patrimony they ſhould moſt labour to procure them.*

Sing

Sing this as the 1 Pſalme.

THe propagation of our kinde,
Our Nature moves us to;
Yet, few of us, can rightly minde,
The end, of what we do.
Like brutiſh Creatures, moſt fulfill
What Fleſh and blood deſires;
But, think not, either good or evill,
Of that, which GOD inſpires.

2 And, when our Children reach the birth;
Of moſt, receiv'd they are,
Like *Sons* and *Daughters*, of the *Earth*,
In whom no *Spirit* were.
For to their fleſh more love we bear,
Then to that bleſſed Spark,
Which, being gone, their *Bodies* are
Like Dunghils in the dark.

3 If they be faire, and ſtreightly limb'd,
Great pleaſure we can take:
To keep their bodies neatly trim'd,
Much needleſſe work, we make.
That, Rich, or noble they might be,
No labours we do ſpare:
And, if of theſe no hope we ſee,
We ſeem oppreſt with care.

4 But of the *Soul* (that heav'nly ſeed)
So careleſſe, many ſeem,
As if it were not worthy heed,
Much leſſe, of their eſteem.

And,

And, had not GOD, from whom it came,
His holy *Church* prepar'd,
To be a *Mother* to the ſame,
Full hardly, had it far'd.

5 Bleſt *Father* of that *bleſſed-part*,
My juſt requeſt receive,
Who beg of thee, with yearning heart,
For that which now I crave;
Let from my Loines, no fruit deſcend,
That, happy ſhall not be,
By perſeverance to the end,
In dearly loving thee.

6 I beg not for them, wit, or wealth,
Nor long, nor eaſie life;
Nor Beautie, honour, ſtrength, nor health,
Nor Husband, Child, nor Wife;
Theſe, for themſelves, let them requeſt,
And, thoſe Requeſts acquire,
As they in proof, to them, are beſt
In furthering this deſire:
Though *Nature* longs for ſomewhat more,
LORD, let thy Will be done.
I cannot now, for ought implore,
Not granted to thy Son;
Some other time, perhaps I may
For, other things, entreat:
And, that obtain, for which I pray,
Becauſe, thy love is great.

HYMN

Hymn XIII.

For Parents having Children.

Parents *by this* Hymn *of praise and prayer, are by the example of holy* Job, *put in minde to offer daily sacrifices for their children. A sacrifice of* Praise *for the Comfort they have of them and a Sacrifice of* Prayer *for their prosperitie.*

Sing this as the former.

Job's custome, well deserveth praise,
Who, for his Childrens sake:
Observed solemn offring dayes,
Their peace with GOD to make.
And, whether Feast or Fast they shall,
The very same, to do,
Is, now, as comely, for us all,
And, still, as needfull too.

2 Of *Praise*, and *Prayer*, therefore, to thee
An Offring, LORD, I give:
Accepted let my praises be;
And, my requests receive.
I *thank* thee that a Parents name,
Thy Servant, yet enjoyes,
And, that the comforts of the same,
No sad mishap destroyes.

3 I *praise* thee, for the hopes I hold,
Of blessings, yet to come,

Which

Which (if thy mercie faile me ſhould)
My Sins, might bar me from.
And, I beſeech thee, not to heed,
With an aſpect ſevere,
The many ſins which in my *ſeed*,
May to thy ſight appear.
4 From thoſe ill *cuſtomes*, which beget
Habituated Sins;
From thoſe ill *counſells*, which do let
The Works that Grace begins;
From thoſe lewd *Mates*, who poyſon *youth*,
By ſweeting *Vices* bayts;
LORD, keep my Children by thy Truth,
From theſe, and their deceits.
5 From *Sathans* wiles through ev'ry age,
Protected let them be;
From *crying ſins*, from *paſſions* rage,
Preſerve them all ſo free.
And, of the worlds proſperities,
Beſtow on *me* and *mine*;
Nor more nor leſſe, then may ſuffice
To keep us, alwaies, *thine*.

HYMN XIIII.

For Parents who have loſt their Children.

This conſolatory Hymn, *may be uſefull for Parents, who being deprived of all their Children, are nigh oppreſſed with grief; for, they are hereby remembred,*

bred, that (all casualties considered) they may have as much cause to rejoyce as grieve.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

QVite lost, are now mine ayerie Joyes,
Once promis'd by a fruitfull wombe:
For my *Dear-issue*, Death destroies;
And, full of grief, I am become.

Those *eyes*, whereon I lov'd to look;
The *Voices*, which made glad mine eare;
Are out of sight, and hearing, took:
And, shall no more delight me, here.

2 I am a plant whose leaves are cropt;
Whose pleasant fruit is pluck'd away;
Whose hopefull branches, down are lopt;
And left without a *living-Spray*.

To call me *Father* none is left;
My Songs, to mournfull tunes are made,
And, all the pleasures are bereft,
Which in a *Childe*, I might have had.

3. Yet, all rejoycing is not gone;
For, in my sorrows, comforts be:
Because, the *Soul* which I bemone,
Is found of GOD, though lost to me.

And as those *hopes* are frustrate made
Wherein I would have took delight;
Even so the *Feares* I should have had,
Prevented are, and put to flight.

4 By want, by sickneſſe, or disgrace,
By folly or by wilfull sin,

My

My *ſeed*, in this unſteddy place;
To me great ſorrows might have bin.
But I (who now do hope the beſt
And ſee the worſt that can ſucceed)
From all ſuch fears, am now releaſt;
And, from ten thouſand doubtings, freed.
5 This, likewiſe, adds to my content
That while I *militant* ſhall be,
God, his *Triumphant-Church*, augments,
By, thereto, making uſe of me:
I, therefore, with a ready Will,
And with our humble heart, reſign
To him, (his pleaſure to fulfill)
My *Seed*; my *Self*; and all that's *mine*.

Hymn XV.

For ſuch as are Barren.

Barrenneſſe, *is objected by ſome as a Reproach, and many are much diſcomforted thereby This* Ode *hath for their Comfort, therefore, briefly expreſſed ſuch things as may be helpfull to prevent, or mitigate, their diſconſolation.*

YOu, that, in Children fruitfull are,
Vpbraid ye not, the *barren-wombe*;
As though, the *carnall-ſeed* you bear,
Should make you happy to become.
Nor let it much afflict thy heart,
Who canſt not of that bleſſing boaſt,

As

As if, (becauſe thou childleſſe art)
The, beſt contentments, quite, were loſt.
2 In thinking ſo, we are beguild:
For, bliſſe depends not thereupon.
Though *Hannah* joyed in her childe;
By Children, *Eli*, was undone.
Nay ſhe that bare the *bleſſed birth*,
(Though in ſo ſuffring, bleſt ſhe were)
Had many Sorrows here on earth,
Occaſion'd by the Childe ſhe bare.
3 If to prolong their carnall care
A *bliſſe* therein *eſſentiall*, had
Then, *Cain* more bleſt then *Abel* was,
And, *Cham* a bleſſed man was made.
Then, *he*, whom Ravens came to feed;
And, *he*, that was by him, fore-ſhown,
Had left behind then *carnall ſeed*,
And, this way, *bleſſed*, ſhould have grown.
4 Yea, he that us by *Grace*, begot,
Did carnall fruitfulneſſe neglect,
And, therefore, ſure, it profits not,
The beſt perfections to effect.
Nay, many times it rather lets,
That happineſſe, which here, is ſought:
For, man ſometimes a childe begets;
By whom, to ruine; he is brought.
5 When *outward-things* away are worn,
They ſhall to us become as dear,
Whom others have begot or born,
As theſe whom we beget or bear.

And,

And, he effects a greater good,
Who gives to one, a *ghoſtly birth*,
Then he, who gets of *fleſh and blood*,
Enough to people all the earth.
6 I, therefore will not grieve nor pine,
That in the fleſh, I barren ſeem:
But, ſeek an *Off-ſpring*, more divine,
And, covet fruit of more eſteem.
My minde hereafter, I will give
The *ſeed of Grace*, to entertain,
And, that bleſt iſſue to conceive,
Which needs not to be *born-again*.
7 The *bread*, my *Children* ſhould have eat,
The *cloth*, I purpos'd they ſhould wear,
May be the needy *Orphanes* meat;
And, Robes for them, who naked are.
The *Tendance* which they ſhould have had,
Vpon the *ſick*, may be beſtown.
And others may be happy made,
By what (perhaps) had mard mine own.
8 Yea, peradventure, to this end,
The *Wombe* is cloſed unto me;
That, I on GOD, might more attend,
And, *Parent*, to his *Children*, be.
Wherein, if I perform his will;
He, that knows what befits us beſt,
Shall then in me his words fulfill;
Who ſaid, *the barren ſhould be bleſt*.

HYMN

Hymn XVI.

For Children, having Parents living.

Children *consider not as they ought the many benefits which they enjoy by their Parents. Therefore, to beget in them thankfulnesse, dutifulnesse, and a serious heedfulnesse of the blessing, possessed by the life of their Parents, this* Hymn *is tendred to their use.*

Sing this as the 4 Psalme.

AMong these blessings which on me,
Thou doſt, oh Lord, bestow,
For that, my *Parents* living be,
Least thanks, I do not owe.
Because, things needfull they provide,
My Body, to sustain;
And, my unruly youth to guide,
Take, hourely, care and pain.

2 As, happie, made, in *them*, I am;
In *me*, so blesse thou *them*;
That, them I neither grieve nor shame,
Nor their advise contemn.
But, them so let me still obay,
And, so, in grace, encrease;
That, long, with comfort live they may;
And, end their dayes in peace.

3 The *Being*, which to me they gave,
Do thou, for me, requite;

And,

And, that *well-being*, let them have,
In which they ſhall delight.
As in my Childhood, kinde they were,
Though often I tranſgreſt)
So, with ſuch frailties, let me bear,
As may Old Age moleſt.
4 My *Body* was in them begun;
Their *Souls*, and mine, in *thee*:
When, therefore, this lifes Round is run,
Divided let's not be.
But in thy Path, ſo teach our feet,
To travell without blame;
That, we, at laſt, in thee, may meet,
From whence, at firſt, we came.

Hymn XVII.

For Orphans.

In this Hymn, *Orphans are taught ſo to conſider their loſſe and diſadvantage in being deprived of their Parents, that it may ſtir them up to a firm dependance on* God, *and to be thankfull for his merciſull* Providence.

Sing this as the former.

BVt that I may on thee, oh LORD,
And, on thy help depend,
(Becauſe I have thy gracious word,
Poor *Orphans*, to defend)

I ſhould become ſo overpreſt
With ſorrows, or with fear,
That, of ſafe-being, or of Reſt,
Small hope, would now appear.

2 For, they who ſhould from wrong protect;
And, needfull things purvay,
Yea, they who ſhould my Courſe direct;
Are taken quite away.
And ſnares, oppreſſions, and deceits,
Are multiplied ſo,
That, of their Force, or of their ſleights;
I ſtill, in danger go.

3 To thee, therefore, in my diſtreſſe,
My voice, advanc'd I have,
Thy former Mercies, to confeſſe,
And, future help to crave.
For, meerely of thy love, it was,
That, I am undeſtroy'd;
And, that, I thus confeſſe whoſe grace,
Is thereunto empl-y'd.

4 Oh LORD! my *Guardian*, be thou ſtill;
Fill thou, my *Parents* Roome.
To do me good, and keep from ill;
My *Parent*, now, become.
And, when thy *Children* called are
Their heritage, to take;
Let me among them have a-ſhare,
For thy dear mercies ſake.

Hymn XVIII.

For a Lover in generall.

Most make a jest of that naturall affection which is termed Love; *yet, in the well ordering of that* Passion, *depends the temporall happinesse, or unhappinesse of most men and women. This* Hymn *was therefore, composed to instruct and remember* Lovers *how to moderate that Affection, and to invoke divine assistance.*

Sing this as the 51. Psalme.

TAke heed my heart, for in my breſt
I, kindled feel a warm deſire,
Which if not ordred or ſuppreſt,
May prove, at length, a baneſull fire,
Therewith to play, though few do fear,
Yet, they who ſafely, ſcape the ſame,
By *pow'r-divine*, preſerved are;
As were the *Children*, in the *flame*:

2 If (as men call it) *Love* it be;
Love is, me thinks, too much my Foe,
In taking, ſleep and reſt, from me.
Who know no cauſe it ſhould do ſo.
In other thoughts, I ſpend the day
Then, heretofore, I mus'd upon:
Mine hours, I often ſigh away;
I, pleaſure take to be alone.

3 And, though, ſome, this diſeaſe deride,
Great flouds of teares the ſame hath coſt.

Some,

Some have been ſhamed; ſome, have dide;
And, ſome, thereby their wits have loſt.
Therefore, that I may take no harm
Whilſt in my heart, ſuch paſſions dwell,
With faith in GOD, I ſing this *charm*:
And, *he*, I hope, will ſpeed it well.
4 LORD! ſince in me, a youthfull heat,
Thoſe kindly motions, hath begun,
Which *nature* doth in us beget;
And, *humane-Reaſon* cannot ſhun:
Grant me thy gracious ayd, I pray;
And, for my ſafegaurd, ſo provide;
That, what I cannot quite allay,
I may (through thy aſſiſtance) guide.
5 To underſtand, inſtruct my wit,
How far I may my fancie pleaſe:
Or, how far forth I ſhould admit,
A future pain, for preſent eaſe.
Let not my heart, be made a prize;
To them, who true affections wrong;
To wanton ſmiles, or luſtfull eyes,
Or, to a tempting *Syrens* tongue.
6 Let me be neither fool'd nor catch'd;
By honour, wealth, or painted skin.
Nor with unſeemly yeers be match'd;
Nor with an evill famed kin.
But, chuſe thou forth for me a *mate*,
Which, truly, may my equall be
In birth, in yeers, and in eſtate;
Or, have what wants ſuppli'd by thee.

7 Yea, let me my *Affections*, place,
Where, like *Affection*, may be found;
Where, *Vertue* may be joyn'd with *Grace*;
And, both with equall voice be crown'd,
That, thou maist in our *love*, delight,
And, that we may, by *Love*, ascend,
In our *Affections*, to that height;
And, to that *Love*, which hath an end.

Hymn XIX.

For *Lovers* being constrained to be absent from each other.

Though this, and the like passions, *are little heeded, and lesse pitied, by such as think themselves wise; yet, through want of counsell and means to direct or qualifie such affections, many inconveniences follow, which might be prevented, by this, or some such meditation, as are tendred in this* Hymn.

NOw, that thou and I must *part*,
And, since *parting* is a pain,
Which in ev'ry loving heart,
Will, in Loves despight, remain:
Charmes of grief, let us provide,
Whilst together we abide.
And, as gladly as we may,
Strive, to sing our care away.

2 *Dearest*,

2 *Deareſt*, weep not, ſigh not ſo:
For, it is nor *Time* nor *place*,
That, can much divide us two,
Though, it part us, for a ſpace.
Neither ſhall be left alone,
When, aſunder, we are gone:
I, in thee, and thou in me,
Shall, for ever, dwelling be.
3 In our *fleſh*, indeed, we finde
Senſe of that, which we ſhall miſſe;
But, it is within the *minde*,
Where, the eſſence of it is.
Mindes, may with each other ſtay,
When their *Bodies* are away;
And, ſince our the ſame can do,
Whither from thee can I do?
4 If thou fear, leſt death may bar,
From that meeting we deſire;
Know, that, thou and I (my *Dear*)
Shall, thereby, be brought the nigher:
Since, in GOD, our hearts have met,
Death, our meetings, cannot let.
Nor can love, like our, begun;
Be in life, or death, undone.
5 Therefore, now no more, lament;
What avoyded cannot be:
But, in him, remain content,
Who endear'd me firſt to thee.
To his Armes I thee bequeath,
To be found in life, or death:

Where, till I review thy face,
Reſt, my *Dear*, in his embrace.

Hymn XX.

For *Lovers* tempted by carnall deſires.

From thoſe carnall ſuggeſtions, whereby wantons *are incouraged to fulfill unchaſt longings; occaſion is here taken, to cheriſh in true* Lovers, *rather ſuch affections as beget and continue an everlaſting-love.*

COme, *ſweet-heart*, come, let us prove,
Whilſt we may the joyes of *Love.*
To each other, let us give
All our longings, whilſt we live:
For, what moſt we fear to loſe,
Slowly comes, and ſwiftly goes;
And, the pleaſure we delay,
May be loſt, anon, for aye.

2 Thoſe faire *Lamps*, which trim the skies,
Daily ſet, and daily riſe:
But, when we have loſt our *Light*,
Everlaſting, is our *night.*
We, ſhall ſee nor *Torch*, nor *Star*,
To informe us, where, we are.
Therefore, come; come, let us prove,
While we may, the Joyes of *Love.*

3 Thus, the *carnall-dotard* ſings;
Woing ſhades, as reall things:

All

All his hopes, and all his Joyes,
Sickneſſe, Age, or death deſtroyes,
Fancies vain, and *Fooliſh-fires*,
Are the Guides of his Deſires:
And, his bliſſe, and chiefeſt good,
Builded is, on *Fleſh* and *Blood*.

4 But, my *Dear*, and *I*, do clime;
To Affections, more ſublime.
Neither wellfare, nor diſtreſſe,
Makes our love the more, or leſſe;
Nor have outward things the pow'r,
To miſlead ſuch love as our;
And, it ſtill abides the ſame,
Whether praiſe it hath or blame.

5 When the *Beauties*, which adorn
Fleſh and *Blood*, away are worn;
From thoſe Ruins, which will raiſe
Objects worth more love, and praiſe:
Yea, when Sickneſſe, Age or Death,
Shall deprive of health and breath,
Youthfull Strength, could never yet;
Gain the bliſſe, we then ſhall get.

6 Therefore, *Stars*, and *Moon*, and *Sun*,
Vnenvi'd, your Courſes run.
We, without diſtruſt or feare,
Keep our motions in our *Sphere*:
For, we know, we ſhall ariſe,
After death puts out our eyes;
And, obtain a light Divine,
Which will *Moon* and *Sun* out-ſhine.

Hymn XXI.

For one contentedly married.

The intent of this Ode is to ſhew that our naturall Affections are never fully ſatisfied in the choiſe of our helpers, *untill* God *bring man and wife together by (as it were) making the one out of the other, through a frequent converſing together, and by obſerving and approving each others condition; which is never done till theſe* paſſions *are caſt into a ſleep, which make them dote on* wealth, honour, beautie, *and ſuch unfit* marriage-makers.

Sing this as I loved thee once, &c.

SInce they in *ſinging*, take delight,
Who, in their love, unhappy be;
Why ſhould not I in *ſong* delight,
Who, from their ſorrow, now, are free?
That, ſuch as can beleeve, may know,
What comforts are on earth below.
And, prove what bleſſings may be won,
By loving, ſo, as I have done.

2 When firſt *Affection* warm'd my blood,
Which was, ere Wit could ripened be;
(And, ere I fully underſtood,
What fire it was that warmed me)
My youthfull heat, a *Love* begat;
That *Love* did love, I know not what;

But,

But, this I know; I felt more pains,
Then many a broken heart ſuſtains.
3 When yeers, inform'd me how to ſee
What had ſuch wandring paſſions wrought;
The more my knowledge grew to be,
The greater torment, ſtill, it brought.
Then, ſought I means to cure loves wound;
The more I ſought, leſſe eaſe I found;
And, milder pangs then I have had,
Makes many *Lovers*, ſick and mad.
4 I have a deep indented heart,
Which, no content would let me finde,
Vntill her proper Counterpart,
Should thereunto, be firmly joyn'd.
Er'e far I ſought, or ſearched much,
I many found, who ſeemed ſuch:
But, them, when I did neerly view,
Not *one*, in heart, was fully true.
5 Alas! thought I; To what I ſeek
Why ſhould ſo many draw ſo neer,
And, at the laſt, prove nothing like,
To what, at firſt, they did appear?
So much, why do ſo many pleaſe,
Since, I was made for none of theſe?
And, why in ſhow, have I been *one*,
Beloved much, yet lov'd of none?
6 Could *wealth* have bought my *marra'ge-bed*,
Or *honour* brought me true delight;
I could, theſe wayes, have better ſped,
Then many do beleeve I might.

Nay, *Beautie*, though none loves it more;
Nor proffred Loves, though I had ſtore,
Could make me think, now, found is ſhe,
That proves a *Helper*, fit for me.
7 Nor Eaſe, nor Pleaſure could I finde,
In *Beautie*, *honour*, *love*, or *pelfe*;
Nor means, to gain a ſetled minde,
Till I had found my *ſecond-ſelf*.
Thus, till our *Grandame* EVE was made,
No helper our firſt *Parent* had:
Which proves a *wife*, in value, more
Then all the Creatures, made before.
8 Half tir'd, in ſeeking what I ſought,
I fell into a ſleep at laſt:
And, GOD, for me, my wiſhes wrought,
When hope of them, were almoſt paſt.
With *Adam*, I this favour had,
That, out of *Me*, my *wife* was made:
And, when I waked, I eſpide;
That, GOD for me had found a *Bride*.
9 How he this *Riddle*, brought to paſſe,
This *curious-world* ſhall never heare.
A ſecret Work, of his, it was,
Not fit for ev'ry vulgar eare.
Out of *each-other*, form'd were we;
Within a *third*, our *Beings* be:
And, our *Well-being* was begun,
By being in our *ſelves*, undone.
10 I have the height of my deſire;
In ſecret, no diſlike I finde.

Love,

Love, warms me with a kindly fire;
No Jealous pangs, torment my minde.
I breath no sigh, I make no mone,
As others do, and I have done;
Nor do I mark, nor do I care,
How faire, or lovely, others are.
11 My heart, at quiet, lets me lie,
And moves no passions, in my breſt:
Nor *tempting-tongue*, nor *ſpeaking-eye*,
Nor *ſmiling lip*, can break my reſt.
The *Peer* I ſought, by me, is found:
My earthly hopes, by thee are crown'd;
And, I in *one*, all pleaſures finde,
That may be found, in *women-kinde*.
12 Each hath, of other like eſteem;
And, what that is, we need not tell:
For, we are *one*, though *two*, we ſeem;
And, in each others heart, we dwell.
There, dwels *he* too embracing us,
By whom, we were endeared, thus.
He, makes us rich, though ſeeming poor;
And, when we want, will give us more.
13 LORD, let our *Love* in thee begun,
In thee, likewiſe, continuance have:
And, if thy *Will* may ſo be done,
Together, lodge us in one *grave*.
Thence, on the *Lambs* great *wedding-day*,
Raiſe us together, from the clay:
And, where the *Bridegroom* doth remain,
Let us both *live*, and *love*, again.

Hymn XXII.

For a Husband.

The Knowledge, Conſcience, Prudence, and Affection becoming a husband, *is here partly expreſſed in hope, that by the peruſall and uſe of this* Hymn; *ſome ſhall be the better continued in their* conjugall amitie; *and ſome become better husbands then they were.*

Sing this as the 1 *Pſalme.*

CONfeſſion of the ſame I owe,
And, thanks, oh LORD, to thee.
That, thou art pleaſed to beſtow
A *helper*, fitting me.
For, they that wed, and then repent,
(Though others they condemn)
Were cauſe of their own diſcontent,
And, had what fitted them.

2 A *wife* ſometime, is thought a curſe,
(And therefore diſeſteem'd)
When, he that ownes her had been worſe,
If ſhe had better ſeem'd.
As, good examples breed, in ſome,
More vertues, then they had;
Some, likewiſe, better do become,
By finding others bad.

3 LORD, let me alwaies mannage well
The bleſſing, I have got;

And,

And, ſo with my companion dwell;
That, her, I injure not.
Preſerve us, to each other kinde,
With ſo much true reſpect,
That, we may no occaſions finde,
Of doubtings, or neglect.

4 Let me not yeeld up my *command*,
To her, that ſhould obay;
Nor, on my pow'r, more ſtrictly ſtand,
Then *Love*, with Reaſon may.
But, let me ſtill ſo act my part,
And, be ſo well advis'd;
That, I may neither grieve her heart,
Nor make my ſelf deſpis'd.

5 Though other Women may be thought,
With more endowments bleſt,
Let me beleeve, that mine hath brought,
What ſhall befit me beſt.
And, at her frailties, if I ſhall,
In word, or thought, repine;
Let me conſider there withall;
What ſhe may think of mine.

6 When other women ſhall appear,
More pleaſurefull, to be,
Make me ſuſpect that *Sathan* there,
Hath laid a *baite* for me:
And, give me grace the ſame to ſhun,
And, earneſtly to pray,
That, ere a *folly* may be done,
Thy *Love*, prevent it may.

7 Our Saviour *Christ*, hath signifide,
What love, a *husband* owes,
By that, which on his *holy-Bride*,
He graciously bestows.
Therefore, so neer, as unto that,
Imperfect *Love* may reach,
LORD, give me grace to imitate
What his examples teach.

HYMN XXIII.

For a Wife.

Wives, are hereby taught, to seek in and from GOD, *the perfection of their* conjugall Amitie; *this* Hymn *endeavours also, to insinuate the Affection and Obedience beseeming, pious and vertuous wives, by teaching their tongues to confesse, and expresse their duties.*

Sing this as the former.

EXcept, when kindest we appear,
(And faithfullest are thought)
Our Loves, in GOD, confirmed are,
They quickly come to nought.
For, our own *Vertue*, at the best,
Is but a *guilded-sin*.
And, when most friendship is profest,
Much falshood, lurks therein.
No Joy, or grief, can in this life,
More sweet, or bitter be;

Then,

Then, when the *Husband* and the *Wife*,
Shall well, or ill agree.
Where they shall rightly simpathize,
The dearest friendship growes:
And, if betwixt them, strifes arise,
They prove the greatest foes.

3 LORD, rectifie our hearts, therefore,
And sanctifie them so,
That, to each other more and more,
Endeared we may grow;
Vntill our fraile imperfect *Love*,
By steps, up-raised be.
From things below, to things above;
And, perfected in thee.

4 Betwixt us let no Jarr's be found,
Or breach of faith befear'd:
Within our walks, let not the sound
Of bitter words be heard:
But, let the peacefull Turtle dove,
In quiet, nestle there,
Learn out the *Songs* of *blameless-Love*,
And sing them all the year.

5 Preserve me from those *peevish-tricks*,
Which merit scorn or hate;
From all those humours of my sexe,
Which wise mens love abate.
From *gaming-hands*, from *wandring-feet*,
From fond and *vain attires*;
From *eyes that rowle about the street*,
And, bring home loose desires.

6 Let

6 Let this in mind be alwaies had
(My husband to prefer)
The Woman for the Man was made,
And, not the *Man*, for *her*.
Yea, since thy holy word hath said,
The *Wife* should him obay,
As *Christ* is of his *Church* obayd;
LORD, grant that so I may.
7 And, that my heart may not despise
His pleasure to fulfill;
Let his commands be just and wise,
Discreet, and loving still:
For, when the *Husband* loves the *Wife*,
As *Christ* example gives;
Subjection yeelds the sweetest life,
That any creature lives.
8 It causeth him that is above,
The kinder still to grow.
It drawes him by the cords of love,
To set himself below:
And *She* that his *Inferiour* was,
By *Order*, and *Degree*;
Through Love, Humilitie, and Grace,
His *equall*, stoops to be.

HYMN

Hymn XXIIII.

For a Man in gensrall.

Few men so consider the Priviledges of their Sexe *as to be thankfull for the same, by which neglect they sometime abuse their* Prerogatives. *The amendment of which oversights was aymed at by offering this* Hymn *to be sometime used.*

GReat (oh Lord) thy favour was,
That, a *Being* I have gain'd.
Greater was in this thy Grace,
That, therewith I life obtain'd.
But, in that, the *Soul* I had
Thou with *Reason*, hast endow'd;
And, to *Reason*, *Faith* didst add,
Greater *Mercy* hath bin show'd.
2 These large favours, I confesse;
And, consider their esteem.
Yet, I value nev'rtheles,
Those that lower-prized seem.
Therefore, Lord, (in what I can)
Thanks I now to thee return,
That I was brought forth a *Man*,
Rather, then a *Woman* born.
3 Not that I their *Sexe* despise;
Or, too much exalt mine own:

For,

For, in these I were unwise;
And, more *Pride*, then *Thanks* had shown.
But (the Truth to thee I'le speak)
Though men strongest counted are)
I confesse my self too weak,
Female Suff'rings well to bear.

4 For, when I observe the pains,
Which, pursue a *childing-wombe*,
And, the torments it sustains
When the hour of Birth is come;
When I heed the nightlie care,
Which the *nursing-mouths* procure,
Grievous things, methinks they are,
Which a *Woman* doth endure.

5 To submit my *knowing-Soul*,
(As they oft are fain to doe)
To a churl, a fools controul,
And perhaps dishoneſt too.
There my Bodie to subject,
Where I loath to draw my breath;
And, by Nature disaffect,
Would be worse to me then death.

6 I will thankfull therefore be,
That, at better ease I seem;
And, expresse my thanks to thee,
In a due respect of *them*:
For, as first a *Womans blame*,
Was occasion of our *Fall*:
So; first, by a *Woman* came
That, which makes amends for all.

Hymn XXV.

For a Woman in generall.

Women *are otherwhile uncivilly upbraided by imprudent men of the frailties of their* Sexe. *To comfort against such Reproaches, some things illustrating the worthinesse of their Sexe, are here expressed, and mixt with divine consolations.*

Sing this as the 1. *Psalme.*

MY Grandame *Eve*, I curst not LORD,
Nor vilifie her Name;
Though, for her Sin upon record,
Her Sons our Sexe defame:
For, what without my fault was lost,
I may again possesse
Repurcha'st at anothers cost,
Without my Righteousnes.

2 Our *Sexe* was first in that offence,
For which *Mankinde* was shent;
And, we have suff'red ever since,
The greatest punishment.
The vilest of our humane race,
Vpbrayd us for that Sin,
So aggravating our disgrace,
As if they cleare had bin.

3 For, giving passage, to our *Lust*,
Thy Curse abideth still.

And,

And our *Desire*, subject we must,
Vnto anothers will.
In sorrow, our conceptions are;
And, oftentimes in vain.
With sicknes were our children bore;
And bring them forth with *Pain*.

4 Yet, LORD, we have a Joy in thee,
Which none can take away.
And Hopes, which cannot frustrate be,
Till we our selves betray.
The greater Crosses we sustain,
(Whil'st in the Flesh we bide)
The greater honour, we shall gain,
When we are glorifide.

5 Thy meanest *Hand-maid* in distresse,
If she in Faith complains;
Shall in her sorrowes find redresse,
And, ease for all her pains.
Both *Hannahs* plaints, and *Hagars* cries,
Thou graciously didst heed.
And ev'ry *Woman*, who relies
On thee in time of need.

6 Though foolish men our *Sexe* despise,
And hold us in contempt;
From thy most holy *Mysteries*
We never were exempt.
By some of us, thy *Messages*,
Have to thy *Church* bin sent;
And, men have born with good successe,
A *Womans* government.

7 Yea,

7 Yea, by the Woman-ſide he came,
Whoſe grace hath means procur'd
To free us from the death and ſhame,
Which all had elſe endur'd.
What e're, to others we may ſeem,
With *Him*, nor *Bond*, nor *Free*,
Nor *Male*, nor *Female* want eſteem,
If they ſhall faithfull be.

Hymn XXVI.

For Virgins.

This Hymn *teacheth* Virgins *to behave themſelves with diſcreet and chaſte moderation, according to the gift they have received; neither ſtriving for the Garland of perpetuall* Virginity, *beyond their power, nor ſhunning it, being made capable thereof; but rather ſubmitting both* mind *and* bodie, *to what* God *calls them unto.*

ZEal to *God-Almighties* praiſe,
And, his worſhip to attend,
Hallow'd ſome in former daies,
To be *Virgins* to their end:
Virgins, firme in Age and Youth,
To the love of *ſpotleſſe-Truth*:
Nor defil'd, nor drawn aſide
By the baits of Luſt, or Pride.

2 Theſe

2 Theſe, are they whom *Grace* ordaines
To be preſent day and night,
Where the bleſſed *Lambe* remains;
And, to wear long Robes of white.
Robes, more white then mountain ſnow;
Or, the Lillies, where they grow:
Robes more glorious, then thoſe are,
Which Earth's greateſt Princes wear.

3 LORD, my Bodie yet is free,
From a wanton fleſhlie touch;
Happie will my portion be,
If I ſtill may ſay as much.
For, when toyous we begin,
Luſt will quickly enter in:
And though firſt, the breach be ſmall,
That, at laſt, will ruine all.

4 If a *Virgin* to remain,
For thy ſervice, may be beſt;
Make me able to contain;
That no *Longings* me moleſt.
Let our *Pride*, nor cauſleſſe *Fears*,
Dread of *Want*, or outward *Cares*,
To that life, a motive be;
But meer Love of ſerving thee.

5 Though, ſome skoffingly, upbrayd
Thoſe that aged *Virgins* are;
Let not that which fools have ſaid,
From a praiſefull courſe deter.
Neither let a *Virgins* name,
Make me doteupon the ſame,

Till

Till those raging fires begin,
Which provoke to *deadly-Sin.*
6 To keep chast the *marriage-bed,*
Is a virtue more of worth,
Then to keep a *maiden-head;*
Though, some set it fairer forth.
ANGELS, *Virgins* are, they say,
So, are *Flowers,* as well as they;
And, as much (for ought I know)
Merit praise for being so.
7 If a *Helper,* help me may,
Better to perform thy *Will;*
Such a one, for me purvay,
And, be then our *Helper* still.
I desire not to obtain,
What meer *Fancie* seeks to gain;
But, in that would spend my daies,
Which may most advance thy praise.
8 Some, unfit for *Wedlock* seem,
Others, *Virgins* cannot live:
Ev'ry gift should have esteem,
Which it pleases thee to give.
Whatsoe're, therefore, it be
Which thy Love confers on me,
Make me, so my gift to prize,
That, no other, I despise.
9 To what state so e're thou hast
Me, for time to come, design'd;
Keep thy servant ever chast,
Both in *Body,* and in *Mind.*

For,

For, if *Chaſtitie* be there,
Both eſtates made equall are:
And, ev'n that, which beſt is thought,
Wanting this, proves worſe then naught.

Hymn XXVII.

For a *Widower*, or a *Widow* deprived of a loving Yoke-fellow.

That ſuch as be deprived of their moſt deare companions, may not be ſwallowed up in exceſſive griefe, and ſo forget their Chriſtian hopes and duties, this Hymn *teacheth a moderate expreſſing of their naturall* Paſſions; *and remembers them of things not to be forgotten in their ſorrow.*

Sing this, as I loved thee once.

HOw neer me, came the hand of Death,
When at my ſide, he ſtruck my *Dear!*
And took away the precious breath,
Which quick'ned my beloved *Peer?*
How helpleſſe, am I thereby made!
By day, how griev'd! by night, how ſad!
And, now my lifes delight is gone,
Alas! how am I left alone!

2 The *Voice*, which I did more eſteem,
Then muſick in her ſweeteſt key;

Thoſe

Thoſe eies which unto me did ſeem,
More comfortable then the day:
Thoſe, now by me (as they have been)
Shall never more be heard or ſeen;
But, what I once enjoy'd in them,
Shall ſeem hereafter as a dream.

3 All earthlie comforts vaniſh thus:
So little hold of them have we,
That, we from *them*, or *they* from *us*,
May in a moment raviſh'd be.
Yet, we are neither juſt nor wiſe,
If preſent mercies we deſpiſe;
Or mind not, how there may be made
A thankfull uſe of what we had.

4 I therefore, do not ſo bemoan
(Though theſe beſeeming tears I drop)
The loſſe of my *beloved-One*,
As they that are depriv'd of hope;
But, in expreſſing of my grief,
My heart receiveth ſome relief;
And, joyeth in the good I had,
Although my *ſweets*, are *bitter* made.

5 LORD, keep me faithfull to the truſt,
Which my dear *Spouſe* repos'd in me.
To him now dead, preſerve me juſt;
In all, that ſhould performed be:
For, though our being *Man* and *Wife*,
Extendeth only to this life;
Yet, neither *Life* nor *Death*, ſhould end
The being of a *faithfull-Friend*.

6 Theſe

6 Thoſe helps which I through him enjoy'd,
Let thine continuall ayd ſupplie;
That, though ſome hopes in him are voyd,
I, alwaies may on *thee* relie.
And, whether I ſhall *wed* again,
Or, in a *ſingle-ſtate* remain,
Vnto thine honour, let it be;
And, for a bleſſing unto me.

Hymn XXVIII.

For a *Widower*, or a *Widow* delivered from a troubleſome Yoke-fellow.

Becauſe deliverance from a troubleſome Yoke-fellow, is a benefit neither to be deſpiſed nor undiſcreetly rejoyced in; this Hymn *teacheth with what moderation, with what tenderneſſe of heart, and with what deſire we ſhould be affected in ſuch caſes.*

Sing this as the Lamentation.

REjoice not without fear, my heart,
That, thou by death's impartiall ſtroke,
Diſcharged from thy *Partner* art,
And, freed from an unequall Yoke.
Yea, though by means of this divorce,
Thou may'ſt eſcape much diſcontent;
Yet, both with pittie and remorſe,
Conſider well, of this event.

2 For,

2 For, as when first the *Jewish-Lawes*,
Divorcements, tolerable made
The hardnes of their heart was cause,
That such a Course permission had.
So, an obduratenes of thine,
Some cause might peradventure, be
That GOD, (who sees when men repine)
Hath from thy Mate, released thee.

3 Triumph not, therefore, in thy lot,
As if thy merits were the more;
But, use the freedome thou hast got,
With meeknes; and thy Sins deplore.
For, if GODS eye had bin severe
In marking how I gave offence,
He had prolong'd my torment here;
Or else, in wrath remov'd me hence.

4 When *Man* and *Wife* shall disagree,
Though one of them lesse guiltie prove,
Yet, neither of them, quite free
From breaking of the Law of *Love*.
And, to be blameleſſe, doth sometimes
Those proud, or fooliſh thoughts infuse,
Which make more guiltie, then the crimes,
For which we others do accuse.

5 Vnto the *Soul-departed*, LORD,
(Although it often hath transgrest)
I hope, thy mercy doth afford,
well-being, in a place of rest.
And, for each wrong sustain'd by me,
Whil'it in the Flesh it did remain,

(As also for my wrongs to thee)
I beg thy pardon to obtain.
6 And, that I may conclude my race
With lesse offence, and more content;
Vouchsafe me thy *assisting-grace*,
Ensuing errors to prevent.
And, if thy providence allowes
Another helper unto me;
LORD, keep us faithfull in our vowes,
Both to each other, and to thee.

Hymn XXIX.

For a Cleargie-man.

Though most Cleargie-men *know well enough what meditations are pertinent to their Callings; yet, some of them being otherwhile forgetfull of what they know, we have inserted this* Hymn *to remember them, who shall not despise to be remembred thereby.*

WHatsoe're my motives were,
When this *Calling* I assum'd,
Many times, I greatly fear,
Lest I overmuch presum'd:
For, whose ablenes of wit,
Oh most glorious King of Kings!
Or, whose holines, is fit
To dispence thy sacred things;

2 When thoſe honours I perceive,
Whereto ſome of us aſcend;
And, what portions thou do'ſt give
On thine Altar to attend.
When I mind my private charge,
And, what Audit I muſt yeeld.
For my *Calling*, LORD, at large,
With ſad thoughts, my heart is fill'd!
3 Dreadfull is that ſervants doom,
And, accurſed is his caſe,
Whom his LORD, when he ſhall come,
Finds unfaithfull in his place.
For, at ev'ry Shepherds hand,
Who neglects his *Flock* to keep;
Thou wilt ſtrict accounts demand,
For the blood, of ev'ry Sheep.
4 Therefore, LORD, for thine own ſake,
In thy feare, preſerve me ſo,
That, I ſtill may conſcience make,
Of the work thou call'ſt me to.
Yea, preſerve me from their ſin,
Who by fleecing of thy flock,
Have both cloth'd and fatted bin,
And, thy threat'ned Judgements mock.
5 Let the *Doctrines* which I preach,
Be from errors alwaies free:
Let the *Truth* which I ſhall teach,
By *good-life* confirmed be.
Let me evermore have care,
True *Devotion*, true increaſe;

And of thoſe *nice things* beware,
Which may break the *band* of *Peace.*
6 Pardon all which merits blame,
In my entrance to this Place;
My great failings in the ſame,
LORD, forgive me of thy grace:
And, that none of theſe be loſt
Which to me committed were,
Let his ayd, whoſe life they coſt,
Help me, where my failings are.

HYMN XXX.

For a Laie-man.

GOD *uſually bleſſeth a pious and obedient* Laitie, *with diſcreet and godly* Paſtors, *and froward Sheep are juſtly committed to negligent Shepherds. The* Laitie, *therefore, are by this* Hymn *inſtructed to praiſe* GOD *for their faithfull Paſtors, to pray for them; and to yeeld them all due honour, obedience and neceſſary ſupplies.*

Sing this as the 25. *Pſalme.*

NOt in a mean degree,
Am I obliged, LORD,
For thy enlight'ning grace to me,
Vouchſafed by thy *Word:*
Nor leſſe oblig'd am I,
To ſing thy daily praiſe,

That,

That, I have guids to rectifie
My knowledge, and my waies.
2 For, through each Age, oh GOD,
Thy *Prieſts* thou haſt ordain'd,
To ſpread that *ſaving-Truth* abrode,
Whereby our bliſſe is gain'd.
Yea, they thy Shepherds be,
Thy *Flocks* to feed and keep;
And, home to bring, again to thee,
Thy weak, and wandring Sheep.
3 LORD fit them for that place,
Which they are call'd unto,
By giving them both *giſts* and *grace*,
Their duties well to do.
And, for me in us, we pray,
Such fruits of true belief,
That, their Accounts they render may,
With *Joy*, and not with *Grief*.
4 As *Meſſengers* from thee,
Let me their errants hear,
And of their place reſpective be,
Though mean their perſons are.
And, let me not refuſe,
Or murmur, to beſtow
Thoſe honours, or thoſe other dues
Which I to them ſhall owe.
5 Leſt *Vzzah*-like I fare,
Let me no medler be,
In things that conſecrated are;
But, as beſeemeth thee.

(And when thy *Word* I read
(That I may ſhun offence)
Thy grace vouchſafe me to take heed
Of *Errors* private ſenſe.
6 That, I may likewiſe, heed
Truths Path, let me have care,
To find their *Tents*, who feed thy Sheep;
And, to continue there.
Yea, that to *them* and *thee*,
The *Way* be not miſtook;
Let me ſtill walk, where I may ſee
The *Footſteps* of thy *Flock*.

Hymn XXXI.

For a Lawyer.

A Lawyer *conſcionably affected is a publike bleſſing, that therefore the uſe or peruſall of this* Hymn, *may help remember that which moſt of them very know, we have added this* Meditation.

Sing this as the 10. Commandements.

KEep me throughout my life, oh LORD;
In ſuch a Son-like dread of thee,
That to the *Cannon* of thy *Word*,
My practiſe alwaies may agree.
And, ſince the ſtudie of the *Lawes*,
For my profeſſion was deſign'd;

To

To patronize the righteous cause,
Preserve in me a willing mind.

2 Let nor the gaining of a Fee,
Nor **Foes** despight, nor Friends desart,
Nor fear, nor want, enveagle me
From faithfull Counsell to depart.
Nor let my *Practise* be like theirs,
Who turn the means of righting wrong,
Into vexations gins, and snares,
Contentious pleadings to prolong.

3 From their base mind preserve me clear,
To whom *Iudiciall-Courts* do seem,
As if they only raised were,
To help enrich and honour them.
And, from their Guilt, preserve me too,
Who, their preferments to increase,
Forbear not publike *wrongs* to do,
Nor, to infringe the *common-peace*.

4 Yea, teach me so to know, and minde,
How much displeased, LORD! thou art,
With him that's wilfully inclinde
The Course of *Iustice* to pervert;
That I may never do or say
That, which averse to *Truth* may be;
Or, set my *Client* in a way,
Which may not well approved be.

Hymn XXXII.

For a Clyent.

Clyents are oft times through wilfulneſſe, or indiſcretion, needleſſe occaſions of their owne and other mens moleſtations. Here therefore, they are put in minde with what ſincerities, warineſſe, and prudence they ſhould wage Law, *and of whom this temper is to be ſought.*

Sing this as the 23. *Pſalme.*

SO oft as neighbours diſagree,
At leaſt, one partie ſtill,
Blameworthie ſhall be found to be,
In Judgement, or in Will.
Nay, many times, on either ſide,
Law-ſuits are ſo begun;
That, neither can be juſtifide
In that, which they have done.

2 *Self-Love*, and *Self-conceit*, pervert
The moſt approved *Lawes*;
They make, ſometimes, an honeſt heart,
Befriend an evill-Cauſe.
And, few men ſo inclined are
Their errors to behold,
As when in others names they hear
Their own offences told.

3 Therefore,

3 Therefore, since now engag'd I am,
A *Client* to become;
And must abide with gain or blame,
The *Lawes* impartiall doom.
LORD, grant me grace, to be content
The *Truth* should alway thrive;
And, to accept of that event,
Which thou art pleas'd to give.
4 Let neither peevishnes, nor hate,
Nor pride, my *Will* deprave:
Nor, thirsting to enlarge my state,
Endanger what I have.
But, grant me wisdome to foresee,
(Before I be undone)
How mischievous a *Suit* may be,
Which rashly is begun.
5 Preserve me from the mind of those,
Who seek by fraud or force,
The Acts of *Justice* to expose;
Or interrupt her course.
And, lest this mind may me undoe,
Assisted let me be,
With *Lawyers*, and with *Judges* too,
From *Bribes*, and *Falshood* free.

Hymn XXXIII.

For a Phyſitian.

It may be ſome Phyſitians *will not deſpiſe to preſerve in themſelves a Remembrance of their duties, by ſuch a means as this* Hymn: *howſoever, it is here inſerted, that it may purpoſely or accidentally performe that office.*

OH my God! what helpeth leſſe
To preſerve us from the Grave,
Then that Art which I profeſſe,
If it pleaſe not thee to ſave?
And, when *ſickncs* I oppoſe,
By what cunning, could I ſee
In what ſecret path it goes;
If I had not light from thee?

2 By thine ayd I muſt diſcern
Where my *Patients* grief doth lie;
I, from thee muſt alſo learn,
What, thereto I ſhould apply:
And, when ſuch weak things as theſe,
Leaves, and *Roots*, of *Plants*, and *Weeds*,
Shall remove a ſtrong diſeaſe,
From thy Virtue, it proceeds.

3 Therefore, let thy bleſſing ſtill,
With my *Practiſe*, go along;

And,

And, ſo guide, ſo bleſſe my skill,
That no *Patient* may have wrong.
And, their boldnes let me ſhun,
Who, when *Art* is at a pawſe;
Deſp'rate Courſes dare to run,
For their *profit*, or *applauſe*.
Let the grievance of the *Poore*,
Be, for Charitie, of me
As much tendred, evermore,
As the *Rich-man's* for a Fee.
And in me, their mind prevent,
Who prolong an eaſie Cure:
And, their profits to augment,
Make men griev'd, more griefe endure.
5 But, ſuch Conſcience let me make
(In the Calling I profeſſe)
What I *give*, and what I *take*,
That my *Practiſe* thou may'ſt bleſſe.
And, that when I ſick ſhall be,
I no cauſe may have, to fear
That, *Revenge* will ceaze on me,
For neglect of love, or care.

Hymn XXXIIII.

For a Patient.

One cauſe that ſick perſons have ſo little benefit by the Phyſitians *ayd, is their neglect of their own duties to* God, *and themſelves; and for prevention of theſe negligences, this* Hymn *was compoſed.*

Sing

Sing this as, VVe praise thee GOD.

LORD, from the noisome sink of sin,
Which through our nature goes,
All Suff'rings do at first begin;
Thence all our sicknes flowes.
And, till the streams of *Grace* thou daign,
To wash that filth away,
We labour for that *Health* in vain,
Which else obtain we may.

2 Most wise *Physician of my Soul!*
To purge now, therefore, please
That vicious Fount, of *humors foul,*
Which breedeth my disease.
And, when remov'd those *Causes* be,
Which my distempers bring,
Cure also those effects in me,
Whence my disease doth spring.

3 Thy blessing on that means bestow,
Which, now I do intend;
And, let my heart in all I doe,
On thee, alone depend.
Yea, that the means which I receive,
May bring my hopes to passe;
Give me the due preparative
Of *penitentiall grace.*

4 For, he that on his Leaches Art,
Doth over-much relie:
Or, with an unrepentant heart,
The means of health, doth trie;

Shall

Shall either misse the wished ease,
Which to obtain, he thought,
Or, gain by health, a worse disease,
Then that, whose cure, he sought.

Hymn XXXV.

For a Merchant, or Chapman.

By the use of this Hymn, *Merchants may be kept heedfull of the snares and temptations which they become lyable unto by their negotiations; and, what peace, and profit, will ensue if they be just and mercifull in their Dealings.*

Sing this as the 4, 5, or 6. Psalmes.

VNlesse, oh LORD, thy grace thou lend,
To be mine hourely guide,
In ev'ry *word* I do offend;
In ev'ry *step*, I slide.
For, *earth*, us lawfull Course affords,
That makes men more to blame,
(In fraudfull deeds, and guilefull words)
Then that, whereof I am.

2 When strong *desires of being rich*,
With *means thereto*, are joyn'd;
Good-conscience is endanger'd much,
And, often, cast behind.
Yea, to great wealth men seldom rise
Through what, they *sell* and *buy*,
Except,

Except, to vent their merchandize,
They, ſometime, cheat and lie.
3 The ſins, oh LORD, forgive thou me,
Which to my trading cleave.
Vpright, let all my dealings be;
That, I may none deceive.
All my Affaires, inſtruct me ſo
(By prudence) to contrive;
That others may, by what I do,
See, honeſt waies, to thrive.
4 Permit, not, *Greedineſſe of gain*,
My Conſcience to enſnare,
Or, lode me, with employments vain,
Or, fill my heart with care.
Nor make my Goods, a prey to thoſe
Who, by diſhoneſt waies,
(Or, by pretending all to loſe)
Themſelves, to riches raiſe.
5 To thoſe, who poor are that way made,
Which they could not prevent,
Let me no cruell burthens add,
In craving what I lent:
But, let me do for men diſtreſt,
(As my eſtate may bear)
What, at their hands, I might requeſt,
If in their plight I were.
6 So, though to povertie I fall,
And, needy ſeem to be;
A quiet minde, poſſeſſe I ſhall,
With full content, in thee.

And,

And, if great wealth, I, do acquire,
It will not waſt away,
Like bruſhie Fewell in the fire,
But, with mine *Off-ſpring*, ſtay.

Hymn XXXVI.

For a Souldier.

The Souldier *being taught by this* Hymn, *to nouriſh in his heart, the contempt of Bodily perils is withall inſtructed, or put in minde to be carefull to avoyd the ſins uſually defiling that* profeſſion; *to conſider the duties of his* Calling, *and take* God *for his Leader and Defence.*

NOw, in my ſelf, I notice take,
What life we *Souldiers* lead,
My haire ſtands up, my heart doth ake,
My Soul is full of Dread;
And, to declare
This horrid fear,
Throughout my bones, I feel
A ſhiv'ring cold,
On me lay hold,
And, run from head, to heel.

2 It is not loſſe of limbes or breath,
Which hath me ſo diſmay'd.
Nor mortall wounds, nor grones of Death,
Have made me thus atray'd.

When

When Cannons rore,
I ſtart no more,
Then mountains, from their place,
Nor feel I fears,
Though ſwords and ſpears,
Are darted at my face.

3 A *Souldier* it would ill become,
Such common things to feare:
The ſhours of war, the thundring drum,
His Courage up doth cheere.
Though duſt and ſmoke,
His paſſage choke,
He boldly marcheth on,
And thinketh ſcorn,
His back to turn,
Till all be loſt or won.

4 The flaſhing Fires, the whizzing ſhot,
Diſtemper not his wits:
The barbed Steed, he dreadeth not,
Nor him, who thereon ſits.
But, through the field,
With ſword and ſhield,
He cutteth forth his way,
And, through a flood,
Of reaking blood,
Wades on, without diſmay.

5 That, whereupon, the dread begins,
Which, thus appaleth me,
Is that huge troop of *crying-ſins*,
Which riſe in *Souldiers* be.

The

The wicked minde,
Wherewith I finde,
Into the field they go;
More terror hath,
Then all the wrath,
And Engines of the Foe.

6 The Rapes, the Spoiles, and Acts unjuſt,
Which are in *Souldiers* rife,
Their damned Oathes, their brutiſh luſt,
Their curſed courſe of life,
More dreadfull are,
When *death* draws neer,
Then *Death* it ſelf can be;
And, he that knows
The fear of thoſe,
The *mouth of Hell*, doth ſee.

7 Defend me LORD, from thoſe miſdeeds,
Which my profeſſion ſhame;
And, from the veng'ance that ſucceeds,
When we are ſo to blame.
Preſerve me far,
From *Acts of War*;
Where, thou doſt *peace* command;
And, in my breſt,
Let *mercy* reſt,
Though *Juſtice* uſe my hand.

8 Thoſe, let me willingly obay,
Who my *commanders* be.
Both with my Place, and with my pay,
Contented make thou me:

And,

And, when I go,
To meet my Foe,
Let no *beloved Sin*,
In me be found,
To make a wound,
Without me, or within.

9 Let me no help to thoſe afford,
That have a wicked cauſe;
Nor take up Armes, but, where her ſword
Impartiall *Juſtice* draws.
Yet, as a blot,
Impute thou not,
The waſt of humane blood;
Shed by my hands,
At their commands,
Who muſt not be withſtood.

10 Be thou my Leader to the Field;
My head, in battell arme.
Be thou a breſtplate, and a ſhield,
To keep my Soul from harme:
For, live or dye,
I will relye
On thee, oh LORD, alone.
And in this truſt,
(Though fall I muſt)
I, cannot be undone.

HYMN

Hymn XXXVII.

For a Seaman.

The Seaman *is here personated instructing himself, by expressing the pleasures, profits, and perils of his calling; and petitioning* God *to keep him thankfull for his deliverances, and mindfull to performe the vows, he made in times of extream danger.*

Sing this as the former.

WE, whom affaires employed keep,
Where *mightie-waters be*,
There view the terrors of the *Deep*;
Great wonders, there, we see.
And, in that place,
God's helping grace,
We taſt, ſo many waies,
That none are bound
More oft, to ſound
Their dear *Protectors* praiſe.

2 The *barren Flood*, which *Landmen* dread,
To us, doth pleaſures yield;
And, we thereby, are cloth'd and fed,
As from a fruitfull field.
That, we, likewiſe,
Might rightly prize,
The bleſſings we receive;

We

We, ev'ry day,
To watch and pray,
Some, juſt occaſions have.

3 To cheer us in our painfull trade,
The *Sea*, ſometime, doth ſmile:
Strange *proſpects*, there, a means are made,
Long journyes, to beguile.
A *toſtie Courſe*,
As on a Horſe,
Vpon the *waves* we ride;
And, then the wind,
Attends behind,
Or, lackies, by our ſide.

4 Sometime, again, that, heed we may
GOD'S mercies, and our ſin;
Black ſtormes, the skies do overlay;
The Seas, to ſwell begin.
The Billows roare,
And, on the ſhoare,
They Spit their *Snowie-ſome*,
And, perils great,
The paſſage get,
Betwixt us, and our home.

5 The raging Winds our tacklings breaks
And rends both ſhrouds and ſailes,
Our bruized veſſell, ſprinketh Leaks,
And, then, our courage failes.
One while, we plow
The Sands below;
Anon, aloft we riſe,

As

As it we went,
With an intent,
To saile above the skies.

6 Oppreſt with dangers and with fear,
Then, loud we call on GOD:
Who doth vouchsafe our cries to hear,
And, calmes the raging Flood.
From death and wrack,
He plucks us back,
By his Almightie hand;
And (having loſt
Our hope, almoſt)
VVe, safe are brought to land.

7 For thy protections LORD, therefore,
Still thankfull keep thou me;
As well, when I am safe on shore,
As where great perils be.
Let me not breake,
The vows I make,
VVhile times of danger laſt;
And, new begin
My Courſe of Sin,
Aſſoone as fears are paſt.

8 For, he who taketh no regard,
What, in diſtreſſe he vow'd;
Shall cry at length, and not be heard,
Nor finde compaſſion ſhow'd.
When, *wave* nor *ſtorme*,
Can us reform;
Nor *Mercy*, daily ſhown;

GODS

GOD s wrath, prepares.
Far greater fears,
To bring *presumption*, down.

HYMN XXXVIII.

For a Musician.

Many Musicians *are more out of order then their Instruments: such as are so, may by singing this* Ode, *become reprovers of their own untuneable affections. They who are better tempered, are hereby remembred what Musick is most acceptable to* GOD, *and most profitable to themselves.*

WHat helps it those,
Who, skill in *Song* have found;
Well, to compose
(Of disagreeing notes)
By artfull choice
A sweetly pleasing sound;
To fit their Voice,
And their melodious throats?
What, helps it them,
That they this cunning know;
If most condemn
The way, in which, they go?
2 What will he gain
By touching well his *Lute*,
Who shall disdain
A grave advise to hear?

What

What from the ſounds,
Of Organ, Fife, or Lute,
To him redounds,
Who doth no ſin forbear?
A mean reſpect,
By tuning ſtrings, he hath,
Who doth neglect,
A *rectified-path.*

3 Therefore, oh LORD,
So tuned, let me be
Vnto thy word,
And, thy *ten-ſtringed-law,*
That in each part,
I may thereto agree;
And, feel my heart
Inſpir'd, with loving awe:
He ſings and plaies,
The Songs which beſt thou loveſt,
Who does and ſayes,
The things which thou approveſt.

4 Teach me the *skill,*
Of him, whoſe Harp aſſwag'd
Thoſe paſſions ill,
Which oft afflicted Saul.
Teach me the ſtrain
Which calmeth mindes enrag'd;
And, which from vain
Affections, doth recall.
So, to the Quire,
Where *Angels* muſicke make,

I, may aſpire,
When I this life forſake.

Hymn XXXIX.

For a Husbandman.

Upon the Husbandmans labour the temporall welfare of all common-weales depends: this Hymn, *therefore, teacheth him to ſanctifie his endeavours by prayer, and thanksgiving: To ſeek his profit by* God's, *bleſſing, and ſo to care for the* Body, *that the* Soul *be not neglected.*

Sing this as the 25. Pſalme.

PRevent, Lord, by thy grace,
The curſe that entred in,
And on the earth, continued was,
For *Adams* wilfull ſin.
Let not thy Love permit
My coſt, my time, or pain,
In digging, and in dreſſing it,
To be employ'd in vain.

2 Though *thornes* and *bryers*, be
The *natives* of our fields;
Yet, when the earth is bleſt by thee,
A pleaſant crop it yields.
The hils rich paſture, bear;
Deep graſſe, the meads adorn;
The trees with fruits arayed are;
The dales are full of corn.

3 Lord,

3 LORD, that it may be ſo,
My honeſt labours bleſſe;
And, grant that what I *ſet* and *ſow*,
May yeeld a due increaſe:
From *Vermine*, *Fouls*, and *Weeds*;
From thoſe who *ſpoil* or *ſteal*,
Both *Plants* and *Fruits*, and *Crops*, and *Seeds*,
Preſerve thou for my Weal.
4 From *blaſting-Ayres* defend
From *Colds*, *Heats*, *Droughts*, and *Rains*,
Which may deprive me of the end,
And, comfort of my pains.
And, let in ſeaſon ſtill,
Thy dewes, and fruitfull drops,
Vpon the thirſtie clods diſtill,
Which elſe will fail my hopes.
5 What ever thou ſhalt give,
My labours to requite;
That, let me thankfully receive,
And, in thy love delight.
Not ſeeking (for my gain)
A Famine to augment;
By needleſſe hording up of gain,
When hungrie times are ſent.
6 And though the *Plough* and *Spade*,
Dung, *Duſt*, and *Miery-clay*
Are Inſtruments, and Objects made,
My Body to imploy.
Yet, ſuffer not my Soul
Affection to beſtow,

On things that are ſo mean, and foul,
In fading, and ſo low.
7 But, while my hands do move,
In works that earthlie be;
Advance my *heart*, to things above;
And, fixe my *love* on thee:
That, when my *Fleſh*, muſt lie
In *Earth*, from whence it came;
My *Soul*, may to thoſe manſions fly,
VVhere, *Spirits* praiſe thy name.

Hymn XL.

For a Labourer.

Labouring-men have many diſcouragements; and if they faint under their burthens, other will feele the weight of it. This Hymn *therefore cheares them up in their painfull Calling; and ſtirs them up alſo to ſeek* God's *bleſſing upon their labours.*

YOu that enjoy both goods and lands,
And, are not forc'd by ſweat,
And, by the labour of your hands,
To earn the Food you eat;
Give thanks for this your eaſie lot
And, do not us diſdain;
VVhoſe Bread, and Raiment muſt be got
By taking daily pains.

2 For,

2 For, though our portions mean appear,
Contentments, they procure;
Whereby, we ſtill, enabled are
Our labours to endure.
And no man, ever thoſe yet knew,
In *aged yeers* forſook;
Who were in *youth*, to labour true,
And *honeſt Courſes* took.

3 When ſickneſſe or thoſe wants do come,
Wherein we comfort need;
GOD, alwaies moves the hearts of ſome,
Our ſecret wants to heed.
And, without ſhame, we then receive
What charitie beſtows:
Becauſe, what, at ſuch times men give;
The *common Treaſure*, owes.

4 They, who delight from doore to doore,
Of hunger to complain;
Meere want of *Honeſtie*, made poore;
Or, want of *taking pain*.
They, therefore, lack what needfull is,
Their fleſh to cloth, and feed:
Whereas, we nothing greatly miſſe;
But, what we do not need.

5 *Rich men*, in this, we do ſurpaſſe;
To us, our labours are
A *portion*, which in ev'ry place,
Things needfull may prepare.
Yea, were we rob'd of all to day,
Or, chas'd from where we dwell;

If we can bear our *Limbs* away,
They will maintain us well.
6 Make me without repining, LORD!
My lot, to undergo,
Till thou shalt larger means afford;
And, easie dayes bestow.
In health, and strength, preserve thou me,
My lively-hood to get;
And, when I sick or old shall be,
Provide me, cloth and meat.
7 Keep me, (although thou keep me poor)
In *word*, and *action*, true:
And, give me grace, if I have more,
That, *sloth* I may eschew.
So, whether povertie or pain,
Or wealth, or ease, thou send;
Through thee, a passage, I shall gain
To blessings, without end.

HYMN XLI.

For a Shepherd.

That Shepherds, *might not muse altogether on Drudgerie or impertinent vanities, while they are, all alone, attending their Flocks, we have prepared, for them, a* Pastorall-Song, *to acquaint and exercise them, with nobler Meditations.*

Sing this as a Lamentation.

REnowned men their Herds to keep,
Delighted much in elder dayes:

And

And to attend their Flocks of sheep,
Great *Princes* thought is no dispraise.
And, while they so employed were,
Sometime, oh GOD! it pleased thee
In wondrous manner, to appear,
And, gracious unto them to be.
2 The *Joyfullest-news*, that ere was told,
Was unto *Shepherds*, first declar'd,
And, they did also, first behold
The blessing, whereof they, first, heard.
LORD! I am thine, as much as they,
(Although unworthy such respect)
Oh, let thy *mercies*, glorious Ray,
Vpon my low-estate, reflect.
3 Whilst all alone, I here attend
This harmlesse Flock; let, into me
Thy *holy-Ghost*, oh *Christ!* descend;
That, I may therewith filled be.
And, though my heart a *Stall* hath bin,
Where, *Vice* at Rack and manger, lay;
Vouchsafe thou, to be *born*, therein:
That, better *guests* possesse it may.
4 Left *Idle-musings*, Thoughts beget,
That, stir up longings, which are ill;
And, make me my endeavour set,
Forbidden Actions, to fulfill.
Vpon thy *Love*, and on thy *Law*,
Let me, my lovely houres, employ.
That, I may serve with *Joy-full-awe*;
And, love thee, with an *awfull-Joy*.

5 When I my *straggling-sheep* behold,
Let me conceive, what I had bin;
Hadst thou not brought me to thy *Fold*,
And, fed and succour'd me, therein.
And, when I well consider those,
Who *Spoilers*, of those creatures be;
Me, let it mindfull make, what Foes
Do seek, to make a spoile of me.
6 When, likewise, I behold them *shorn*,
And, meekly yeelding up their *fleece*;
Or, when to *slaughter* they are born,
How patiently, their lives they leese:
That *holy-Lambe*, let me, I pray,
Thereby, in thankfull minding have,
Who, *dumbe-before the Shearer* lay;
And, *slaughtred* was my life to save.
7 Yea, whilst I watch and guide my sheep;
Be thou my *Shepherd*, and my *Guide*,
Both me, and them, from harm to keep;
And, all things needfull, to provide.
That, when both *Goats*, and *Sheep*, shall stand
Before thy face, their doomes to bear;
I, may be plac'd at thy *Right-hand*,
And, Joy when I my *Sentence* hear.

Hymn XLII.

For a Handicrafts man.

All handicrafts being gifts of the holy Ghost, *it were fit men did better know it, and more often*

praise

praise him for it. To that end, this Hymn *was devised; and, perhaps, if it were devoutly, and frequently used*, Crafts-men, *would be more thrifitie, and lesse deceitfull, in* manufactures *then they now are.*

THy Gifts most, *holy-Spirit*, be
So great, so manifold,
That, what we have receiv'd from thee,
No language, can unfold.
The meanest *Sciences* in use,
As well as famous *Arts*,
Thy *Prudence*, did, at first produce;
And, still, to men imparts.

2 *Embrodry* thy Invention was,
(Though many think it vain)
The skill to *Grave* in steel, and brasse,
We did from thee, obtain.
For not *Bezalael's* hands, alone,
Didst thou with cunning fill;
But, yet, instructest ev'ry one,
That is endow'd with skill.

3 That little which my hand can do,
Was learned first, from thee:
Thou, first enabled me thereto;
And, alwaies work'st with me.
My *knowledge*, more and more encrease,
Till perfect it appear:
And, let the Science I professe,
My needfull Charges bear.

4 Preſerve in me, an honeſt minde,
That, well my work be wrought.
For, them, whoſe *wares* falſe made, we finde,
An *evill ſpirit* taught.
It may a while encreaſe their ſtore,
But, miſchiefs it will breed;
And, leave men both defam'd, and poore,
In times of greateſt need.
5 For all thy *Gifts* I give thee praiſe,
And, I acknowledge will,
That, thou doſt ayd me many waies,
In my *Mechanick skill*:
Yet, ſince thoſe *Arts* vouchſafed be
Alike, to Good and Bad;
Of thy more *ſpeciall-Grace*, let me
Partaker, LORD! be made.
6 Oh *bleſſed-Spirit*, alwaies, daign,
That, through thine ayd, I may
The ſanctifying gifts obtain,
Which thine *Elect* enjoy.
Yea, though my *Works* be not ſo pure,
Thy Cenſures to abide,
Yet let my *Faith*, ſo firm endure,
That, *Grace*, be not deride.

HYMN XLIII.

For a School-maſter or Tutor.

School-maſters *and* Tutors, *being ſometime more arrogant then learned; and more covetous then induſtrious;*

industrious; many are much hindred thereby. By this Hymn *therefore, they may be remembred to judge themselves, and to seek of* GOD *a due qualification, by prayer.*

BEware my heart,
Lest thou too highly deem,
Of that small art,
Which may appear in me;
And, proud become,
As *Pedants* use to be,
Because, to some
A *knowing-man* I seem:
For, though good-lessons I have taught,
Yet, in my self, if I be naught;
And, marre *Doctrines*, by my *waies*,
Reproofs I merit, more then *Praise*.

2 If I presume
To *know*, beyond my reach;
Or shall assume
Large pay, for slender pain:
If I neglect
Whom I am bound to teach,
Or, lesse affect
My *Dutie*, then my *gain*;
I for those wrongs can make small mends;
Because, whoever thus offends,
Injurious is to Age, and Youth,
And guiltie of the worst untruth.

3 My GOD, therefore,
A conscience let me make;

To boaſt no more
Then well perform, I may.
But, ſo well heed
For what, reward I take;
That, I in *Deed*,
May practiſe what I *ſay*.
And, leſt my labours fruit may want;
So water thou, what I ſhall plant;
That, from the pains which I beſtow,
Both comfort, and increaſe, may grow.

Hymn XLIIII.

For Schollers and Pupils.

Schollers, *and* Pupils, *are here perſonated illuſtrating the Privileges of* learning, *and the baſeneſſe of* ignorance, *praiſing* God *for the means of encreaſing their knowledge; and praying him, to ſeaſon and endow them with profitable Sciences.*

Sing this as the 10. *Commandements.*

THough *knowledge* muſt be got with pain,
And, ſeemeth bitter in the Root;
It brings, at laſt, a matchleſſe gain;
And yeeldeth forth moſt pleaſant fruit.
It is the richeſt kinde of *trim*,
That noble perſons can put on;
It *Reaſon* keeps, from growing dim;
It ſets a luſtre, thereupon.

And,

And, raiſeth *Princes*, now and then,
Out of the loweſt Rancks of men.

2 But, ſuch as do this *Jem* neglect,
Or, ſeek it not whilſt they are young;
Grow old in yeers, without reſpect,
And, periſh in the vulgar throng.
Like brutiſh beaſts, they little know,
Save how their bellies they may fill.
When others riſe they ſit below,
They ſee no choice twixt *good* and *ill*.
And, that which beſt commends their ſtate,
Is, they repent when 'tis too late.

3 I therefore now, do ſing thy praiſe,
And give thee thanks, thrice *bleſſed*-LORD,
That thou in theſe my youthfull dayes,
The means of *knowledge*, doſt afford.
Compelled many others are
(That knowing men they might become)
To pay great ſums, and travel far,
For that which I may gain at home;
Or where, ſupplyed all things are,
As well, as if at home, I were.

4 Vouchſafe me, therefore ſo much grace,
As to endeavour what I may;
Whilſt I have *leiſure*, *means*, and *ſpace*,
And *wits*, to bear this prize away.
Be pleas'd, likewiſe, to ſeaſon ſo
The knowledge, which I ſhall attain;
That, puffed up I may not grow,
Nor tooled be, with *Science* vain,

But,

But let my chief endeavours be,
To know my *Self*, thy *will*, and *thee*.

Hymn XLV.

For young Perſons.

By uſing this Hymn, young-perſons *are made reprovers of their own follies; and taught to affect, and pray for ſuch things as are laudable, profitable, holy, and to the glory of* God, *&c.*

Youth is a wild, a wanton thing,
Which few can govern well;
For when our Blood is in the Spring
Our wits are in the ſhell.
We up and ride,
Er'e we can guide
The Charret of our Will;
And, thereupon
We hurry on,
Ev'n down Perditions hill.

2 When we our Friends lamenting here,
The giddy Courſe we take,
We think, that, through a *needleſſe-care*,
A *cauſleſſe-coyle* they make.
But, when we view
That we purſue
What, ſhame or loſſe hath brought;
We ſneaking go,

As

As fools will doe;
And say, *we had not thought.*

3 In virtuous Actions, we are weak;
In Vices we are strong:
We soon are tir'd, if *wisedome* speak;
And, think *vain-tales* not long.
Left Tutors may,
Our *Wills* gainsay,
Tis now our greatest Fear:
And, to provide
For Lust and Pride,
Is most of all our care.

4 LORD, teach me, therefore, to beleeve
What *wisedome* doth foretell.
E're I do smart, or make them grieve,
Who truly wish me well.
Since, ev'rie day,
Behold I may,
How evill Courses thrive;
Let me forbear,
To sleight, or Jeer,
Those, who *good-counsell* give.

5 Vouchsafe me grace and strength to rein
My wild and head-strong *Will*;
And all those longings to restrain,
Which tempt us unto ill.
The Flowrie prime,
Of youthfull time,
Let me not vainly spend
In follow'ng Sin,

Which

Which bringeth in
Perdition without end.
6 But ſanctifie unto thy praiſe,
My Soul and Bodie, LORD:
And purifie my *youthfull waies*,
Through thy *all-cleanſing word*.
That *young* and *old*,
When they behold,
Thy work of grace in me;
May glorifie
Thy Majeſtie,
From whom, all bleſſings be.

HYMN XLVI.

For old Perſons.

It is a curſe to have youthfull Affections in an aged Body; and a great bleſſing it is to be wained from the world, as Youth *decayes. This* Hymn, *therefore perſonates an* aged Perſon *rejoycing in the neareneſſe of his diſſolution, deſpiſing the pleaſures of* Youth; *and deſiring to be inveſted with* immortalitie.

Sing this, as I loved thee once.

NOw, glad and happie may I be,
And carroll forth a Song of praiſe:
For that, ſo neer at hand I ſee,
The wiſhed harveſt of my daies,

Mine

Mine *aged-years* to me do ſhew,
What I in *Youth* could never view.
And *fading-Senſe* inſtructs me more
Then *perfect-Senſes* heretofore.

2 Right bleſt am I, that I have paſt,
The perils of thoſe youthfull times,
Which we in fruitles Follies waſt,
Or (which is worſe) in hainous crimes.
From Jealous Loves, from Luſtfull Foes,
From raging fits, from looſe deſires,
Which heretofore tormented me,
I now am hopefull to be free.

3 Oh LORD! vouchſafe it may be ſo:
In me let youthfull Follie ceaſe.
As I in years more aged grow,
Let Virtue more and more increaſe.
Let all my Paſſions me become,
And their baſe fondnes keep me from,
Who youthfull pleaſures dote upon,
When pleaſing *Youth*, and ſtrength is gon.

4 Theſe Jollie times, which moſt men praiſe,
(And ſorrow when they paſſe away)
Increas'd my torments many waies;
And perils in my path did lay.
Yea, but for thy *aſſiſting-grace*,
I had bin ruin'd in that race:
And therefore, now I praiſe thy Name,
That I have overliv'd the ſame.

5 As did *Lots* wife, let not my heart
Vnto that *Sodome* of mine age.

Look

Look back, as loth it ſhould depart,
Nor thereunto my Soul engage.
But make theſe times as loth'd of me,
As aged years of *Wantons* be.
That grace in me, may ev'rie day,
Increaſe as *Fleſh* and *Blood* decay.
6 Forbid thou then, that (when I have ſpent
My Luſt and Love to youthfull Sin)
I ſhould make ſemblance to repent;
And, other Follies then begin.
At youths eſcapes let me not rail,
Becauſe, that way my ſtrength doth fail;
Yet, practiſe whil'ſt I them gainſay,
Worſe evils in a *graver way*.
7 Let me not change my vain *Exceſſe*,
Into an *over-ſparing-mind*,
Nor in *Old-age* grow mercileſſe,
Becauſe, my *Youth* was ever kind.
Nor let me love, as many do,
To make vain brags (with lying too)
Of youthfull tricks now I am old,
Which are not ſeemlie to be told.
8 But, ſuch let my endeavours be,
As may my place and years beſeem;
That *Youth* may good example ſee;
And *Age* continue my eſteem;
For, when a comely part we play,
It keeps in *Age*, contempt away.
And (though but weak, our *Bodies* are)
Our *Looks* will keep ſtrong men in fear.

9 As

9 As this my *carnall-Robe* growes old,
(Soil'd, rent, and worn, by length of years)
Let me, on that, by Faith, lay hold,
Which man in life immortall wears.
So ſanctifie my daies behind;
So let my manners be refinde;
That when my Soul and Fleſh muſt part,
There lurk no terrors in my heart.
10 So ſhall my Reſt be ſafe and ſweet,
When I am lodged in my grave;
And, when my Soul and Bodie meet,
A joifull meeting they ſhall have.
Their Eſſence, then, ſhall be divine;
This muddie Fleſh will ſtar-like ſhine:
And, GOD, ſhall that *freſh-Youth* reſtore,
Which will abide for evermore.

HYMN XLVII.

For a blind Perſon.

To mitigate their diſcomforts who are deprived of Bodilie-Sight, *this* Hymn *intimates the ſuſtenance which that defect may be to their everlaſting Felicitie; and a ſpirituall* Illumination *is implored to ſupply that corporall defect.*

Sing this as the Lamentation.

FAin would I view that pleaſing ſight,
And lovelie ſplendor of the Skies,

Which

Which chears the day, adornes the night,
And gladdeth all Beholders eies;
But, since GOD pleased is, to hide
That spark of *Common-grace* from me;
Content I am to be denide
The Gift, which may not granted be.

2 For it proceeds not still from wrath,
When GOD of those things doth deprive,
Which he on most conferred hath;
And without which, diseas'd men live.
Sometime *our Good*; sometime *his Praise*;
And many times, ev'n both of these,
Are Cause, that he upon us layes
Discomfort, Blemish, or Disease.

3 Perhaps, if I the *Light* had seen,
The way to ruine I had gone;
Or, guiltie of offence had been,
Which me for ever had undone.
Perhaps in darknes here I bide,
Because if I had light enjoy'd,
Mine *Eye* had left mine *Heart* aside,
And made my best endeavours void.

4 What e're the cause thereof hath been,
Thou LORD, art pleas'd it should be so;
And with thy *Justice*, I have seen
Thy *Mercy*, hand in hand, to goe.
In thy good pleasure, I therefore,
Without repining am content;
And, will be thankfull evermore,
For whatsoever thou hast lent.

5 My want of *in externall sight*,
With *inward-light*, supplie thou so,
That I may walk that path aright,
In which thy *Children* ought to go.
Yea, be my *Watchman*, and my *Guide*,
My *Mind* and *Body* to direct;
That nothing lead my heart aside;
Or injure me through this defect.

Hymn XLVIII.

For a Cripple.

The Cripple *is here taught to comfort himselfe in his infirmities, by taking notice that Bodily Crosses may may be furtherances to our spirituall performances; and pledges of Gods favour, &c.*

Sing this as the Lords Prayer.

THough in my limbs I cripl'd am,
(Which for some works disableth me)
My *Tongue* as yet, is not so lame,
But that my *Voice* may tuned be.
In *Song* I may Gods love advance;
Though him I praise not in the *dance*.

2 And cause I have, to sing his praise,
Who humbled me by this defect:
For where he loves, the Rod he laies,
And all his children doth correct.

Those

Those, therefore, whom he chast'neth not,
No Children are by him begot.

3 Some *Crosse*, all humane Flesh must bear
The *Spur*, or *Clog*, we all do need:
For slow, or else too rash we are;
And, of our duties take no heed.
Yea, sweetest blessings we contemn,
Till some affliction sharpens them.
(4 GOD shrunk a sinew in his thigh,
And sent him halting to his grave:)
Whose prai'r he did not then denie,
But, therewithall a blessing gave.
Oh! if such Faith were found in me,
My *Lameness* might a *Blessing* be.

5 Therefore, oh LORD, increase thou so
The little Faith which I retain;
That, more believing I may grow,
That in thy *grace*, I may remain;
And, that my Frailtie keep me may
From erring far out of thy way.

6 Be thou my *Staffe*; be thou my *Prop*;
(As from the cradle thou hast bin)
And still maintain in me, the hope
Which I, till now have lived in.
So shall I misse my *Limbs* the lesse,
And thy *free-mercy* still confesse.

HYMN

Hymn XLIX.

For a Nurſe.

Nurſes by ill diet, diſtempered affections, or want of heedfulneſſe, may be hurtfull to their Nurſe-Children. Therefore, when they ſing to quiet their Nurſlings, the repetition of this Song may perhaps remember them how to order themſelves, and what care to take of their charge.

WHen *Sampſons* Mother was foretold,
What Son ſhe in her wõb ſhould bear;
A *Dyet*, ſhe was taught to hold,
And warn'd wherеof ſhe would beware:
Whereby, their foll'wing good effects,
To him, who did from her proceed:
Diſcretion from the ſame collects,
That *Nurſes* warily ſhould feed.

2 For though it is thy bleſſing, LORD!
Which gives the temper we deſire;
Thou, thereunto do'it means afford;
And, heedfulnes in us require.
That knowledge, therefore, grant thou me,
That love, that conſcience, and that care,
Which in thoſe *women* ought to be,
Who choſe for *Foſter Mothers* are.

3 Crowne

3 Crown thou my *Paines* with good ſucceſſe,
That comfort therein may be found.
My *Babe* from fire, from water bleſſe,
Preſerve him quiet, ſafe and ſound.
Let not my *Milke*, thereto convay
Thoſe humors, which may either bend
The *mind* unto a vitious way;
Or elſe, the *Bodies* health offend.
4 But let my *Body* and my *mind*,
Be tempred ſtill, and ord'red ſo;
That helps thereby this *Childe* may find,
In virtue, and in ſtrength to grow.
And leſt, when I my beſt have done,
From me more *Ill* then *Good*, *he* drawes;
Vouchſafe *Him* grace my ſins to ſhun,
And to be govern'd by thy *Lawes*.

Hymn L.

For a Almeſman or Woman.

Almeſ-men *for whom Charitie hath provided, have leaſure, and ſpeciall cauſe to praiſe* God *for his loving providence: And this* Hymn *is prepared to remember them, with what thankfulneſſe they ſhould be alwaies affected.*

Sing this as the 25. *Pſalme.*

IT is Lord, of thy grace,
That when we needie were,

Food,

Food, Rayment, and a *Dwelling place*,
Thou didst for us prepare.
For when we were afraid,
Through want, oppreſt to be;
We had relief, and timelie aid,
To us vouchſafed by thee:
2 When *means* nor *pow'r* we had,
Things needfull to provide;
Then Strangers were our helpers made,
And have our want ſupplide.
Yea, ſome that heretofore,
Did earn their bread with ſweat;
Now labour leſſe, and yet have more,
Then they were wont to eat.
3 *Warm-clothed* ev'rie day,
Well-hous'd we likewiſe be;
For which we nothing are to pay,
But *hearty-thanks* to thee.
LORD, thankfulneſs is all
Which thou of us do'ſt crave:
And that *Rent-ſervice* is but ſmall,
In liew of what we have.
4 Much better men, are fain
(And ſome leſſe able too)
For courſeſt bread, to take more pain,
And oft without it go.
Sometime, when far from home
They ſeek their dailie hire,
Wet, cold, and hungrie, back they come;
And find nor bread, nor fire.

5 Mean

5 Mean while at eaſe we bide,
In lodgings warme and dry:
And, others do thoſe things provide,
VVhich may our want ſupplie.
So that, if heed we give,
To what we do enjoy,
The quiet'ſt kind of life we live,
And freeſt from anoy.
6 VVe praiſe thee, LORD, therefore,
And *thee* moſt humblie pray,
To keep us thankfull evermore,
And faithfull in thy *way*.
That in this leaſure, now,
For Heav'n we may prepare,
And not in *Soul*, more wretched grow,
Then we in *Body* were.
7 Them, LORD, vouchſafe to bleſſe,
By whom, thoſe helps we have;
And let them ſtill in *thee* poſſeſſe,
The fruit of what they gave;
And ſince they did befriend
The poore in time of need;
Let ſtill thy *Mercy* down deſcend,
On *them*, and on their *ſeed*.

HYMN

Hymn LI.

For a Rich-man.

This Hymn *was composed, that it might occasion* Rich men *to be more often mindfull what hinderance their wealth may be to their best happines, the same being immoderately affected, ill gotten, or misimployed, &c.*

SAid (not causlesse) it hath bin,
That a man of large estate,
Doth an entrance hardlie win,
Through the blest cœlestiall gate.
For as *Riches* do increase,
Wants abound, *Contents* are lesse;
Great Affaires augmenting care,
For the Soul no leasure spare.
2 Leasureless if he did seem,
Who had taken but one *Farme*;
If the purchase of one *Teem*
May occasion so much harm,
As to keep away a *guest*,
From that great *Almightie* Feast;
When at leasure will he be,
That hath twentie *Farmes* to see?
3 Rich I am suppos'd, oh LORD!
By that wealth which I possesse;

And for what thou do'ſt afford,
Thy free Bountie I confeſſe.
Yet ſuch wants I find therein,
That I *get* not all I *wiſh*:
And what once our *Saviour* ſaid,
Makes my heart ſometime afraid.

4 For when *wealth* exceeds the bound,
Which doth anſwer our *degree*,
Snares, and *baits*, therein are found,
Whereby choaked we may be.
Yea, I find it ev'rie day,
Wooing ſo my heart away,
That unleſſe thou keep me true,
I may bid thy love adue.

5 Therefore, LORD, thy grace augment,
As my *Riches* are increaſt;
Thoſe inſertions to prevent,
Wherewithall they may infeſt.
Let them nor poſſeſſe my heart,
Nor afflict it when we part.
Nor be purcha'ſt at their coſt,
Who themſelves for wealth have loſt.

6 Though a *Rich man* hardlie may
Find an entrance into bliſſe;
Yet through *thee*, oh LORD, the way,
And the paſſage eaſie is.
If we can but willing be,
To forſake our wealth for thee,
Or beſtow it on the poore;
'Twill inlarge heav'ns narrow *Doore*.

7 Let

7 Let, oh! let me ſtill have care,
So to husband what I have;
That I loſe not what I ſpare,
Nor grow poore by what I ſave;
Only what I need is mine;
All the reſt, oh LORD! is thine;
Which if I miſuſe or waſt,
Muſt be anſwer'd for at laſt.

8 To that *Audit*, e're I come,
Let me reckon by my ſelf,
How I *gain'd*, or *parted from*,
Ev'rie parcell of my pelfe.
Goods-miſgot let me reſtore;
Wealth-miſpent let me deplore;
And before I *Judgement* have,
Judge my ſelf; and pardon crave.

Hymn LII.

For a Poore man.

Povertie *needeth Counſell and Conſolation, therefore that (when it is wanting from others)* Poore men *may adminiſter comfort to themſelves, and be aſſiſted by expreſſing their wants to the ſupplier of all neceſſities; this* Hymn *is offered unto them to be ſung to that purpoſe.*

Sing this as the 15. *Pſalme.*

SOme think there is no earthlie ſtate,
To be abhorred more;
Or more deſerving feare or hate,
Then to be mean and poore.
Yet ſuch a *Portion* I have got,
That I am *needy* made:
Yea, this is fallen to my Lot;
And yet I am not ſad.

2 For *Earth*, and all that therein is,
The LORDS poſſeſſions be:
Both he is mine, and I am his,
Who hath enough for me.
The *Rich* their own *Providers* are;
Yet ſometimes they have need.
But GOD hath of the poore a care,
And them doth alwaies feed.

3 Though *Povertie* ſeem grievous may,
(And much afflicteth ſome)
It is the beſt and ſafeſt way,
Vnto the *World to come*.
For *Poverty* in her extream,
Nor tempts, nor ſo perverts,
As great *Abundance* tempteth them,
Who thereon ſet their hearts.

4 Therefore, that ev'rie man might grow
With his eſtate content;
Thy SON, oh GOD! this way did go,
When through this world he went.
He wealth and honour prized not.
(Though we now prize it high)

And

And *Satan*, therefore, nothing got
By tempting him thereby.
5 LORD, though I do sometime complain,
That *outward means* are scant,
And would assume that luggage fain,
Which I but think I want;
Yet when I mind how poore a life,
My *Saviour* liv'd on earth;
Wealth I condemne, and all my grief,
Is changed into mirth.
6 Let still my heart be pleased so,
What e're betide me shall:
Yea, make me (though I poorer grow)
Contented therewithall.
And, let me not be one of them,
Who (in profession poore)
Seem *Wealth* and *Pleasure* to contemn,
That they may cheat the more.
7 The works my Calling doth propose,
Let me not idlie shun;
For, he whom Idleness undoes,
Is more then twice undone.
If my estate enlarge I may;
Enlarge my love to thee.
And, though I more and more decay;
Yet, let me thankfull be.
8 For, be we poore, or be we rich,
If well imploi'd we are,
It neither helps, nor hinders much,
Things needfull to prepare.

Since GOD diſpoſeth Riches now,
As *Manna* heretofore,
The feebleſt gath'rer got enow,
The ſtrongeſt got no more.
9 Nor *Poverty* nor *Wealth*, is that
Whereby we may acquire
That bleſſed and moſt happie ſtate,
Whereto we ſhould aſpire.
But if thy *Spirit* make me wiſe,
And ſtrive to do my beſt;
There may be in the worſt of theſe,
A means of being bleſt.
10 The *Rich in Love* obtain from thee,
Thy ſpeciall gifts of grace;
The *poore in Spirit*, thoſe men be
Who ſhall behold thy face.
LORD, grant I may be one of theſe,
Thus *poore*, or elſe thus *rich*;
Ev'n whether of the two, thou pleaſe,
I care not greatly which.

HYMN LIII.

For an Inne-keeper or Taverne.

By the hearing, ſinging, or peruſall of this Hymn, *it is hoped that diſcreet* Inne-keepers *will be encouraged to continue Civilitie and good order in their Innes; and that ſome who have heretofore neglected the ſame ſhall be hereby provoked to be more orderly hereafter.*

Sing

Sing this as the former.

MOſt men repute a *Common Inn*,
For ev'rie perſon free
To ſet up there a Stage; where Sin
May boldly acted be.
And when prophane and rude exceſſe,
Their prizes there may play,
The Civill Gueſt is welcomleſſe;
And wiſhed then away.

2 *Inns* were to better ends ordain'd;
And better were imploy'd:
For Virtue there was entertain'd;
And needfull Reſt enjoy'd.
Yea, though our Calling many ſcorn,
And brand it with diſgrace,
Our *Saviour* in an *Hoſtry* born,
Hath ſanctifide the place.

3 His Grandame *Rahab* kept an Inn;
And bleſſed *Paul* thought fit,
His *Hoaſt* ſhould have remembred him,
Ev'n in the *ſacred-writ*.
There *Sanctitie* her lodging had,
With *Piety-divine*;
Their *Inns* were *holy-Chappels* made,
And ſo I wiſh may mine.

4 A drunken and a prating *Hoaſt*,
To Fools yeelds much delight;
And by his wiles, their needleſſe Coſt,
Is doubled ev'rie night.

But, *him*, that is discreet and grave,
A better Lot attends.
He, Credit, health, and wealth shall have;
Good Guests, and heartie friends.
5 For, when a *Sober Guest* shall come
Abode with such, to make;
He knows he may, as if at home,
His ease, in safetie take.
But, on the former, if he light,
(Mistrusting dangers, there)
He hides his purse, and all the night,
Doth wake, or sleep, in feare.
6 Discretion, LORD! vouchsafe thou me,
My Calling, so to use,
That, I, by none may injur'd be;
Nor, any, me abuse.
Yea, let mine *Inne* a Schoole be made,
To teach (without offence)
Those Guests, that evill manners had;
To go more civill, thence.
7 And, though I cannot all prevent,
Which Guests may there misdo;
Yet, neither let me shew consent,
Nor liking, thereunto.
Let me, for no advantage, make
A brothell, of mine *Inne*:
Nor, by connivancie, partake
In any wilfull Sin.
8 So, at mine *Inne* thy blessed *Son*
His Lodging LORD, shall take;

And,

And, there, (much more then I have done)
Him, welcome I will make.
For, not a *Stable*, but my *breaſt*,
Shall be his lodging Roome.
And, mine own *heart*, to give him reſt,
A *pallet*, ſhall become.

Hymn LIIII.

For, Taylors, Millers, and Weavers.

Moſt men of theſe Trades, *are either greatly ſlandered, or very guiltie of deceit and falſhood: Therefore, that ſuch as be faultie may reprove themſelves; and, that ſuch as are innocent may be cheriſhed in their honeſty; this* Hymn *was compoſed.*

Sing this as the former.

IT is too much, that, in my heart,
Corruptions I retain,
Which make me from thoſe waies depart,
Wherein, I ſhould remain.
Yet, in my *Calling*; Stumblings are
By other men eſpide,
Whereof, unleſſe I can beware,
I, ſoon may ſwarve aſide.
2 Occaſions of a *ſhamefull ſin*,
Are offred, ev'ry day.
And, few of us have backward bin,
To put the ſame away.

Long cuſtome, doth in moſt beget
Opinion and belief.
That 'tis no fault, or elſe not great,
To be a *daily Thief.*
3 The Devill finds excuſes out,
Which being uſed long,
Perſwade us to become in doubt,
If *thieving* be a wrong.
And at the length, ſo impudent,
It cauſeth us to grow;
That we do fearleſſie aſſent
To act what ill we know.
From this degree of guiltineſſe,
Preſerved let me be;
From Sins by *cuſtome* ſeeming leſſe,
Oh LORD deliver me.
If I be good, no *trade* ſo bad,
But yeelds an honeſt gain:
And him that's naught, no courſe or trade,
Will honeſtlie maintain.
5 If love to Goodnes, move me not
Vprightly ſtill to deal;
Make me obſerve their *Lowſie-lot*,
Who uſe to filch and ſteal:
For they are beggers in the end;
Or if they wealth obtain,
On luſt and pride, their children ſpend,
What they by thieving gain:
6 For love of Righteouſnes therefore,
Let me be ſtill upright.

And,

And though I ſtill continue poore,
In *Truth* let me delight.
So ſhall to me my *Trade*, become
A *Calling* without blame:
And though it be abus'd by ſome,
Shall never bring me ſhame.

Hymn LV.

For Shrieves, Baylies, Sergeants, &c.

Some of theſe Officers *may perhaps become better in their condition, and prevent ſome ſcandals (which they are lyable unto) if they otherwhile remember themſelves of their duties by the repetition of this, or the like Meditation.*

Sing this as the former.

WHat ever Equitie commands,
To puniſh things miſdone,
Hath execution by our hands;
By whomſoe're begun.
We are that *Arme*, whereby the *Law*
Doth hold on ſinners lay:
And few thereof would ſtand in awe;
If we were took away.

2 To Death, to torments, or to thrall,
We do *Offenders* bear:

And

And why ſuch things on them befall,
We oft confeſſed here.
Yet otherwhile, our conſcience may
(While we perform our part)
To us in ſecret truly ſay,
Their doom is our deſart.

3 If we therefore, who often view
What *Sin* on *Sinners* drawes;
And are the men who do purſue,
The ſentence of the *Lawes*;
If we our dangers will not ſee,
By what on others lights;
The greater will GODS vengeance be,
When he in anger ſmites.

4 LORD, ſo inſpire my heart with grace,
Reform, renew me ſo;
That with *good conſcience* in my place,
My duties I may do.
From being partiallie inclinde,
For gain, for love, or fear;
From harſhnes where I may be kind,
Preſerve me ever clear.

5 So when to call me to my doom,
Thy *Sergeant* thou ſhalt ſend;
I need not be afraid to come,
But gladlie thither wend.
For though no *Righteouſnes* of mine,
Thy Cenſure may abide:
It being vailed ore, by thine
I ſafelie may be tride.

HYMN

Hymn LVI.

For a Jayler.

Jaylors *have at one Time or other, men of all estates and conditions in their custody, as well* good *as* bad; *Therefore, it is not impertinent to encrease the means whereby they may be made or preserved honest and mercifull men; which may be somewhat furthered, by this* Meditation.

Sing this as the X. *Commandements.*

THough, we have got an *evill-name*,
And, *cruell-men* reputed are;
We may not be so much to blame,
As, to the vulgar, we appear.
With such as have not well been taught,
We chiefly deal; and, such as they
On us, an *Ill-report*, have brought;
Which, will not soon be blown away.

2 If we be kinde, to such as these;
They, for our kindnesse, us undo:
If then, we give them *little-ease*,
They, raile at us, for doing so.
And, most, who their just suffring see,
(Misjudging that, which they perceive)
Suppose us mercilesse to be;
When, better things, they should beleeve.

3 The *Common-wealth* doth alwaies need
That service, which it calls us to,

And

And, many mischieves would succeed,
Should all men, unrestrained go.
Good-men, have this way, been employ'd:
And, by the tender hearts, of such,
Good-men, have, likewise, ease enjoy'd;
And, comforts, which they needed much.
4 Yea, though fooles count it, no disgrace
Offenders, thus, to keep in hold;
An *Office*, of that *Trust*, it was,
And honourable, thought of old.
And, if we be not *men of trust*,
To whom, such places, now, belong:
They, who conferd them, are unjust;
And, much, the *Common-wealth*, may wrong.
5 When *Joseph* was in prison bound,
(Though great he were, who laid him there)
He, kindnesse in the *Jayler*, found;
Because, he guiltlesse did appear.
Yea, many blessed *Saints* of GOD,
When they by *Tyrants*, were oppresst;
(And no compassion found abroad)
Found mercy, in a *Jaylers* breast.
6 Oh LORD! let mercy never faile
Within my heart, a place to finde.
Though I be Keeper of a *Jayle*,
Yet, let me keep, an *honest-minde*.
Discretion give me, to perceive
What men, I strictly should restrain:
And, when I libertie may give,
Yet, in my place, upright remain.

7 Keep

7 Keep me, for evermore, a friend
To those, that are sincerely thine;
And, thy compassion, LORD! extend
In life, and death; to *me*, and *mine*.
And, let my *Servants*, all, I pray
Be *faithfull-Servants* unto thee:
That, at the great *Assizes-day*;
I, and my houshold, sav'd may be.

Hymn LVII.

For a Prisoner.

Men in Affliction are somewhat eased when they can finde words whereby to expresse their sufferings; To help them who want expression of their endurance, in imprisonment; and, to remember prisoners, *of such Meditations as are pertinent to their condition, is the intent of this* Hymn.

I, Whom of late
No thraldome did molest;
Of that estate,
am, wholly, dispossest.
My feet, once free,
Are, strictly now confin'd;
Which, breeds in me,
A discontented mind.

2 Those prospects faire,
Which I was wont to have;

That

That wholſome aire,
Which fields and medows, gave;
Are changed, now,
For cloſe unpleaſant cells:
Where *ſecret woe*,
And, *open-ſorrow*, dwels.

3 Inſteed of *Strains*,
Delightfull to mine eare,
Gives, *bolts* and *Chains*
Are all my muſick, here:
And, er'e I get
Thoſe things, for which I pay,
I muſt entreat,
With patience, in delay.

4 To feed, or ſleep,
To work, or take mine eaſe;
I, now, muſt keep
Such houres, as others pleaſe.
To make me ſad,
Complaints are likewiſe heard;
And, often made,
Of wrongs, without regard.

5 LORD! as I ought,
My freedome had I us'd;
Of this, (no doubt)
I might have been excus'd.
But, I confeſſe,
The merit of my ſin,
Deſerves no leſſe,
Then hath inflicted bin.

6 Let.

6 Let not, oh GOD!
My ſin, thine anger move:
But, let this Rod,
Correct my faults in love.
With patient minde,
Let me thy ſtripes endure;
And, freedome finde,
When they have wrought their cure.

7 Whilſt, here, I bide
(Though I unworthy be)
Do thou provide
All needfull things, for me.
And, though friends grow
Vnkinde, in my diſtreſſe;
Yet, leave not thou
Thy ſervant, comfortleſſe.

8 So, though in thrall
My *body* muſt remain;
In *minde*, I ſhall
Some freedome, ſtill, retain:
And, wiſer made
By this reſtraint, ſhall be,
Then, if I had
Vntill my death, been free.

HYMN LVIII.

For a Priſoner condemned.

I have often obſerved that priſoners *condemned, for want of good counſell, have ill ſpent the ſhort time*

time assigned them to live: otherwhile in a desperate Follitie; and otherwhile in excessive discomfort; therefore, this Hymn *is offered as a help to settle, and prepare their minds for death.*

Sing this as, VVe praise thee GOD.

NOw, I perceive a GOD there is
That searcheth out my wayes;
And that whenere I do amisse,
His eye the same survayes.
Yea, now, I know, he knows that thing
Which I thought known of none:
And, can to light those actions bring,
Which are in darkneſse done.

2 As thou, oh LORD! hast found me out,
So, let me finde out *thee*:
That, of thy grace, I may not doubt,
Though graceleſse yet I be.
And, to the Croſſe, though I was brought,
Ere I my guilt could rue;
Since, now, thy *mercy*, is beſought,
To me, thy *Mercy* shew:
Touch thou my heart with true remorse,
For what, I have misdone:
That, it may truly hate the Course,
Which I till now have run.
And, let, oh LORD! some recompence
From thy free hand, be daign'd;
To all, who have, by my offence,
Wrong, loſſe, or grief, ſuſtain'd.

4 Let

4 Let not the horror of my fact,
My guiltie Soul oppresse;
Nor fear, nor hope, my minde distract;
Nor sorrow, me oppresse.
But, let me with, true penitence,
Before thy throne repaire;
Emploring grace, for my offence,
With fasting, and with pray'r.
5 And, though the *sinners way*, I trod,
Whilst I had freedome here;
Let, unto me, in death, oh GOD!
The *Gate of Life*, appear;
That, when the *Law* shall stop my breath,
As *Justice* doth decree,
I, through the dreadfull *shades of Death*,
May finde, a *path* to thee.

HYMN LIX.

For a Prisoner at the place of Execution.

It is usuall for Prisoners *brought to suffer for death, to Sing at the place of their execution, that they may testifie their hope of a joyfull Resurrection; and of mercy in the world to come; in the expression of which hope, this* Hymn *assisteth, and intimateth with what* Meditations, *they should be exercised at their suffering.*

Sing

Sing this as the former.

WHen *Achan* for his lawleſſe-prize,
A cenſure ſhould receive,
His pious Judge, did him advize,
To GOD, the praiſe to give.
For, when our ſins we do confeſſe,
We make his *Juſtice* known;
And, praiſe the wayes of *Righteouſneſſe*,
By blaming of our own.

2 LORD! I have well deſerv'd the doome,
By which condemn'd I am:
And, to this place, I now am come,
To ſuffer for the ſame:
In hope, through my firme faith in thee,
And for thy mercies cauſe;
That, this, ſhall my *laſt-ſuffring*, be
For breaking of thy *laws*.

3 Behold not LORD! behold, thou not
With Countenance auſteer,
The Crimes, which do my Soul beſpot,
And fill my heart with fear:
But, ſince I have repented them;
Since, I, in thee beleeve;
And do likewiſe my ſelf condemn,
Do thou oh LORD! forgive.

4 Though with diſgrace, caſt forth I am,
And, thruſt from *living-men*;
LORD! Let me not appear with ſhame,
When I appear, agen.

Yea,

Yea, though this *way*, to thee I come,
And, have my *Lot* miſpent,
Thy *waſtfull-Childe*, receive thou home;
Since, he doth now repent.

5 Them comfort who are fild with grief,
This *end* of mine to ſee.
Let my ſad fall, and my lewd life,
To others, warnings be.
Oh! let all thoſe, who ſee me clime
This *mountain of diſgrace*,
Amend their lives whilſt they have time,
And, Vertues path embrace.

6 Once more, I, for my ſelf, oh LORD!
Of thee do humbly crave,
That, thou the mercy wouldſt afford,
Which, now, I ſeek to have.
But, longer why do I delay
This bitter Cup to drink?
Thou knoweſt LORD! what I would ſay;
Thou knowſt what I can think.

7 My heart ſpeaks more then words expreſſe,
And, *thoughts*, the language be,
By which the ſinner, in diſtreſſe,
Speaks loudeſt unto thee.
The *world*, therefore, thus, turning from;
Of her, I take my leave:
And, LORD! to thee; to thee I come;
My *Spirit*, now, receive.

HYMN LX.

For a Poet.

Poets *are* prophets; *not only in the vulgar acception, among* humane Authors, *but so called also by Saint* Paul, Tit. 1.12. *By this* Hymn *therefore, such* Poets *as are not past grace, may be remembred to exercise their* facultie *to that end, for which it was given unto them, by* GOD.

BY *Art*, a *Poet* is not made.
For (though by Art, some better'd be)
Immediatlie his gift he had
From thee, oh GOD! from none but thee.
And fitted in the wombe he was,
To be (by what thou didst inspire)
In extraordinarie place,
A *Chaplain* of this *Lower-Quire*.
Most *Poets* future things declare;
And *Prophets* (true or false) they are.
2 They who with meeknes, entertain
And, with an humble Soul, admit
Those *Raptures*, which thy grace doth daign,
Become, for thy true service fit.
And, though the *scapes* which we condemn,
In these may otherwhile be found;

Thy

Thy *Secrets* thou revealeſt by them,
And mak'ſt their tongues thy praiſe to ſound.
Such *Moſes* was; ſuch *David* prov'd;
Men famous, holy, and belov'd.

3 And, ſuch (though lower in degree)
Are ſome, who live among us yet;
And, they with truth inſpired be,
By muſing on thy *holy-Writ*.
In *Ordinarie*, ſome of thoſe,
Vpon thy *ſervice* do attend;
Divulging forth in *holy-Proſe*,
The *Meſſages* which thou do'ſt ſend:
And ſome of theſe, thy *Truths* diſplay;
Not in an ordinarie way.

4 But where this *Gift* puffs up with pride,
The *Devill* enters in thereby;
And through the ſame, doth means provide,
To raiſe his own *Inventions* high.
Blaſphemous-Fancies are infus'd;
All *holy new-things* are expel'd.
He that hath moſt prophanelie muz'd,
Is fam'd, as having moſt excel'd;
And thoſe are *Prieſts* and *Prophets* made
To him, from whom their *Strains* they had.

5 Such were thoſe *Poets*, who of old,
To *heathen* GODS, their *Hymns* did frame;
Or have *blaſphemous-Fables* told,
To *Truths* abuſe, and *Virtues* blame.
Such are theſe *Poets*, in theſe daies,
Who vent the fumes of *Luſt* and *Wine*:

Then

Then, crown each others heads, with Bayes;
As if their *Poems*, were divine.
And, such, (though they some *Truths* foresee)
False-hearted, and *false prophets* be.
6 Therefore, since I reputed am
Among these few, on whom the times,
Imposed have, a *Poets* name;
LORD! give me grace to shun their crimes:
My precious *gift*, let me employ
Not (as imprudent *Poets* use)
That *Grace*, and *Vertue*, to destroy,
Which I should strengthen, by my *Muse*:
But help to free them of the wrongs,
Sustain'd *by Drunkards* Rymes, and Songs.
7 Yea, whilst thou shalt prolong my dayes,
LORD, all the musings of my heart,
To be advancements of thy praise,
And, to the *publique-weal*, convert:
That, when to dust I must return,
It may not justly be my thought,
That, to a *blessing*, I was born,
Which by abuse, a *Curse* hath brought.
But, let my, conscience, truly say,
My Soul in peace departs away.

HYMN

Hymn LXI.

For them who intend to ſettle in *Virginia*, *New-England*, or the like places.

Many depart every yeare from this Ile, *to ſettle in* Virginia, New-England, *and other parts of* America, *whoſe happineſſe I heartily deſire; and whoſe contented well-being in thoſe places, might perhaps be ſomewhat furthered by ſuch* Meditations *as theſe: And therefore, to thoſe who pleaſe to accept thereof, I have recommended my love in this* Hymn.

Sing this as, We praiſe thee GOD.

LORD, many times thou pleaſed art,
Thy ſervants to command
From their owne Countries do depart,
Into another Land;
That thou maiſt there, a *dwelling place*
Vpon their ſeed beſtow;
Or elſe to bring thy *ſaving-Grace*,
To thoſe to whom they go.

2 To whatſoever end it were,
That hither I am ſent;
To do thy *Will*, and ſerve thee here,
It is my true intent.
And humbly I of thee require,
That as thy *Will* to do,

Thou haſt inclined my *Deſire*;
Then grant *performance* too.
3 From old acquaintance, from my kin,
And from my native home,
My life anew, here to begin,
I by thy leave am come:
And now, the place of my abode,
Appeareth unto me
Another World; yet here oh GOD!
My GOD thou ſtill ſhalt be.
4 This *Land* is thine, aſwell as that,
From which I lately came:
Thy holy *Word* this Light begat;
The Heav'ns are here the ſame.
Sun, *Moon*, and *Stars*, as well as there,
The Seaſons do renew:
The *Vapors* drop their fatnes here;
And thy refreſhing dew.
5 Oh! let the *Sun* of *Righteouſnes*,
Thy *Truth*, and *Grace divine*,
Within ths *uncouth Wildernes*
With brightnes alſo ſhine.
That we and they whom here we find,
May live together ſo,
That one in *Faith*, and one in *mind*,
We by thy Grace may grow.
6 Since to that place, we ſeem as dead,
From whence we be remov'd;
The Follies which with us were bred,
The Sins which there we lov'd;

Here

Here, let us bury on the ſhore;
That they may not be ſeen,
And learn'd by thoſe, that heretofore,
So wicked have not been.

7 But innocent, oh LORD, and wiſe,
Let our Demeanors be;
That they, whoſe rudeneſſe we deſpiſe,
No ill example ſee.
But, taught aſwell by *Deed*, as *Word*,
So let their Good be ſought,
That they may *Room* to us afford,
As due for what we brought.

8 And let the *Place*, from whence we came,
To us be ſtill ſo dear;
That we nor injure, nor defame
Church, *Prince*, or *People* there.
But let us paſſe our Cenſures now,
Vpon our ſelves alone;
And, by our Converſation, ſhow
What beſt is to be done.

9 Make us contented with that *Lot*,
To which we now are brought.
Let that which may not here be got,
A needles thing be thought.
For this he may ſuppoſe with eaſe,
Who by the *Natives* heeds,
With how few things their minds they pleaſe,
How little *Nature* needs.

10 Let all our *Labours* be for *Life*;
Our *Life* unto thy *Praiſe*;

Not needleſly augmenting Grief,
Or Paine, by vain Aſſaies.
That though our *Treaſh*, be not ſo much,
As other Countries have,
We may in *Graces*, be as rich,
And *inwardly*, as brave.
11 So when the courſe of *Time* is run,
And, GOD ſhall gather all
That liv'd betwixt the riſing-Sun,
And Places of his fall;
Our friends that fartheſt from us are,
Shall meet with Joy again;
And they and we, who now are here,
Together ſtill remain.

HYMN LXII.

The Authors Hymn for himſelfe.

He praiſeth GOD *for converting his many troubles and afflictions to his advantage; deſiring thoſe Meditations may not be prophaned by his failings; but that he may live ſo in this life, that he may be admitted to the Quire of* Angels *in the life to come.*

GReat Almighty King of Heav'n!
And *One*-GOD, in *Perſons-three*;
Honour, Praiſe, and Thanks be giv'n,
Now, and evermore to thee.

Who

Who haſt more for thine prepar'd,
Then by words can be declar'd.

2 By thy Mercies I was taken
From the pits of mirie clay;
Wherein, wretched and forſaken,
Helples, hopeles, too I lay.
And, thoſe comforts thou didſt give me,
Whereof no man can deprive me.

3 By thy grace, the Paſſions, troubles,
And what moſt my heart oppreſt,
Have appear'd as aierie bubles,
Dreams or ſuff'rings but in jeſt:
And with profit that hath ended,
Which my Foes for harm intended.

4 Thoſe afflictions, and thoſe terrors,
Which did Plagues at firſt appear;
Did but ſhew me what mine errors,
And mine imperfections were.
But they wretched could not make me;
Nor from thy Affection ſhake me.

5 Therefore, as thy bleſſed *Pſalmiſt*,
When his warfares had an end,
(And his dayes were at the calmeſt)
Pſalms, and *Hymns of Praiſes* pend;
So my reſt, by thee enjoy'd,
To thy Praiſe I have imploy'd.

6 LORD, accept my poore endeavour;
And aſſiſt thy *Servant* ſo,
In well-doing to perſever,
That more perfect I may grow;

Ev'ry day more prudent, meeker,
And of thee a *Faithfull ſeeker.*
Let no paſſed ſin or folly,
Nor future fault in me
Make unfruitfull or unholy,
What I offer now to thee:
But with favour and compaſſion,
Cure and cover each tranſgreſſion.

8 And with *Iſr'ls* Royall *Singer,*
Teach me ſo *Faith's* Hymns to ſing;
So thy ten ſtring'd *Law,* to finger;
And ſuch muſick thence to bring,
That by Grace I may aſpire,
To thy bleſſed *Angell-Quire.*

ALthough my *Muſe* flies yet far ſhort of thoſe,
Who perfect HALLELVIAHS can compoſe:
Here to affirme, I am not now afraid,
What once (in part) a Heathen *Prophet* ſaid,
With ſleighter warrant (when to end was brought
What he for meaner purpoſes had wrought.)
The work is finiſh'd, which nor humane pow'r,
Nor Flames, *nor* Time, *nor* Envy *ſhall devour.*
But with Devotion, to GODS *praiſe be ſung,*
As long as Britan *ſpeaks* her Engliſh-tongue,
Or, ſhall that Chriſtian-Saving-Faith *profeſſe,*
Which will preſerve theſe Iles *in happines.*
And (if Conjectures faile not) ſome that ſpeak
In other Languages, *ſhall notice take*
Of what my humble Muſings *have compos'd;*
And by theſe Helps, *more often be diſpos'd*
To celebrate his Praiſes *in their Songs;*
To whom all Honour, *and all* Praiſe *belongs.*

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FINIS.

Mart. 13. 1640.

Imprimatur.
Tho. Wykes.